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THE

HIGHLANDS OF INDIA

VOL. II.,

BEING A CHRONICLE OF

FIELD SPORTS AND TRAVEL

IN INDIA,

WITH

NUMEROUS FULL-PAGE

AND TEXT ILLUSTRATIONS, DIAGRAMS, &c.

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BY

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Ne 1:

LONDON;
PUBLISHED BY HARRISON AND SONS, 59 PALL MALL,
PUBLISHERS TO THE QUEEN AND H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
ISLE OF WIGHT:
BRANNON AND CO., COUNTY PRESS, NEWPORT AND RYDE.
1887.

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TO ALL RUGBEANS,

PAST AND PRESENT,

THIS VOLUME OF

FIELD SPORTS AND TRAVEL IN INDIA

IS DEDICATED

BY AN OLD RUGBEAN.

PREFACE.

In the concluding remarks in Vol. I. "The Highlands of India," the Author used the following words, which are now quoted, as explanatory of the aim and scope of the present volume.

"It will be observed that no attempt has been made at "graphic description; for, although the author has been "all his life an ardent searcher after the picturesque, he "has, nevertheless, rigidly excluded all word-painting "from the present work, in which he has simply aspired "to place before his readers such materials—topographi- "cal and historical—as he has been able to collect during "a long service in the East. The theme is so enticing, "however, that he may, perhaps, be encouraged hereafter "to present to his readers, in another volume, some "sketches of the 'Highlands of India' from a *picturesque* "point of view, as supplementary to the foregoing rather "curt and bald exposition of their Military, Industrial, "and Sanitary aspects, when probably some pictures of "Scenery, as well as Plans and Profiles of country men- "tioned in the preceding pages may conveniently be "reproduced."

Acting on the above, the Author in the present volume, would seek to realize that pledge; but in doing so, fears he must necessarily import the personal element into the work rather more freely than he could have wished, as he has to rely on personal travel and adventure encountered whilst in search of the picturesque to which he has alluded; and as he found that the pursuit of *game* led him amongst the scenes of the "sublime and beautiful" he sought to reproduce, he trusts he may be

pardoned the free use of the personal pronoun throughout the work, as it seems impossible to be otherwise than egotistic whilst narrating personal adventures.

It may be as well here to state that these are all absolutely true and unvarnished tales of woodcraft and sport, chiefly in that noble range of mountains, the "Himalayas," which — to quote his own former words — "comprise "elements of the sublime and beautiful not to be sur- "passed on earth!"

He has called Section I. of the present volume "A Summer's Holiday in the Vale of Cashmere." It was mostly written in youth, and has been in "private circulation."

The Illustrations in the *text* are mostly from journals of shooting trips made on the spot: often on the wayside, or on boats or gharries, or even from horseback; they have but little claim to "artistic merit." The full-page Illustrations are slightly more elaborately considered.

The Historical Sketch of Cashmere, introduced at page 133, will be found more fully given than in the corresponding section of Vol. I of the "Highlands of India." It is chiefly valuable as having been compiled from native MSS., and may be regarded as authentic history as far as it goes.

It may be added that the contents of this volume are arranged in the same consecutive order of sections as in Vol. I., "Highlands of India."

D. J. F. N.

Beldornie Tower,
Ryde, Isle of Wight,
1st May, 1887.

NOTE.—The Author is indebted—and begs here to return his sincere thanks—to the following gentlemen, who have kindly aided him with contributions.

General James Abbott, C.B., for kindly allowing access to his valuable notes and "Ballads and Legends of the Punjaub," (Section II.);

Colonel F. R. DeBudé, R.A., "Note on Ooryal Shooting," page 193;

Colonel E. A. Hardy, late 21st Hussars, "Notes on the Indian Lion and Cheetah," page 446;

Major-General George Maister, R.A., "Note on Hawking in India," page 215;

Captain J. T. Newall, late Asst. G.G.'s Agent Rajpootana States, "A Trip to the Concan by Raighur" (page 394), and "Note on Sport in Rajpootana" (page 425), and several illustrations in Section XV.;

Major-General Sir Campbell C. Ross, K.C.B., "Notes on Sport in Kumäon" (page 301), and Illustrations XVIII. and XIX.;

Lieut.-General H. A. Sarel, C.B. (the late), "Note on Rhinosceros Shooting in Assam," page 328. He is the "S." alluded to as the author's fellow traveller in Section I., "Cashmere;"

Colonel Edmund Smyth, B.S.C., for access to journals "Gurhwâl and Thibet," page 284.*

The above list contains the names of several old Rugbæans: the author, therefore—himself an old Rugbæan of Arnold's time—has ventured to inscribe the following little chronicle of Field Sports and Travel in India to Rugbæans generally, amongst other old comrades of Camp and Field.

* To the above must be added the journals and sketches of the author's lamented brother, the late Adam G. Newall, of the Bombay Artillery, in whose company occurred many of the adventures narrated in Section I., "Cashmere." Several of the illustrations also in the same section are by the same accomplished young soldier and sportsman, who, alas! died in the prime of life and manhood, to the author's inexpressible sorrow and regret. He, also, was a Rugbæan.

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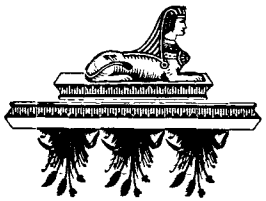
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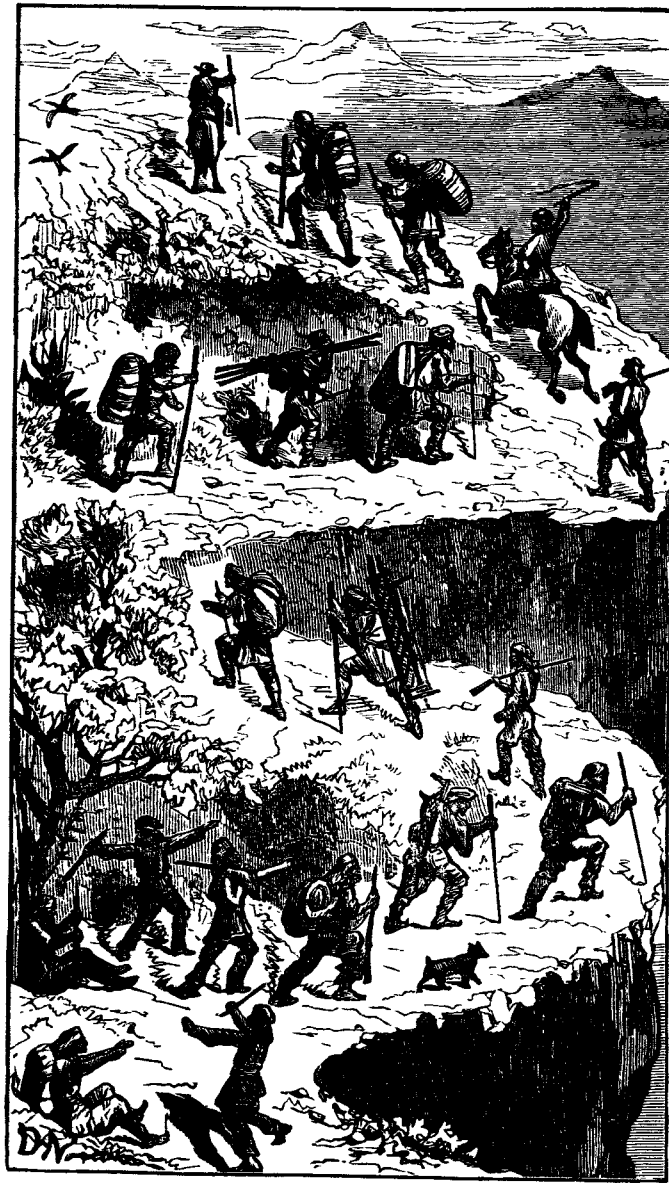
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I.—"UP THE HILL."

HIGHLANDS OF INDIA.

SECTION I.—CASHMERE.

"Who has not heard of the 'Vale of Cashmere,'
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave!"

CHAPTER I.

Introductory—Start for Cashmere—Ride Across Country—Lahore—Goojeranwalla—Goojerat—The "Chibhal"—Bhimbur—The Aditak Ranges, and Valley of the Tovi—Mahaseer Fishing—Rajaorie and the Rutton Pir—Cascades on the Poonch River—Gorge of Poshiana—Across the Pir Pinjal—High-hill Sport—Game and Gastronomics—Lall Golaum, the Man-Eater.

A SUMMER holiday in the "Vale of Cashmere!"* The Argument contains its own fulfilment! The very words suggest pleasant meres and sparkling fountains, cool mossy nooks and flowery slopes of forest land; the rose gardens and walnut groves of a temperate zone; villages half buried in the foliage of magnificent chenârs (plane-trees); and wild glens fringed with feathery cedar and waving fir!

The traveller who has visited and roamed over the fair valley, especially when "youth and hope were strong within his breast," must be dull indeed if he cannot

* We will adhere to the alliteration of our youth, when Kásmír was written as in the text.

recall sufficient of the picturesque and adventurous for a few Sketches in Cashmere.

Well! to commence. On the 1st of May, 1851, having been joined a day or two previously by a valued brother from Rajpootana, I started on a summer's holiday to the far-famed and, in those days, romantic "Vale of Cashmere."

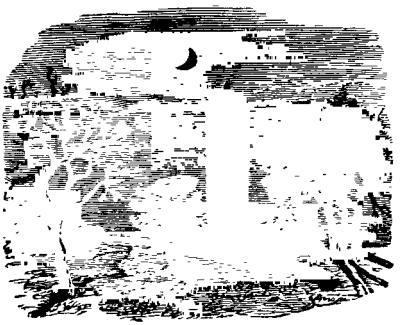
This lovely country had only two years before—at the close of the second Sikh war, when the rest of the Punjaub had fallen to our arms—escaped annexation, and being still in a measure untrodden ground, and free from the invading footsteps of the ubiquitous British tourist, still possessed some elements of romance for lovers of the picturesque and of sylvan sports in general; and we looked forward with bright anticipations to our summer ramble over its mountains and meres.

Discarding the ordinary "Palki dawk"—the usual method of travelling in the plains of north-west India in those days—we decided to ride across country to the foot of the hills. This we accordingly carried out *vid* Lahore, Goojerânwalla, Goojerat, and Bhimbur; halting a day at each place to see friends and "lions."

As we cantered off "before gunfire," in the early morning of the 1st of May, after an early cup of coffee, "the world before us where to choose,"—our fresh Arabs bounding under us in the cool air of dawn—our youthful hearts full of bright anticipations—who shall say that we did not then touch on some of the happiest moments of life, long to be remembered in after years of drudgery and disappointment. At this time I had some reason to anticipate *political employment*—perhaps in Cashmere—a coveted appointment; and I had hoped that my then bright and valued companion might perhaps have been associated with me. His early loss—then so little ex-

pected—was perhaps the cause of an entire change in my career, as I ceased further endeavours to achieve the realization of my hopes when that sad event occurred, two years after the time I write of. To resume,

The 4th of May found us, after a ride of 38 miles, at Goojeránwalla, the birthplace of Runjeet Sing's father (Runjeet Dehu), whose tomb was in those days included within the precincts of the travellers' rest-house, which was simply the gateway thereof bricked up into rooms in the make-shift and somewhat gothic manner we had to adopt in those early years of the occupation of a recentlyacquiredprovince. I recall that as we visited the tomb in the moonlight on the night of our arrival, an owl was flitting ghostlike around the white marble dome, surrounding which also several ancient trunks of trees loomed white and spectral in the shadows of night—a suggestive picture!



Runjeet Dehu's Tomb.

The 6th we devoted to a visit to the field of Goojerat, where, little over two years before, was fought the great battle of the 21st February, 1849, which put the fate of the Punjaub in our hands. The field of battle was now covered with smiling crops, of which, however, the greater part had been gathered in, so that I had little difficulty in recognizing the positions taken up by the battery in which I served, and those of the enemy opposed to us in the action. Scarcely any relics, however, of this stricken field remained, beyond a few heaps of bones collected here and there on the ridges between the furrows of the

corn fields. At sunset the same day we visited the small enclosure, amidst trees, where the graves of the few brother officers who fell in the action were placed.

At Goojerat our travellers' troubles commenced, as here we failed to procure coolies, and had to halt a day at the miserable dâk bungalow (rest-house) near the town. On the 8th, however, we managed to make a start of it; and riding from village to village across a strange, wild country, we arrived at "Bhimbur," the first town in Cashmere territory, at the foot of the hills, distant some 20 miles by the road, but perhaps 25 miles by the track we followed.



Baggage Coolies.

At Bhimbur* we fell in with a party of H.M.'s 9th Lancers, amongst whom I recognized an old Rugby scholfellow—now a distinguished general officer—who afterwards became my fellow traveller, and shared in many of the adventures to be narrated in the subsequent chapters of this little chronicle. From this point we sent back our chargers to Ferozepore, continuing our journey into the hills next day on less exalted quadrupeds.

On the 9th: "To Shahabad, 14 miles; a bad and stony "road for six miles, through the dry bed of a torrent, "in which we observed great quantities of oleander "bushes in flower. After leaving the river we en- "countered an awful climb and descent—across the "Aditak—some five miles; we lost our way in the hills, "and had to ford several mountain streams to recover the

* Bhimbur is associated with the mythic History of Cashmere; and is fabled to have been the dwelling place of the divine "Kâshiapa," the *architect* or founder of Cashmere, whose valley he is stated to have drained about 2,666 B.C. On this subject see further on.

"track, in one of which "our horses got out of "their depth, and we "found ourselves swim- "ming in a pool of the "river."



Crossing a mountain stream.

I have since thought the horses, although swimming, must have felt the bottom, as we found our seats level and easy riding, whereas I have since seen, whilst out hunting, some of the best riders in Upper India floated out of their saddles in deep water. "We saw chikôr "(red-legged partridge) along "this march. On arrival at camp we enjoyed a delightful "bath in the stream.

"Next day, 10th,—across the Kamàn Góshi—a better "road but stony in parts. 'Blacks' (francolin), and grey "partridges, and peafowl, calling all along the road. We "arrived at Naoshera in the afternoon, and immediately "tried the river for mahaseer."

Having now debouched into the valley of the Tovi, a fine mountain stream, we determined to halt and try the fishing hereabouts; and in fact we caught several mahaseer, and some smaller fish, with the fly. So continuing our route up the river past Changos Serai, and other villages, we fished our way along, capturing a good many fair mahaseer; my largest being one of 14lb. weight, from a pool near Changos. Mahaseer of 20lb., 30lb, and even 40lb. weight* have been taken out of this river hereabouts;

* This fish attains great size: the late Sir Archdale Wilson used to tell the story of his catching one of 84lb. weight in the Sooswa river in the Dûn, a feat taking three and a half hours; and at Bhâgésir in Kum-

especially from one grand pool—or rather a deep, rocky reach—between Naoshera and Changos, well known to anglers of a subsequent period.

The interesting ruins of an old Serai, built by Ali Murdan Khan, the Mogul Governor of Cashmere, about 1651 A.D., are here to be seen. Here I experienced a severe attack of illness—something very like cholera—but, though my march next day was pain and grief unto me, we pushed on to Rajaorie, and there put up in the beautiful garden house built by Azimut-oola-Khan, where I laid up for rest and recovery. Many historical associations cluster around Rajaorie, but it were long to particularize them and the reader may be referred to the Appendix.



RAJAORIE.

A. went fishing down the river—still the Tovi—with some success. This river rises in the Pinjal, near the Rutton

aon (where outlines in charcoal of all large fish caught in the adjacent river Surjoo are to be seen on the walls of the Dâk Bungalow, with dates of capture etc), I found one of these was stated to have weighed 120lb.! the largest specimen I have ever heard of.

Pir, and is a fine fishing stream, and not too rapid. After an intramontane course of some 50 miles, it joins the Chenâb (Acescines) a few miles above Wuzzeerabad.

In the summer, when the water is low, the mahaseer are found swarming in the pools between the streams or "stickles" (Devon), and if found shy of the fly or minnow, they will often take the "spoon" in the deep water; or oftener still, a pellet of "atta" (flour), with a little cotton to make it stick, dropped gently into a pool in the "gloamin'," will often *fetch* your mahaseer when other allurements fail. This is a migratory fish; the "big" river into which he descends in winter being to him as the salt sea to the salmon. I once saw a shoal of I suppose millions of these fish passing, for three days, down the Caubul river, opposite the fort of "Aboozai" in the Yoosuphzai valley, in the late autumn, towards the Indus. They would not look at any bait. The fish re-ascend the hill streams in the spring. Some, however, perhaps remain in the upper waters throughout the winter, as I once caught several as late as Christmas in the Kurrum valley, where our camp lay for several weeks during the expedition against the Caubul-Keyl Wuzzeeries, under Sir Neville Chamberlain, in the winter of 1859-60.


Cascade at Barumgulla.

In a day or two we resumed our march up the valley of the Tovi. We crossed the watershed of the Rutton Pir on the 16th, and arrived at the Sikh outpost of Barumgulla. Here there is a beautiful cascade.

On the upper waters of the "Poonch" river—during our next march up the gorge of this river to Poshiana—we crossed no less than 28 bridges; some of them little better than single trees roughly thrown across the stream, into which also many mountain torrents precipitate themselves in diversified cascades. The snow was melting on the higher peaks, and every rivulet was full of water, rendering the slopes of the hillsides green and fresh with the verdure of early spring.

Soon after passing Poshiana, one begins to ascend the pass of the Pir Pinjal. Here the gorges are grand in the extreme; in one of them we flushed a pair of woodcocks, which are said to breed here—a gladsome sight to the dweller in "the plains," or the English sportsman long from home.

As we neared the snow field on the summit of the pass —at this season nearly two miles in extent—we stalked some snow partridges. We also met a traveller, who told us that a large snow bear had just crossed the road; but we had no time to follow up his track. Our spirits began to rise under the influence of the rarified atmosphere of a temperate zone, and the proximity of glorious surrounding scenery, with "game."

After crossing the snow field at Alliabad Serai, on the summit of the pass, we passed some fine woodcock ground, a lacework of beautiful springs threading the wooded slopes on the left of the road, where in fact we flushed several "cocks," but we afterwards found the ground had been shot over only the previous day by a party consisting of our old friends the "Lancers," whom we found on arrival at Heerpore. One of them had just brought in a large black bear. Here we braced ourselves for hill shooting; each taking our respective side beat, we tried the Pinjal behind us for game. Near the summit

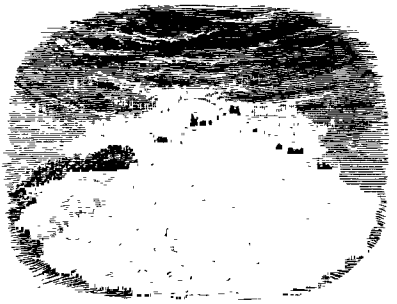
of the mountain I chanced upon and followed for some distance a creature I suppose to have been a snow leopard, but to this day I have not quite decided in my mind what the "janwa"* (animal) was! He turned round and faced me several times, but presented so difficult a shot that I lost him in the glooms of evening below the Pir Pinjal.

On this occasion I tasted "bear" meat for the first (and last) time. As a gastronomic experiment I should consider it a failure, and feel inclined to relegate it to the larder of the mythic Blunderbore of evil memory; who, with his Fi, Fo, Fum, seems to have appreciated the the flavour of the typical Englishman; to whom indeed poor Bruin, when divested of his fur jacket bears no inconsiderable, but rather ghastly resemblance! This reminds me that hereabouts also we are in the vicinity of the former abode of another gentleman of advanced tastes in gastronomy—one Lall Golaum "Adamkhôr" (man-eater), a cannibal robber of a past age, whose haunt was somewhere near the right of the road under the summit of the Pir Pinjal pass. Whether, however, Lall Golaum was an actual devourer of "long pig" may be doubted, as the term "Adamkhôr" may simply refer to his general *destruction* of the human species. In Eastern phraseology one is often said to *eat* mud, dirt, etc., or a horse (and rider) to *eat the road*, etc., as hyperbolic expressions, so that possibly history may wrong the estimable Lall Golaum as regards his *ménu*, and his character—like

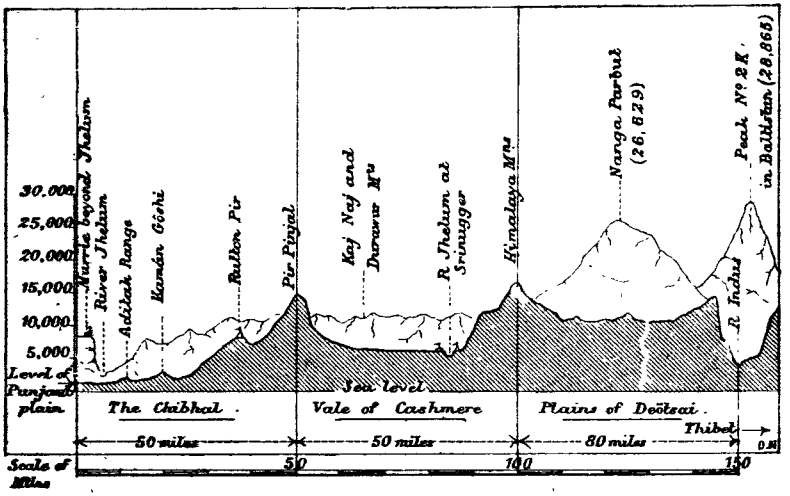
* I have never heard that the *lion* is ever found in these mountains, else I should conjecture this creature to have been one. He was of a "fulvous white" colour, sloping from the shoulders like an hyæna, but with long tufted tail. Possibly he may have been a large wolf of the Siberian variety, specimens of which are occasionally seen in the mountains of north-west India. But for the tail, I should have considered him an hyæna if that animal ever puts on winter livery.

that of many other historical personages—require rehabilitation. I have not visited the tower of this redoubtable personage; though I subsequently made many rambles in the vicinity, above Heerpore, towards the Kúri and Sedau paths.

On high ground, on both sides of the Pinjal, there are some lovely camping grounds in the forest glades along the slopes of the Pinjal, and even several tarns or lakes of an interesting character. I did not on this occasion find time to visit them, as we were eager to reach the "Vale of Cashmere;" at that time a land of romance to youngsters like ourselves, fresh from readings of *Lalla Rookh*, and the glowing pages of Eastern travel; so we pushed on down the interior slopes of the mountain, and soon came in sight of the lovely plain extended at our feet, of which, however, an account may be reserved for the next chapter.



Sunset in the mountains.



Two sandstone ridges —Rutton Pir, syenite. North, gneiss—also limestone much contorted. Lower hills sparsely wooded with *pinus longifolia*. Slopes of Pir Pinjal, cedars and pines.

GAME. — Partridges, chikor, peafowl, cheetul, leopards, black bears, mahaseer (fish), pheasants, wolves, hyænas, wild fowl, goorul.

Diluvial—old sea beaches (karewahs), containing marine and lacustrine fossils 400, 600, and 800 feet above *terre-plein* of valley. Mountains, plutonic; trap, basalt, and limestone.

GAME. — Bears (black and brown), musk deer, markhore (serpent eater), thar (E. Pinjal), snow leopards, chikor, pheasants, snow partridges, woodcocks, wild fowl on lake, mahaseer, and Himalayan trout.

Rugged country with peaks of granite and gneiss — a few hornblende rocks.

On the Indus, diluvial and fluvial terraces with old beaches. Himalaya Mountains, trap & basalt.

GAME. — Snow bear-, ibex (Thibetan species), barasing deer (hangloo), a few surrow, wild dogs (*canis primævus*).

Across the Indus.— Wild horses (*quagga*), argoli (*ovis ammonis*), ,, ,, *poltii* wild yak (*bos grunniens*), Thibetan antelopes.

II.—*SECTION OF THE CASHMERE VALLEY.*

CHAPTER II.

Descent from the Pir Pinjal—Vernal Aspect of the Valley of Cashmere—Shupeyon—Islamabad—Martund—"Cuckoo-Cloud-Land"—Changos—Naboog—Across the Pyhil-Kynjie Pass—High-hill Shooting in Wurdwun—Anecdotes—Return to the Valley.

IT was on a fine spring morning about the time of the vernal equinox—the Nau Róz, or New Year's Day of the Mahomedan calendar—that in company with one companion, my valued brother A., I stood on a slope below the Pir Pinjal, and first looked down on the fair "Vale of Cashmere" at our feet.

At this period of the year the valley is fabled to have been drained by supernatural agencies, and formed into its present aspect from the subsidence of a vast primæval salt lake which occupied its basin.

As we gazed on its expanse, the uplands sloping from the surrounding peaks were just released from the snows of winter, and were pouring their tributary streamlets from the margin of the snow-line into the larger rivers. These rivers, for the most part, join the tortuous Jhelum (or Behut*), which at this season is full to the brim; its sluggish stream, winding serpentine through the valley from east to west, appearing like a silver thread as viewed from the heights of the Pir Pinjal. Its channel is, at this season, insufficient to carry off the waters of the vast surrounding watershed; and although in its course it feeds three extensive lakes, still many streams fail to find an outlet, and the valley at this time of spring—almost

* The classic Vetasta or Hydaspes.

flooded—presents a partial resemblance to the great primæval lake; the fields on the *terre-plein* being submerged, the leek-green rice shoots only just appearing above water in places; the villages appear, from the height of the Pir Pinjal, like tufts of foliage dotting here and there the surface of the watery expanse.

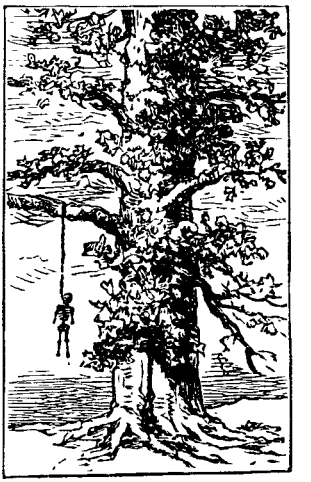
The landscape is diversified by the wooded spurs which run down from the adjacent mountains into the *terre-plein* of the valley. These, together with the "karéwahs' or plateaux of alluvial land which jut into the valley in places break the outline, and add variety to the landscape. Above and around the entire valley the grand snow-capped Himalayan mountains—here divided into two arms by the Valley of Cashmere—shut in this Eastern Paradise from the outer world; whilst the glaciers of Sooroo and hither Thibet tower in the distance, and bound the far horizon. A scene of mingled sublimity and beauty is thus presented, sufficiently approximating to the semblance of a vast inland sea to suggest the idea of its lacustrine origin, a fabulous account of which will be presented further on.

Before leaving the Pinjal we beat for game over the mountains right and left, but beyond stalking a snow leopard—or perhaps an hyæna if that animal ever assumes a wintry livery,—some snow partridges, and a few woodcock flushed in the ravines and slopes of the pass between Poshiana and Heerpore, we met with little success, and determined at once to push on across the valley to happier hunting grounds.

My journal of this trip—with that of my valued brother—is before me as I write, and I could quote the *ipsissima verba* in which we recorded our impressions, but for several reasons I refrain from burdening the narrative with details scarcely so interesting to the general reader as

ourselves. I may, however, be able perhaps to present a few of the roadside sketches then made, *currente stylo*, as conveying an idea of the scenery passed through during our journeyings about this lovely land.

Our first experience, however, of the far-famed Vale of Cashmere was not a little startling; on emerging from the mountains we encountered near Shupeyon the ghastly spectacle of a skeleton (one of three) still hanging in chains from the first large tree on the roadside descending into the valley *terre-plein*. The sole crime of this poor wretch was that *he had killed a cow!* the greatest of sins in the eye of a Hindoo government. We afterwards met with further instances of the Draconian severity of old Golaub Sing's penal code, *e.g.*, the skeleton of a parricide hung in chains within a low iron cage on the bank of the river below "the city;" also a human hand (that of a thief) in a cage on the Zina Kuddul bridge, of the city. Old Golaub Sing used to laugh at our mild code, and declare we did not know how to suppress crime; and it must be admitted that he succeeded in his object, as regards exterminating theft.



First View in the Vale of Cashmere.

Passing onwards by Heerpore, one soon arrives at Shupeyon, the first town in the valley, beautifully situated amidst the channels of innumerable rivulets, which, originating in the slopes of the Pir Pinjal, gush forth from the wooded glens and brawl across the meadow land, their banks studded with wild flowers; thence we rode across

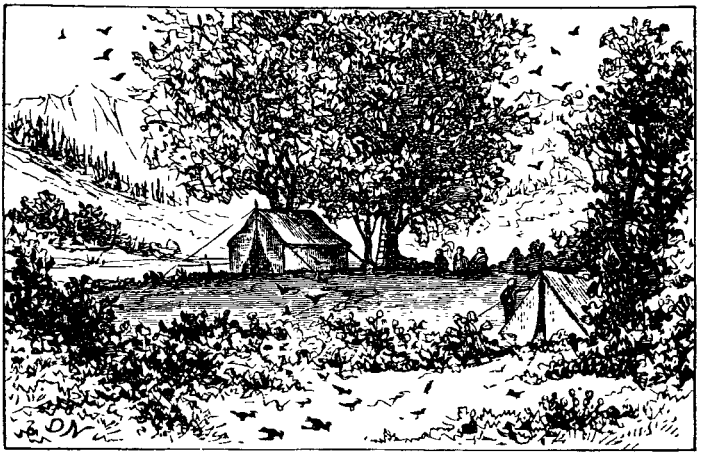
the "sounding marshes" of the semi-submerged valley, and made our way in one long march to Islamabad, the ancient *Anant-Ghur*—so called from the sacred pools of Ananti-Nâg in its precincts. During this ride I recollect near Shupeyon *galloping a base* for the triangulation of a rough military sketch of the country I undertook in those early days (1851) of our occupation of the Punjaub.

At Islamabad we halted two days for the purpose of viewing interesting points in its vicinity, such as Martund, Echibul, etc.; then, as my companion's leave was short, we pushed on across the sunny karéwah or plateau of Martund, on which the grand old Temple of the Sun still rears its massive, though shattered, walls amid the summer air of the *Miraj*. This is the *eastern* district of the Cashmere valley. The temple is in reality dedicated to the Hindoo Triad. The "mystic orb triform" being emblematical of the *Sun*, of which a figure was found in one of the temples comprising the group, and to which the temple itself was dedicated. After a brief consideration of these marvellous ruins, called by the people thereabouts *Pandau-lerrie* (the house of the Pandaus), we journeyed on past Changos and the Naboog valley into Wurdwun—a land of snow-clad mountain and forest.

In this favoured land—unlike many Alpine regions of Europe—the earth, when released from snow, immediately puts on the most charming livery of emerald green, on which orchidaceous plants, and lovely wild flowers such as anemones, irises, potentillas, fritillaria, melilot, etc., spring up as by enchantment from the soil. I have even seen luxuriant clusters of roses blooming on the very verge of the snow.* I find a sketch of one such scene, in the Naboog valley, in which we pitched camp.

* The "Feast of Roses" is often kept in Cashmere as early as the vernal equinox; but it is a "moveable feast," and dependent on the calendar of the Mahomedan *(lunar)* year, and of course varies therewith.

The "Cuckoo-cloud-land" of Aristophanes might here be realized, as we observed perhaps a dozen or more of those birds in the trees of the walnut grove in which we camped. It was apparently their pairing season, and the birds seemed in an ecstacy of joy, one sign of which was the occasional reduplication, or even triplication, of the characteristic note; this I do not remember to have previously heard elsewhere: for myself, I confess to a certain "disillusionment" at such a redundancy of the somewhat cruel bird, whose charming note is to my mind best heard in the distant woodlands — a "wandering voice" from fairyland! as I used to fancy it in childhood. About the grove also many specimens of the little crested hoopoe—the Epops of "The Birds"—were to be seen, busily pecking about the fresh herbage under the trees; another characteristic of "cuckoo-cloud-land."



Camp at Changos---"Cuckoo-Cloud-Land."

I recollect remarking to my dear companion of those days, that should we both live to old age, we should never forget the scenes we were then passing through. Alas!

that bright companion is no more, and the record of those pleasant days is even yet so mingled with regret, that I scarcely find heart to enter on full details of our journeys, and of the approaching hunting scenes in which he played so leading a part!

Leaving the Naboog valley about the middle of May, we struck across a long and, at that season, dangerous pass into Wurdwun; passing over nearly twenty miles of snow, avalanches of which, in several places, went thundering down into the valley, and we had in consequence to make several detours, and diverge from the track for safety's sake; indeed, *we ourselves made the track*, as the pass, with one exception, had not been traversed that season!

After a long and fatiguing march, we debouched into the valley of Wurdwun, and pitched camp in the meadows near the villages of "Unshun" and Múler Wurdwun. Here we commenced our high-hill shooting. My journal of that period is before me, full of "moving incidents by flood and field," but from causes already mentioned, I refrain from indenting too far on its contents. I may venture, perhaps, on a few extracts, with the accompanying sketches of scenes encountered.

My companion—a far better sportsman than I ever became—was by far the most successful, and obtained numerous specimens of the snow bear, musk deer, and barasingh stag. I was less so at this time, though—as the extracts will show—doing my utmost to deserve success. It was but seldom that we hunted in company, perferring ordinarily each to take our own beat, and so double our chance of sport, but we occasionally hunted together.

What wild scenes and adventures in the snow and lofty slopes of those grand mountains I find recorded in my

journal! which, with the little passing sketches illustrating them, serve to recall many a sublime aspect of nature in the glacier or the forest, and many a tussle with the wild denizens of those Alpine regions!

We met at the close of each day to our late dinner or supper, during which the recital of mutual adventures was not the least pleasant part of the feast, which, moreover, our voluntary toil on the mountains usually rendered Apicean! Then the well earned sound sleep, to rise for an early breakfast, and another day after the "Harput" (bear) and "Hangloo" (stag) of Wurdwun! Oh those pleasant days; they return, alas! no more! The years—"*the dark brown years roll on, and bring no joy on their wings*" like to those youthful days!

But I will now turn to my journal for a few extracts illustrative of our mountain life. I will give my first interview with "Ursa Major," as I find it recorded and sketched in my journal.



9—THE WURDWUN MOUNTAINS..
"First interview with 'Ursa Major.'"

"30th May.—About an hour before sunset my shikari

"(hunter) gave the signal 'game in sight.' I accordingly "joined him, and he pointed out two large brown bears "on a projecting ledge of rock about 500 yards off. The "ground was terribly steep, so I took off my shoes, and "creeping along a very steep hillside, prepared to engage "the enemy. The old shikari stuck his stick well into "the ground as a rest for my feet, so leaning over the "brow of the hill I took deliberate aim at the largest bear, "which was fronting me, and fired. Too low! the bullet "struck the rock at his feet, but the second bullet hit, as "he started and turned away sharply. I seized my second "gun and waited, expecting the bears either to retreat or "charge; but as they continued quite quiet looking at me "I fired again! upon which they both immediately charged "straight down on us with right good will. They became "hid from me by the intervening folds of the hill until "[as I afterwards found] within about fifteen or twenty "yards off they suddenly turned off sharp down into the "ravine below, perhaps luckily for us, as we were on such "steep, dangerous ground, where the kick of one's rifle was "almost enough to send one rolling down hundreds of "feet. The largest appeared heavily hit; so, having re-"loaded, I was preparing to follow, as I believed I could "hear them roaring in the snow cleft below me. The "shikari, however, reported the ground too steep and "difficult for the late hour, so I reluctantly gave up the "pursuit." Thus ended my first contest with "Ursa Major" on his native hills! and I give the extract *in extenso* as a sample.

Many a merry meeting have I had since then with friend "Barleycorn!" and the phases of our little "difficulties" have been various; and I have often observed this trait in the conduct of the snow-bear, that, though wounded—with his enemy right in front of him—he

hesitates either to seek safety in flight or else charge his foe. I have known one with half-a-dozen bullets through him wander about "promiscuouslike" twenty yards in front of me, as if in a complete state of indecision! I attribute this either to defective vision or to a naturally irresolute nature. Seldom does the snow-bear charge at all; and if he does so, hardly ever *home!* I have, however, met with exceptions to this rule; and, indeed, on this very same day—on reaching camp—I found that my companion, A., had shot dead a fine snow-bear that charged up to *within three paces of him!* The bear had probably mistaken A. for a native, whom these bears are inclined occasionally to "bully" on meeting them in the forests and mountains; but, as a rule, *if one stands one's ground,* few bears will ever charge dangerously, though often making demonstration of attack.



10—*A.'s Tete-a-tete with a Bear.*

A. had returned to camp before nightfall, and as, on this occasion, I was far up the mountain, and did not return to dinner, and the night turned out pitch dark, he had collected torches from the village to escort me over the ravine to camp, where I arrived very late, and dead beat. On comparing notes we found that we had together seen thirty head of game that day (30th May). I find that next day I met with that narrow escape of going

down the snow cleft, narrated in a subsequent chapter.*

"On the 1st of June, whilst returning from high "ground, I viewed a bear and two cubs across the Wurd- "wun River. About sunset came upon a barasingh in "low ground, stalked him, and regularly drove him into "an island in the river, where I thought I *must* have him, "but he took to the water and so escaped. I may here "mention that at this season a few of the stags have still "their horns on—perhaps one in twenty;—the hinds are "still herded, but shortly after this resort to low grounds "such as the islands of the river—to deposit their fawns. "On the 6th June A. shot a stag which had just dropped "his antlers, the buts being still raw. At this time, also, "A. bagged several more bears and musk deer, and I "missed and lost as many more."

"On the 2nd (being our old 'Gov.'s' birthday) we de- "termined to hunt together. Went up the 'Goormoosil' "mountain; but, owing to each giving the other the "'complimentary' shot, managed to make a mess of it, "and each lost a fine barasingh stag. Returned to camp "awfully disgusted, and it required the 'hotch-potch' and "a good stiff jorum of mulled port (broached in honour "of the occasion) to console us."

On the 3rd A. brought in a bear and a musk-deer, leaving another bear, which he had dropped at nightfall with his very last bullet, dead in a ravine.

On the 4th June occurred an adventure I find I have given in a subsequent chapter; but the preliminary events leading up to it may as well here be extracted from my journal, and they must form the very last of my adventures here to be given on high-hill stalking.

* Chap. VI.—It will of course be obvious that this preliminary chapter was written subsequently to the rest of these sketches, as prelude to the following chapters, which were written many years ago.

"6th June: Started early this morning, and climbed "right to the top "of the 'Saramor-"gan' mountain, "not less than "15,000 or 16,000 "feet in elevation. "Whilst near the "top of the ridge, "where I lost my "bear on the 4th, I "sighted a snow-"bear, and marked "him down to near "a steep isolated



11—*Before the Battle.*

"rock which cropped out of the grassy slopes on which, "in the after-"noon, all sorts "of game are "generally to be "found feeding at "the edge of the "precipitous forest "adjacent. On to "the top of this "rock I climbed, "but not seeing "my bear, sup-"posed him to "have lain down to "sleep somewhere



12—*After the Battle.*

"near, so determined to wait till he should awake and "show himself, as the ravine below was all but impractic-"able. Whilst seated there on the 'look-out,' I sighted

"the head and antlers of a barasingh asleep under a rock "about 250 yards off; kept on the watch, till in about "half an hour the barasingh rose, and presented a fair "broadside shot; I fired two shots without success. "Whilst in the act of re-loading my rifle, the bear— "having apparently been aroused by the firing—came in "sight close under me! I made a snap shot at him with "my spare gun—which was handed to me by my shikari— "and knocked him over. Having finished re-loading my "rifle, I got another chance, and hit him again, almost "stopping him. On rushing to the brow of the hill in "pursuit—to stop him from the precipice—I found my "shikari and spare-gun-carrier with sticks trying to keep "him back. Just, however, as I reached the spot, I had "the mortification of seeing my gentleman slip over the "edge of the snow down the very place I lost my two "bears two days before. I offered five rupees for the skin "as he was probably dead before he reached the bottom "of the 'kudd' (cliff), which was all but unnegotiable to "any but an experienced cragsman."—Then occurred the adventure narrated further on.*

A., meantime, had this day seen no less than eight bears in the ravine behind our camp, at the village of Unshun, one of which he had bagged.

On the 7th June we left the valley of Wurdwun, and re-crossed the Pyhil-Kynjie pass into the Naboog valley. On the road I got two capital chances at bears, who were grazing down the "kudd" under the road side. As I had been the unlucky one hitherto, I went down alone to endeavour to bag one. Walking straight down the hill, I got within 20 yards of one of them, but the barrels of my rifle snapped fire! The snow had got down the grooves of my rifle the previous day, and I had neglected to draw

* Chapter VI.

the charges or discharge and reload my rifle. This served as a caution to me for all the succeeding time of my shooting trip, as on this occasion I was absolutely left defenceless except for a hunting knife, the bear sitting up and gazing at me at less than twenty yards distance! Luckily he was a bear of a mild disposition; and having stared at the apparition for a minute or two, he quietly trotted off.

Arriving at Changos on Sunday, we halted there for the day, and did not shoot. I recommend this to all sportsmen travelling. After a few days of real toilsome life, one realizes the fact that man requires a Sabbath—that wise institution of the inspired lawgiver.



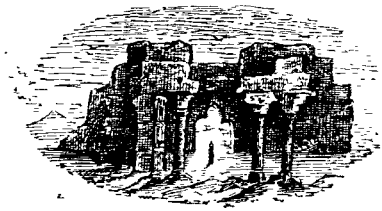
13—ADSHAH'S HOUSE AT CHANGOS.

I present a sketch taken at Changos of the sort of pleasant summer-house, built over running water, in which the better class of rural Cashmeries are wont to sit out in the summer to enjoy the coolness of the air and the freshness of the running stream. On arrival at the city we subsequently observed more of these pleasant

water-arbours—to coin a word—especially on the Taylbul River, which flows into the north-west end of the Dhull or city lake; and elsewhere about the environs of the city are to be noticed alcoves and balconies covered with foliage, overhanging the river Jhelum and various streams and canals about the lake. This fondness for rural pleasure and quiet enjoyment of the open air and surrounding nature, appeared to me a pleasing trait in the character of the people.

My old shikari—Adshah of Changos—here left me temporarily on leave to his home at this village, which is included in the sketch presented.

The Ruins of Martund, already mentioned, are not far from this beautiful village.



14—*A bit of Martund.*



III.—*THE CITY OF SRINUGGER FROM BELOW THE ZINA-KUDDUL, CASHMERE.*

CHAPTER III.

The City of Roses and its environs—The Wooler Lake—Allsoo, Bunkote, and the Koh-i-hama—Bandipore—The Lolab Valley—Black Bear Shooting—Return to City—Sopur, Baramoola, and the Valley of the Jhelum—The Ghost of a Bear—Oorie—Recross the Pinjal—Temples near Baramoola—The Kámráj—Farewell to the Jhelum.

HAVING arrived at Srinugger* by water on the 11th June, we pitched our tent on the banks of the "Sunk-i-kul" (or apple-tree) canal, which leads to the "Drog-jun," the sluice-gate of the Dhull-lake—under a splendid chenar tree, where, from our tent door, we could plunge into ten feet of the pure, clear water of that beautiful stream; every morning early we used to do so, and enjoy a swim before breakfast.

"Many have told of Cashmere of old!" little is left for modern travellers. I may, therefore, pass rapidly over our life in the "City of Roses," delightful change though it was after the hard work in the snow. I find noted in my journal trips to various points of interest near the city and its environs; and gliding about the rivers and lakes in our boat—of course *Lalla Rookh* in hand—was no such unpleasant change from the toils of high-hill shooting! but I forbear to anticipate. I find recorded a visit to the Takt-i-Súlimán, whereupon stands one of the most ancient and well preserved temples of the ancient Cashmere architecture, commanding also a splendid view.

* Properly Súrya Nugger, City of the Sun, *not Sri*nugger (holy city) as modernly termed.

Here King Solomon is related by the Mahomedans to have sat and gazed at the watery expanse of the primæval lake. Near this is the Peri-Mahal (Fairies' Palace), built by the Emperor Akbar for a college; it is now a picturesque ruin on the slope of the hills to the east surrounding the city-lake or Dhull.

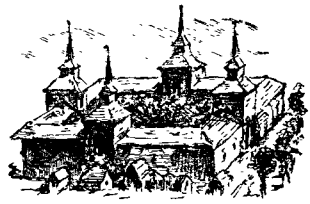
The "Shalimar,"* "Nishat," and "Naseem" Gardens are all points of attraction: situated on the margin of the Dhull, they were celebrated from the times of the Moghul court, and are alluded to by Bernier and others. They have so often been described by travellers that they scarcely need notice here, except to say that many a pleasant "tiffin" did we enjoy in those umbrageous shades, sketch books in hand; whence also returning after sunset, with the flush of evening on the waters, let us fancy "the nightingale's hymn from the isle of chenars," as we rowed past it when the moonlight came! As a fact, however, the nightingale does not visit India, and its oriental substitute—the búlbúl—does not, I think, possess the faculty of song.† Let that pass. The scene was sufficiently picturesque and romantic without the help of adventitious imaginings: the summer wind sighing through the sedges of the lake; the flush of sunset on the grand lotus flowers *(nelumbium speciosum)* which dot its surface, or, later in the season, extrude their heads above it; the waving grasses of its margin, and the moonlight flecking the willow-margined banks of the reedy channels between the gardens on its shores, were sufficiently suggestive of

* Perhaps an abbreviation of *Shah-il-imirat (Royal)* gardens; or can it be possible that the word "Shâma" in any way enters into the composition of this contested derivation? In which case the celebrated garden would be the *grove of nightingales!* The lover of romance would hope it might be so!

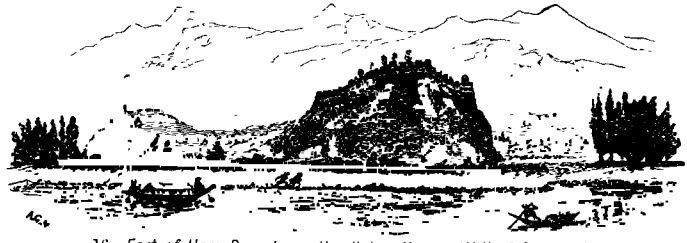
† The *Shâma* is the true Indian nightingale, and possesses power of song fully equal to his European rival.

poetry and romance to justify the creation of the poet in his *Lalla Rookh:* and as we smoked the fragrant weed, reclining in our fast-gliding boat towards our tent beneath the waterside chenar tree, I am not sure but what we touched on that occasion as near the acme of contentment as is allotted to man in this vale of tears!

Let me pass on to mention other points noted. I see the Mosque of Zein-ul-aboodeen, Akbar Shah's Bridge; the Eedgarh; the Jumma Musjid; the Fort of Hari-Parvat on the Kôh-i-Marán (Hill of Serpents); and other points of interest were visited, and figure in our journals, many of them as sketches. This was anterior to the time of the photographers—those natural enemies of the landscape artist—who have since invaded the valley. I will not, however, here attempt further to describe those interesting places. The beautiful photographic views of Cashmere and the Himalayas, since produced, have quite put into the shade any little fugitive sketches made by the passing traveller of the days I write of.*



15—*The Jumma Musjid.*



16—*Fort of Hari-Parvat, on the Koh-i-Maran (Hill of Serpents).*

* I would especially refer the reader who is interested in the scenery of Cashmere to the studio of Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, the well known Indian photographers, whose beautiful reproductions, especially of mountain *horizons*, eclipse anything I have seen even in Europe, and quite put one out of conceit with one's own minor efforts.

On one glorious afternoon (15th June, 1851) I see we played on the plain of the Eedgarh the first game of cricket—a single wicket match—ever seen in the vale of Cashmere: we had brought up with us gear for the express purpose. After this exercise we went, later in the day, through the tender mercies of the "hummaum" or steam bath, which oriental institution is not, as far as I know, except at Peshawer and perhaps Delhi, found in any other Indian city. It is a strictly Mahomedan institution, and was probably introduced into Cashmere from Persia.



17—*The Eedgarh (15th June, 1851).*

The "Poplar Walk" was an interesting and shady resort near our tent, whose only drawback is that it leads from "nothing to nowhere." Its perspective is well rendered by photographs, as well as the foliage of the vines climbing the poplars, in most graceful and picturesque festoons —the classic marriage of the Vine and Poplar!

The canals or *water streets* of the city might also be mentioned, where the boat passes under bridges, and houses rich in wood carving of the most interesting character, leading into the very heart of the city, and close up to the celebrated *shawl* merchants of Srinugger, who reside near their brinks. All these points, and many more, were visited by us under pleasant circumstances during our sojourn in the "City of Roses."

At this time military pageants were the fashion at Srinugger. An expedition to reduce Chilás, where a refractory feudatory was in rebellion, was in contemplation by the Maharajah Golaub Sing, and reviews of troops were in consequence of almost daily occurrence. 5000 regulars, with near 10,000 irregulars and followers,

marched towards the north-west frontier. Subsequently I saw a good deal of these troops, having camped amongst them several days. I had even designed to accompany the expedition, but was prevented doing so by political hindrances.

On the 17th we partook of the hospitality of old Golaub Sing, at a grand dinner and nautch at the Sher-Ghurrie —the regal residence—given in honour of the heir apparent, Prince Runbeer Sing. Next morning, 18th June, we weighed anchor for the Wooler Lake, where we arrived the same evening.



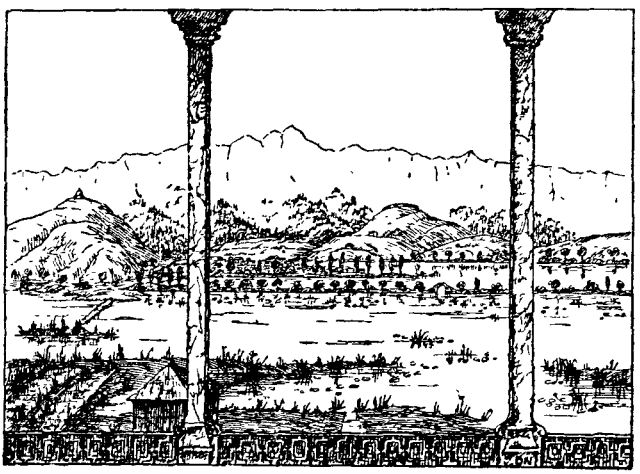
18—*SUNSET ON THE WOOLER LAKE.*

On this occasion we circumnavigated the Wooler Lake, a fine sheet of water perhaps forty miles in circumference; a more full description of which will be given further on.

We touched at the Lank Island, Bunkote, Bundipore, and at Allsoo; thence intending to shoot in the Koh-i-hama. At all these points we landed and tried the shooting. From Allsoo we left our boats, and made a flying trip into the Lolab valley. Here—and afterwards again at Sopur, on renewing our voyage down the river—we found portions of Golaub Sing's army, which was marching in two or more divisions towards Chilás.



19—*BLACK BEAR SHOOTING.*



20—*CITY AND LAKE OF CASHMERE.*

At Allsoo we pitched our tent (literally) in the upper story of a large empty house, which we made our head quarters for black* bear shooting. These animals were beginning to resort to the mulberry groves, although the fruit was at this date scarcely ripe enough for their taste. A. managed, however, to obtain two or three; and then, after a little more cruising about the lake and its shore, chiefly for the sake of the beautiful scenery—of which we took numerous sketches—we returned to the city of Srinugger. We set up our tent under our old chenar tree on the banks of the Dhull Nuddie, and recommenced our explorations of the city and its environs; and here, I think, a few extracts from my journal may serve to eke out the descriptions given in my last chapter.

"June 28th: Rowed up the 'Taylbul' river to the "bridge, and there had dinner under the tree on which a "plate with an inscription of the three travellers Hûgel, "Henderson, and Vigne appears. The following is the "inscription:—

"Three travellers,
BARON VON HUGEL, from Jummoo,
JOHN HENDERSON, from Ladak,
GODFREY THOS. VIGNE, from Iskardo,
who met in Srinugger on the 18th Nov., 1835,
have caused the names of those Europeans
who had previously visited the 'Vale of Cashmere,'
to be hereon engraved.
'BERNIER, 1663,
FORSTER, 1786,
MOORCROFT, GUTHRIE, TREBECK, 1823,
JACQUEMONT, 1831,
WOLFF, 1832,
of these two only lived to return to Europe.'"

* The black bear is the *ursus labiatus* of naturalists; it has the horse-shoe mark on the breast. The brown bear is the *ursus isabellinus*. It varies in colour from dark brown approaching black to light brown almost white. I myself believe in a third variety—a large brown *forest* bear, perhaps *ursus Thibetanus*—a fierce variety. I have heard of—even, I believe, *seen*—at least one specimen of *ursus labiatus without* the horse-shoe collar mark, but the general opinion points to two varieties only, modified by locality. This is perhaps the correct opinion.

"Re-embarking in our boat we retraced our voyage "(*Lalla Rookh* in hand) down the lovely stream, and "through the lotus-studded lakes, where, settling down "amongst the sedges, we noticed many wild fowl and water "birds; but our guns lay mostly idle. We returned to "supper after dark by way of Akbar's Bridge and the "floating gardens." These have often been described; they are formed by the long sedges being interwoven into a mat, earth being superimposed thereupon, and the stalks finally cut under water, thus releasing them from the bottom of the lake: they are usually about twenty by twelve yards in size. A dishonest Cashmerie will sometimes tow his neighbour's garden away from its moorings and appropriate its fruits: cucurbitaceous fruits and vegetables, and a fine description of grape is grown on them. I have often landed on one—paid my four annas (6d.)—and eaten as many grapes as I chose.

I think the various points of interest in the city are best described by illustrations, taken from the original sketches made on the spot, with which my journal is thickly studded; and allusions to many of them will be found in the Historical Sketch at the end of this Section.



21—*TAKT-I-SULIMAN, CASHMERE.*
(From the river Jhelum.)

We renewed our voyage down the Jhelum on the 1st July, skirting the eastern margin of the Wooler Lake·

At Sopur we found a division of Golaub Sing's army encamped. We proceeded down stream to Baramoola, and there, finally leaving our boats, marched leisurely along the banks of the river to Ooric. The Jhelum is here a turbulent mountain stream, and its banks present some very picturesque points of view. We shot our way along; and here I may recount a curious incident, where I beheld the only ghost it has fallen to my lot to encounter in life—*the ghost of a bear!* We were sitting at our mid-day breakfast on the banks of a clear pool of water in the forest when I distinctly seemed to see a large bear deliberately walk down to the water's edge and drink. I caught up my gun and gave the alarm! but no bear was there, or even could have been, as we found no traces! This "visitation" led me to reflect whether after all bear shooting was not rather a cruel sport, and unjust to the inferior animals; but when I reflected on the aggressive and mischievous character of the Cashmere bear, and how he harries the peasants' gardens and fields, and steals his grain, fruit, and even cattle and sheep sometimes under pressure of hunger, I made up my mind that one was quite justified in destroying him. This ghostly visitation, therefore, was relegated to the limbo of imagination, and was of course a mere optical illusion, the only one I ever have experienced in life; very distinct and life-like it was, and led me to understand how a belief in the actuality of ghosts might arise in minds given to supernatural broodings. Many have lived to pray in after life for visions of departed friends; but, alas! they come no more from that bourne whence no traveller returns!



22—*Akbar Shah's Bridge.*

There are some interesting ruins of temples buried in the woods near Baramoola along this route, interlaced with knarled roots of creepers and forest trees centuries old, near which we halted and took sketches, to which my subsequent reading and investigations on this subject have given me the clue; but at the time I write of, I only viewed them under their picturesque aspects—perhaps the most attractive after all, as the assigning of such wild, weird structures to an actual era seems robbing them of their romance. These ruins might be the abode of Naga princes, robber chiefs, or fabled pythons.* They do, in fact, shelter various creatures of the night, whose aëries and lairs can be seen amidst the crumbling fragments and tangled jungle.



23.—*Ruins near Baramoola.*

Making the most of the few days we had still to pass together, we at length turned out of the gorge of the Jhelum at Oorie; thence we recrossed the Pinjal near the Poonch Pass on the 7th July. About this date I parted with my dear companion and brother A. I watched his departing figure as he strode far away down the slopes of the Pinjal near Poonch; and this was the last I ever saw of that valued friend and comrade of my

* It is a fact that the ancient King Damoodara II. is fabled to have become a serpent, and in this form to roam the solitudes of the mountains, in this district especially!

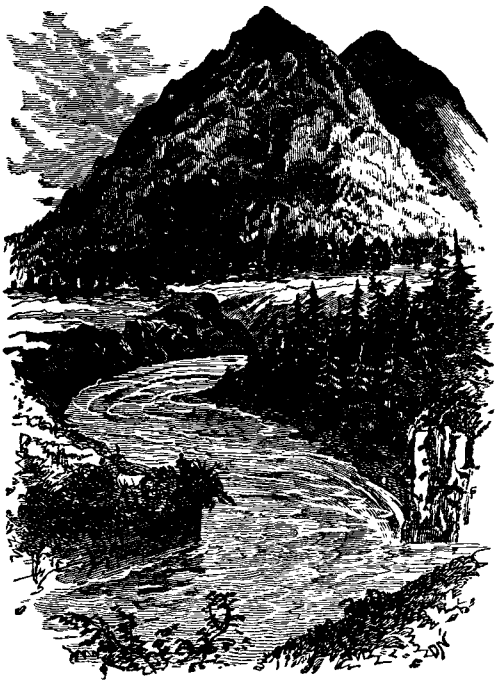
youth. His early loss in the very prime of life and manhood I still deplore.

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I never felt more melancholy in my life than during my solitary march of eighteen miles back across the Pinjal, during which I recollect I passed several beautiful cascades, on the margin of which I rested for a space. A. also had made a long march, so that at least thirty-five miles of wild mountain land lay between us that nightfall. The markhore (serpent eater) goat is found on these mountains hereabouts, but I made no effort at this time to hunt them. I made my way into the western district of the valley—the "Kámráj," as it is termed—where the cedars come feathering down into mossy dells from the slopes of the Pinjal; and I may, perhaps, conveniently at this place introduce sketches and a few notes descriptive of several points of interest in this section of the valley; some of them visited by me at this time, others at a later period. I made several



21—*Waterfall, near Poonch*



25—*Rapids of the Jhelum.*

sketches of the rapids of the Jhelum, one of which I give, as illustrative of the fine scenery along this river after its leaving the valley proper.

Having re-embarked on my boats at Baramoola I proceeded up stream, and soon turned up the *Puhroo* river just below Sopur, a large tributary of the Jhelum which emerges in several branches from the mountains of Duráwur. In its course it threads many lovely glades and meadows of the Kámráj. Its banks are fringed with most beautiful woods and orchards, at this season haunted by the mountain bears, who descend in search of fruit especially the mulberry. Amidst these woods—leaving my boats, and taking advantage of a full moon—I wandered many evenings, occasionally all night, in search of the "picturesque" and "Old John Barleycorn."

How well I recall the enjoyment of those calm night scenes! the wind whispering in the tree tops; the hoot of the lonely owl in the deep forest; the moonlight flecking the turf beneath the lofty fruit trees, groves of which,

dot the *terre-plein*, here usually fringed by cedars feathering down from the edge of the deep woods: the calm majesty of night, in which the "wandering moon" showed clearly as she rose at midnight to the zenith; the thoughts half serious, half jocund, which throng the mind under the influence of the fair night scene,—"I hear a "voice thou can'st not hear." The voice maybe of one's "alter ego," amidst the whispers of the night!

On the upper waters of this beautiful stream, which is, according to locality, diversely named Kánimil, Lolab, etc., there are many interesting features; amongst them "Suheyum"—the *burning ground*—a sacred resort; "Muchipoora," where is a remarkable hill, and a small lake on which is found an island covered with trees, which, under a strong wind, cause the island to rock about, and *even sail to shore!* and "Taragaom," the ruined stronghold of the great old clan of Chák, Chukk, or (perhaps) "Chógatai," so celebrated in Cashmere history.* The peaks of "Sela," also on the pass leading to Duráwur, are remarkable.

Referring to my journal I find the villages of "Insu," "Kulturuth," "Gounpoora," "Bámma-háma," all mentioned as "bear haunted." I find such entries as—

"At 'Isnaidpoora' tried the hills for a bear without "success; scenery lovely. To-day (13th July), full moon; "shortly after sunset started after bears. Moonlight "glorious; and I wandered about the mulberry groves "and orchards all night. Got a shot at a bear, who im- "mediately charged most savagely, but was easily turned "by a second shot. I don't think he was touched, as "night shooting is rather difficult at first." Again: (15th) "When the moon rose, went across the river and tried

* See page 44, also Historical Sketch at end of this Section.

"the mulberry groves, etc.; having a large white *sight** "on my guns shot one bear through the body, who, in- "stead of charging, savagely attacked his comrade. This "bear escaped for the moment, but was found dead next "day."

Such extracts depict scenes of sporting life, but give a very inadequate idea of the picturesque aspects. A brilliant moon lighting up the hills and glades of a charming woodland country; the gleam of stars upon the river; the rippling of water, and the soft whispers of the night; hours of calm observation of nature in repose; "a midsummer's night dream" in fact, varied, however, with the occasional intrusion of the "spiritual enemy" in the form of "Ursa Major." Such features but feebly represent the scenes passed through. I could have sometimes wished a fairer intruder than friend "Barleycorn," yet never can I forget those moonlit nights amidst the summer woods of the "Kámráj."

I find an extract of original poetry, which appeared some years later in, I think, the *Lahore Chronicle* of those days, which so well describes the characteristic phases of the course of the river Jhelum, Vetasta, or Hydaspes of fair Cashmere, that I make bold to introduce it as a fitting farewell.

TO THE JHELUM.

Oh! merrily the river wanders in the gladsome Maytime
Of his life, ere yet the morning has deepened into day,—
No cloud to cast a shadow on the sunshine of his playtime,
No rock to rough his smoothness as he ripples on his way.

Oh! merrily the river flows adown the sunny valley;
The golden sand beneath his feet, the laughing sky above him,

* For night shooting some sportsmen put large *wax* and *chalk* sights—sometimes tipped with phosphorus—on their gun barrels, but I myself always found a broad bit of white tape tied round the muzzle amply suffice for a rough shot in the moonlight.

He deems not youth is fleeting, nor begrudges time to dally
In the mossy nooks he loves with the dragon flies that love him.

For his loves—his loves are many. Awhile he wayward lingers
To plait the water-lily's hair and hide among its mazes,
A moment spares to woo the willow, kiss her dainty fingers,
Then laughs goodbye, and hastens to play truant with the daisies.

Where Oorie's cliffs stand sentinel in solitary sadness
I saw the river once again—the same, yet not the same.
I had seen him in his cradle, when every look spoke gladness,
I had known him in his childhood, now I knew him but by name.

For no more I saw the sunny brow, where laughter seemed to twinkle
In every fugitive ripple that dimpled to the wind.
Now care had graven many a line, and sorrow many a wrinkle,
And every passing cloud, methought, had left its gloom behind.

With vengeance in his hollow voice he hurls a wild defiance
To rocks that fret him as he swirls in maddened surges past,
But a sad, soft something lurks beneath that haughty self-reliance,
Like the wild wail the seaman hears in the fury of the blast.

He flings his weary arms aloft. In truth he is a-weary
Of this life that seems unending, this battle never won:
And the day that closes round him is overcast and dreary,
And the morrow will be but another toilsome strife begun.

But ere I turned me from the bank I marked a sunbeam quiver
(Like a guardian angel) down a fir tree's over-arching bough;
It lit a rainbow in the cloud of spray upon the river,
And a smile of happy memories stole o'er his careworn brow.

Then again I knew him. For in every tint some old reflection
Of ruddy snows, or morning clouds, or emerald grass was peeping,
That had sunk into his soul, and these were but the recollection,
The awakening of forgotten joys, of joys not dead but sleeping.

Thus memory flings round after years the glamour of her roses,
And wakes amid Life's darkest days the light of happier hours:
She wafts across the misty Past the breath of childhood's posies,
And weaves in winter's hoary locks a chaplet of spring flowers.*

* I would ask the anonymous author to pardon this excerpt, should he ever happen to recognise his happy effort.

CHAPTER IV.

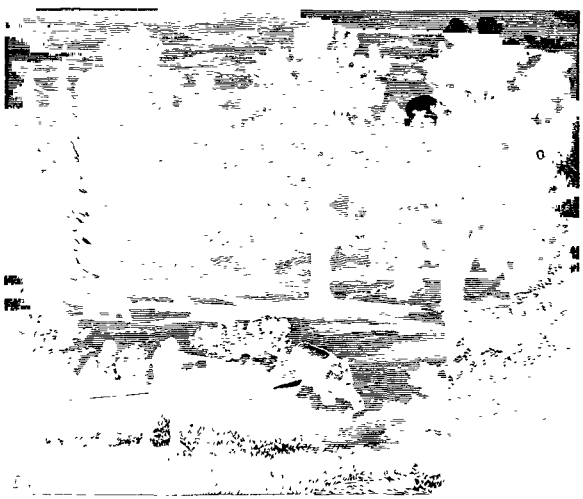
A Summer's Night in Cashmere—Bear Shooting in the Mulberry Groves—Sopûr—Fishing in the Wooler Lake—Sailing up the River Jhelum—Life & Legends in the City of Roses.

AFTER a glorious spring amongst the snowy mountains and forests, and wild grassy slopes of Wurdwun and the Kôh-i-háma—whilst wandering in the green woods and pastures of the Cashmere valley—I found myself one summer's day amidst the shady groves of Kándikáj. This sylvan nook, situated in the Kámráj or western province of the valley, formed part of the principality of the ancient "Chák" tribe, the ruins of whose stronghold, Taragaom, are to be found close at hand in the adjacent hills. It is now quite a wilderness of walnut, mulberry, and other fruit trees, mixed with pines, oaks, and the mountain cedar. It is consequently a great resort of that fructivorous animal, the bear of Cashmere. The surrounding mountains are full of them, both black and brown. They descend at night into the groves for the fruit. Cashmere may, in fact, be termed the head-quarters of the genus *Ursus*.

Having employed the day in reconnoitring the ground, and otherwise preparing for a hunt, as soon as the evening star twinkled in the tree tops I sallied forth, rifle in hand, in search of the hostile race of bruin. By the time I reached my ground the moon was riding high in the heavens, and the glorious calm of a midsummer's night invested nature. The deep hush of the woods was only broken by the rustling of the night wind in the trees, or the tinkle of streamlets creeping through the woodlands,



A wounded Bear attacking his comrade (page 43).



A Bear charging (pages 41-2).

IV.—*BEAR SHOOTING BY MOONLIGHT.*

and ever and anon the hoot of the great horned owl booming on the silence of night.

For hours I wandered in the shadows and "glimpses of the moon," occasionally pausing to listen as the crackling footfall announced a bear retiring from his favourite tree, and escaping from the approach of man, to his home in the forest or the mountain. The mulberries were ripening, and the bears were positively swarming in the thickets. The black variety ascends trees for the fruit, but the brown species, with very rare exceptions, are content to wander beneath the trees and pick up the fallen fruit.

About midnight a large brown bear unexpectedly charged upon me. Now, steady! Covering him with my rifle as he approached, I expected to see him turn—as nineteen out of every twenty will do, according to my experience, *if one stands one's ground*—but on he came, straight at me; twenty—fifteen—ten paces between us. I confess I had not nerve to let him approach quite close, when bears usually *(as I had heard)*, but not always, rise on their hind legs, presenting an easy shot. I fired both barrels, and rolled him over in his track like a rabbit, and the next moment—as the smoke cleared—I had the high satisfaction of seeing my friend lying stone dead upon the sward!

"Shábásh [well done], Sahib!" cried my only companion, a young hunter of the Trahul Pergunnah, in the excitement of the moment patting me on the back, and almost hugging me with joy. The truth was, this young fellow had fired my spare gun into the tree tops, yards over the advancing foe, and was delighted to see him go down so suddenly, as these forest bears are sometimes savage fellows, quite different from the poor, peaceable snow-bears of the mountains: to say truth, I was glad to

get this fellow off my hands so neatly. Both bullets had taken fatal effect, one cutting the jugular vein in the neck —hence the sudden extinction of an animal often requiring a "deal of killing."* I have, in fact, known one go off as if untouched, and run for several hundred yards, *with a bullet through the heart.* I was ultimately obliged to discharge the young hunter above-mentioned, summarily, for this same trick of losing his head and firing my spare gun at game without my orders. He will be alluded to again, further on, in Chapter VI. At that time I always carried pistols in my belt, a precaution I afterwards scorned, as experience soon convinced me that to the steady sportsman there is little real danger in bear shooting. I will not deny, however, that at first, amidst the shades of night, the heart may move faster than wont as one approaches the "old hairy one" up his tree, and, in fact, it may be months before the nerves quite harden to the sport.

In the autumn of this same year I again found myself amongst my old friends in the walnut trees, when my only feeling has been one of unmitigated mirth, as I have more than once stood under a tree on which "old John Barleycorn" was munching his supper of juicy nuts. I have actually stood under a bear, who, totally unconscious of a "stranger's" presence, was dropping the shells of his walnuts on my head! The bear gathers the bough on which are the nuts toward him with his forearm, munches up several, and, as above stated, expels the shells. Thus situated, I have sometimes, from suppressed laughter, been scarcely able to hold my rifle straight. But I have,

* This was a very large brown forest bear, with so ragged a coat as to render his skin useless; he may perhaps have become carnivorous, as many of them do, hence his mangy fur,—his head, however, is now in my hall.

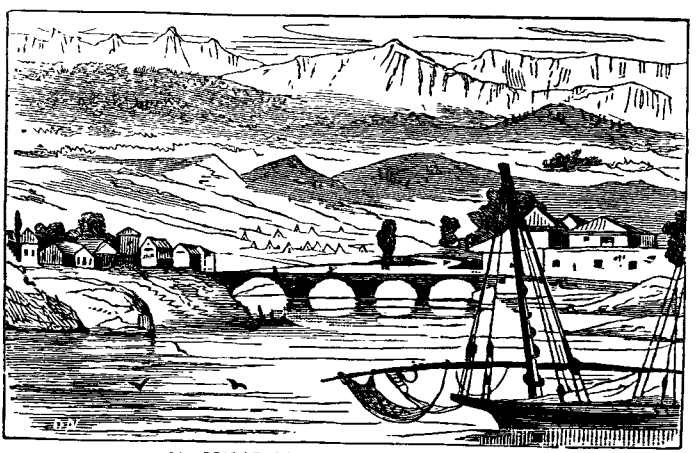
on the whole, been singularly successful in night shooting —not the highest form of sport, perhaps, but sufficiently exciting to an indifferent shot like myself. But I must not further anticipate. Before morning I fired again at two black bears feeding in this "leafy wilderness," but without success. As the day was breaking I regained my camp. Before leaving this ground I shot one other bear, who, on being wounded, savagely attacked his companion, not perceiving from whence the "winged death" came upon him.

I was joined next day by an old friend and schoolfellow, S., who was crossing the mountains from the Lolab valley. He had, with a companion, rigged out a sailing boat*—now on the Wooler lake—at whose launch a few weeks before I had myself assisted; my friend now kindly invited me to join his party for a cruise. My acceptance of this led to a companionship for the rest of the season, and right glad was I to join so pleasant a party. So now, my merry men all, this is enough bear shooting for the present. This day pack up, for to-morrow we leave the bowers of Kándikáj! We will glide down the clear waters of the Pahroo—river of the mountains—and disport ourselves awhile on the blue Wooler lake.

I had taken the boats as high up the stream as possible, and, the river having fallen considerably during the three days I had been engaged in hunting, we experienced the greatest difficulty in making a passage for them over the shallows. By artificial channels, however, and removing boulders, we at length succeeded in extricating the boats.

* This boat had been built by my friends, the "Lancers," by cleating together two of the native canoes, with a deck and false keel; and was rigged with gear brought for the purpose from the plains of India. The sketches will convey an idea of its general appearance. Sailing boats are not found on the lakes of Cashmere, being considered dangerous in high wind.

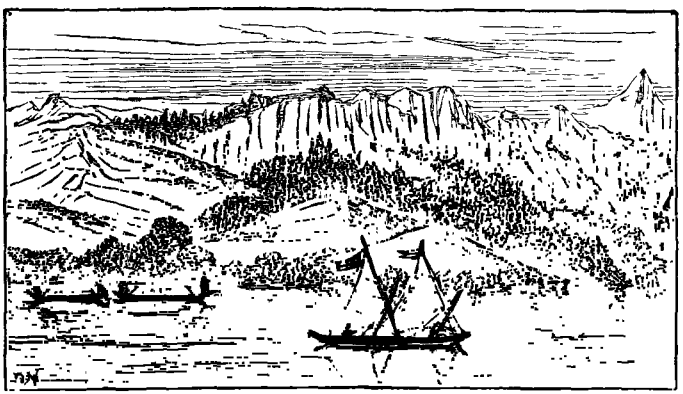
At length, having got fairly under way on the beautiful stream, we enjoyed the delightful sylvan scenery through which, on both banks, we passed; and so, gliding past rural villages, mulberry gardens, and meadows spangled with flowers, we arrived in due time at *Sopur*, on the Wooler lake. Here we found our sailing boat, the *Royal Harput*, at anchor, and duly embarked.



26—*BRIDGE OF SOPUR IN THE KAMRAJ.*

At Sopur the River Jhelum—disembogueing from the lake—glides away to Baramoola, there commencing its headlong course towards the plains of the Punjaub. Sopur has for ages been remarkable in Cashmere story. Here was the throne often contended for by rival factions —by Rajpoot, Toork, Moghul, or Tatar—more often by native clans warring with each other. It was here that in the year 1492 occurred the memorable defeat of the Cháks, in which their great chieftain, Shumsoodeen, was taken prisoner. The Cháks were in arms for the Pretender, Futtah Shah, and the army of the legitimate king, Mohomed Shah, had taken and destroyed their stronghold of Taragaom in the Kámráj, and was encamped

on the banks of the river at Sopur. The gallant chief, burning for vengeance, collected a party of horse and determined to beat up the enemy's quarters. The attack, however, was not unexpected, and the bridge over the Jhelum at this point had been destroyed by the king's orders. In the dead of night the Cháks swam the river and fell on the royal camp. They were warmly received. A sanguinary conflict ensued; which, in spite of desperate



27.—VIEW ON THE WOOLER LAKE.

efforts, terminated in the repulse of the Cháks, who fled towards the mountains with the loss of their great chieftain, who was taken prisoner, as is related in a couplet often met with in Cashmere legends. It may be thus freely rendered—

> "Shumsoodeen Chuk, with sticks and with stones,
> Of sixty bold Réhnas brake all the bones."

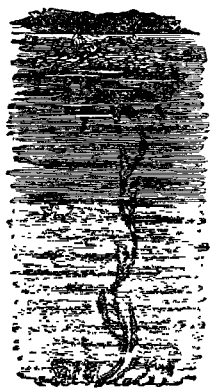
The Réhnas and Mágreys being two of the allied hostile tribes into whose hands the Dardoo chief had fallen.

Anchored off this classic spot, a few days passed delightfully in fishing, sailing on the lake, and landing here and there on its picturesque shores. We visited the Lank Island, the occasional retreat of Zein-ul-aboodeen (or

Boodshah)—the *Great King* as he is emphatically termed—who, about the year A.D. 1443 *built* it, with its mosque and summer-house, on the site of an ancient temple, whose summit was at that time visible above the waters of the Wooler lake. This island, of inconsiderable extent, is the only one which breaks the expanse of the lake, which may be estimated at about forty miles in circumference, and it is much increased in times of flood, when, in fact, much of the swampy margin on the south and south-east sides becomes converted into a lake. On the north and north-west sides the lofty mountains of the Kôh-i-hama lock it in abruptly. A few villages, however, occupy the more fertile ravines and straths. Here the margin recedes in summer, and a fringe of flags and rushes finds place.

The circumstance of submerged edifices is common in Cashmere, and met with even at the present day, notably in the Mánasbul lake, where just such a temple summit extrudes itself from the surface of the water, evidencing change of level and subsidence; and there can be no doubt that the Wooler now rolls over many a fair city and fertile field, engulphed long since in its oozy depths. In fact, the ancient chronicle of Cashmere—the Raja Taringini—relates that the vast city of Ashnádut Nugger which once occupied the site of part of this lake was submerged in the time of King "Sundersén." The fable states that this king and his court were "wicked in the extreme," until the ground cried aloud to God "for their destruction" (literally). The city was accordingly overwhelmed by water. There is no great depth of water in this lake, probably not much over fifty feet in its deepest parts, except in certain spots the *foci* or craters of the volcanic catastrophes, at which the fables and legends of Cashmere annals probably point.

Occasional violent gusts of wind come rushing down the mountain ravines on its north-east margin, and at such times it is astonishing how quickly the "sea" gets up. Often had we to run for the water lilies and shallows of the lake—abounding in weeds and water-nuts*—for safety, as there the water was generally smooth and calm, the water foliage acting as a breakwater.



25.—*The S nghara, or Water-nut.*

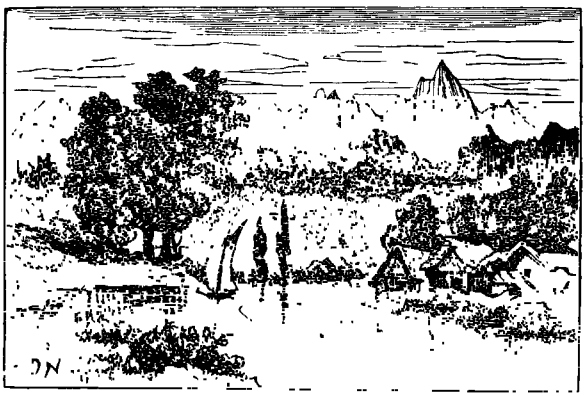
The fishing in this lake near the Bridge of Sopur is fair. The mahaseer and fine specimens of the black-spotted so-called Himalayan *trout* (I believe a variety of the *cyprinidæ*) being here often taken with the fly, or better still the spinning bait or spoon.

It was interesting to observe the method adopted by the native fishermen in setting their night lines. At nightfall the fisherman, rowing out into the middle of the lake, looks keenly around him, takes three points with the eye, at the intersection of which he sinks one of his lines in, say, thirty feet of water. These lines are from sixty to one hundred feet in length, with runners about six feet apart, on which are small live bait slightly hooked through the nose and allowed to play naturally. He sinks out of sight several lines thus in order to prevent their being discovered and raised by rival practitioners. In the morning he rows out again, and seldom fails in grappling his lines at the first or second cast, and is generally rewarded with a dozen or so of fine fish.

After ample cruises on this beautiful lake, we, at length taking advantage of a fair wind, sailed into the river

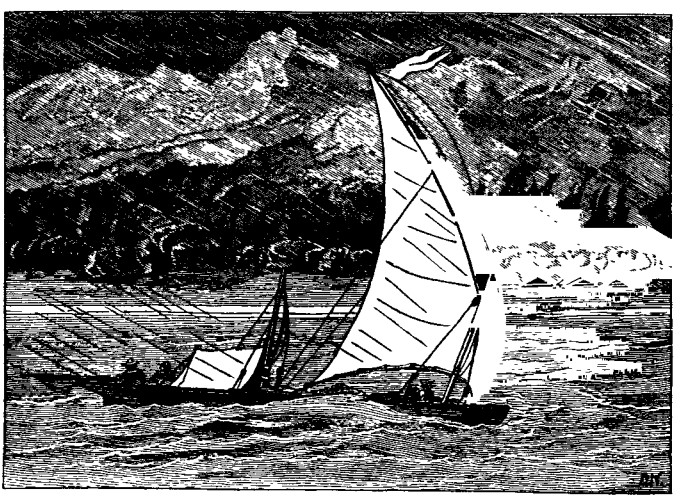
* The Singhara or edible water nut is a product of considerable traffic in Cashmere.

Jhelum, and anchored for the night at the mosquito-ridden village of Alumnoor, near its junction with the lake.



29—*THE VILLAGE OF ALUMNOOR.*

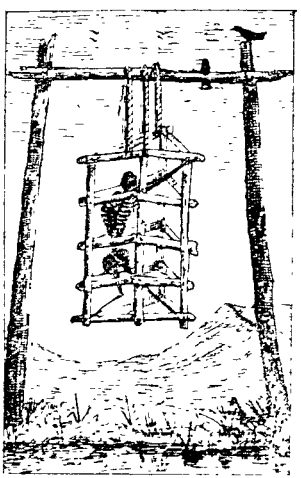
Next day, the breeze freshening into a gale, we ran up the river to the city. Passing the weedy marish lands of the Jhelum and Sinde rivers, rich pastures and gardens,



30—*SAILING UP THE RIVER JHELUM IN A STORM.*

and towns buried in the deep foliage of the magnificent chenar (plane tree), the pride of the Cashmere valley.

Some of the finest grazing land in India is to be seen along the banks of this river, on either side, and it could not but occur to me what magnificent herds of cattle might here be raised; but of course a Hindoo Government would regard as the greatest of crimes any such project; in fact, *cow killing* in Cashmere is punished as a worse crime than homicide! Travellers to Cashmere in those days — entering the valley by the Shupeyon route—will perhaps remember the skeleton of a man hanging in rusty chains from a prominent bough of the first large tree which met the eye on emerging from the Heerpore pass. That wretch was hanged for vaccicide! We were reminded of that ghastly sight by another still more gruesome: the skeleton of a parricide in a cage on the bank of the river just below the city; the bones rattling in the wind, and crows perched on the gibbet above—a terrible example of Maharajah Golaub Sing's Draconian laws!



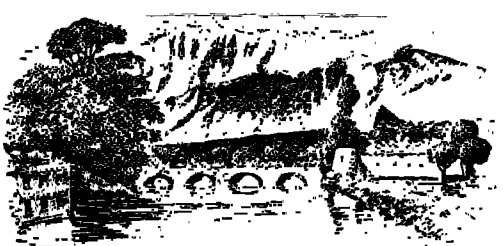
31—*Doom of a Parricide*

As we reached the city we found hundreds of people collected on the banks gazing at the boat—a novelty to the inhabitants—as sailing boats are not found on the river and lakes of Cashmere.

The City! Life in the City of Roses! How shall I describe the lotus-eating, water-gipsy kind of life, on the pleasant lakes which encircle the fair city and its suburbs

the glassy mere, the "garden-margined" Dhull; the whispering sedges; the summer sunsets; and the "cool, shining walks" beneath the merry moonlight?

Let poets sing of such! Be it mine to unfold the grim history of the Past, and to evoke from their forgotten graves the shadows of the antique kings, the fabulous genii of the place, and the devastating Spectres of the Serpent Gods!



32.—BRIDGE AT BARAMOOLA



V.—*HINDOO PICTURE EMBLEMATIC OF THE DRAINING OF THE CASHMERE VALLEY.*

CHAPTER V.

Sketch of the Ancient Hindoo Fables of Cashmere, derived from a Persian Manuscript or Translation of the "Raja Taringini," the Ancient Sanscrit Chronicle of the Country.

THE following epitome of the Hindoo Annals of Cashmere is derived from a Persian translation (or annotation) of the Raja Taringini; but it is overlaid with Mahomedan embellishments scarcely to be found in that ancient chronicle, which is in Sanscrit. After the Mosaic chronicles it is one of the oldest histories in the world extant.

"Kashyp" or "Káshiapa" is called "Kush" or "Kushef" by the Mahomedans, who name him as grandson of Ham.

The whole subject of the drainage of Cashmere, from coincidence in the chronology—needless to enter on here—tends to point to the Mosaic deluge. Without further preface, however, I now proceed to present a sketch of the ancient fabulous history gathered by me during my wanderings in the Valley of Cashmere.

In the days when Káshiapa, of the seed of Brahma, dwelt at Bhimbur, Cashmere was not. In its site was a vast lake fed by the melted snows and springs of the surrounding mountains, in whose icy caverns Juldeva the water god, who preyed upon mankind, had lurked from primeval times.

In the rugged mountains surrounding this dreary sea, Suttee, the consort of the destroyer Siva, enjoyed a solitary reign, roving amidst craggy precipices and forests gloomy with spectral horror; her chief dwelling place, however, being amidst the everlasting snows of the

mountain Hamunchil, overlooking her own peculiar lake, hence called "Sutteesîr," the Lake of Suttee, where it is believed her glorious form may be seen to the present day, "glowing like crystal," by the pilgrim to the Holy Lake of Gungabul, or the hunter who wanders near its wild precipices.

The desolation of the land, however, caused by the cruelties of Juldeva, touched the charitable heart of Káshiapa, who forthwith came to Heerpore, on the borders of the lake. Establishing himself on a sacred pinnacle, he lived there in pious abstraction one thousand years; at the close of which period his prayer "cleft the mark" (literally), and the mighty Brahma lent his assistance to destroy the water god. At the expiration of one hundred years, however, the Dœmon was still at large, having taken refuge in the deep recesses of his lake. Vishnu, the Preserver, then suggested that the lake should be drained, which, with his assistance, was effected by Káshiapa; and the waters escaping through the Baramoola Pass, Juldeva was exposed to view, seized, and overwhelmed for ever by Suttee beneath the rock of the Hari Parvat (see illustration).

Standing on the summit of his sacred mount, with the mundane germ within his grasp, Káshiapa the divine is fabled to have contemplated with ecstacy the glory of his kingdom, snatched from the waters of desolation. He beheld the glittering peaks of Himáleh lit up by the splendor of the sun sinking behind Baramoola, the scene of his labors, whilst the waters of a thousand streams leaping from the hills in cascades caught the fleeting glory; he cast down the mundane egg, and from its luminous core gushed forth the Fountain of Martund, sacred to the Sun God. In after years, hard by this hallowed spot, shall arise the noble Temple of the Sun, work

worthy of his descendants, worthy of the great Lunar race by whom constructed.

But leaving fable we approach a quasi-historical fact, and must view Káshiapa in his character of a patriarch and lawgiver (3000 B.C). His first care was to introduce inhabitants into the newly created valley, then first called "Kashyp-mur"—the dwelling of Káshiapa—who, being all of pure race, at first dwelt in patriarchal simplicity, and the Vale of Cashmere at this period is fabled to have realised the glories of the golden age.

A noble valley not less than eighty miles in length and twenty-five in breadth, at a general elevation of six thousand feet above the sea; its climate tempered in summer by the cool breezes from the snowy peaks of its surrounding mountains, with a rich alluvial soil, the gift of its lacustrine origin—bright with the waters of a thousand fertilizing streams and fountains, and balmy with the odours of groves and flowers indigenous to the soil—forms no sterile cradle for a new race called forth from the barren steppes beyond the surrounding ridges.

From the chill plateaux of Deotsuh, Thibet, and Zanskur, from the sandy wilds of the Punjaub, the favored people of Káshiapa flocked across the passes of the Hindoo Caucasus and the Pir Pinjal unto the fair valley to which they had been called.

Soon, however, was the lawgiver's help required. The foolish race of Adam, not content with the fair fields of plenty—the land of milk and honey vouchsafed to them for a dwelling—clamored amongst themselves, till Káshiapa was fain to apply to the Raja of Jummoo of the mountain for a king for his unruly people. This warrior, however, was soon killed in the wars of the successors of the great Rama in Hindosthán.

After this, again, fifty-two nameless Princes of the Koraus or Solar race reigned 1266 years; in all, 1919

years elapse until we find King Ogregund (or Gonerda) emerge from the obscurity of antiquity—the first known sovereign of Cashmere—and he also is stated to have perished on the banks of the distant Jumna at the hand of Bálárámá, brother of Krishna, in the wars of the Koraus and Pandaus, a fate shared by his son Damoodara, fighting for the melancholy Yûdishtír and for Arjûna of the Sounding Bow, but his posterity reigned in the land 655 years (1400 B.C).

Again a line of thirty-five nameless princes—nameless because of evil*—reigned till 940 B.C., whilst Darius Hystaspes swayed the sceptre of Persia, arose King Lava or Laow, a builder of temples and fosterer of the Brahmins, who had it their own way until Usook the Happy arose (250 B.C). Usook (or Asoka) became a convert to Boodhism, which appears for the next five centuries to have divided the palm with the Brahminical faith as the national religion.

The worship of the "Tree and Serpent"—the primitive form of religion in Cashmere—appears also to have retained its influence, as Ferishta tells us that in his time there existed in the valley forty-five places of worship to Siva, sixty-four to Vishnu, three to Brahma, twenty-two to Boodh, and nearly seven hundred figures of serpent gods. These figures may be held approximately to represent the religion of Cashmere anterior to his (Mahomedan) times.

Now comes the age of temple building, not unmixed with traces of a certain Druidical form of sylvan worship, of which even relics are extant.

Asoka was a contemporary of Antiochus the Great and Ptolemy Philadelphus (284—246 B.C).

The career of Jaloka (Jalook), son of Asoka, is overlaid

* Probably *Boodhists*, the Raja Taringini having a Brahminical inspiration hostile to the Budhistic schism.

with fable. Mighty and wondrous, according to the fables, were the deeds of this magician king. The philosopher's stone and command over the spirits of the air were amongst his powers. Careering on the wings of a "dragon" he was wont daily to visit the temples of Waramool, Bejbarrie, and Lar. His powers, however, were exercised for good; and he, first of the princes of Cashmere, instituted an organised government. His brother, Damoodara II., is fabled to have been transformed into a serpent, and to this day is believed to roam in that degraded form amidst the dark solitudes of the forests and mountains.

A line of fameless princes ensues: amongst them Indur, the mad jester, plays his pranks. King Nur and the people of his city are fabled to have been destroyed by the fiery breath of a serpent god.

At intervals of centuries we read of Meerkull, surnamed Husti-nuj (the destroyer of elephants), who exercises tyranny for a space; of Arrêrhye, the ascetic, who having entered the cave of Bhâmejo, never emerged thence, but died and was there buried; and of many other worthies who played their parts, till the throne being vacant, the nobles elected Meegwáhun—"dweller under the canopy of the clouds"—a descendant of King Andjudéshtur, king. He was a conqueror of many nations, and a wanderer after philosophy and science. He acquired his surname (A.D. 330) as follows:—

Many kings, princes, and nobles were assembled seeking the hand of the daughter of the King of Khuttár in marriage, who was to view them from her balcony engaged in warlike exercises previous to making choice. The prince being poor was unable to afford a tent for his accommodation, and accordingly set up his spear in the open plain, and dwelt under "the shadow of the clouds;"

he, however, excelled all his rivals in the beauty of his person and dexterity at the sports, and was accordingly selected by the princess, whom he married, with a large dowry. He became a great prince, until at length raised to the throne of his ancestors, he conquered Ceylon, Surat, &c., and returned to Cashmere by way of Scinde. He is stated to have passed his army over the Indus by means of a "dragon" or "serpent" (apparently a mechanical machine or flyingbridge).

Now arose the great conqueror, Provarsén, about 65 years B.C., who, according to the chronicles, overran and conquered the whole of India, carried off the throne of the fairies, and performed fabulous deeds. He, in truth, however, built the city of Srinugger, the present capital of Cashmere. After a reign of sixty years he died. His grandson, the mysterious Zeardut, was also a conqueror; but the annals of his reign are enveloped in impenetrable obscurity (A.D. 432).* About him the chronicles are quite at fault: according to them he was a contemporary of Mahomed. To make matters worse, when he was about 300 years old, he, with all his army, is said to have entered the caves of Bhâmejo, and never returned thence. The truth appears to be that he and his host perished in some expedition amongst the hills near Kishtewar in the Zanskur country. As to the eccentricities of his age and career, it were tedious, perhaps impracticable, to attempt an explanation. His son, the benevolent Bikramadit, succeeds. Another son, Bullitardit, leads a vast army into Hindostan, and performs doughty deeds.

Of the same family—the tenth in succession from the

* This discrepancy probably arises from the variance of the solar, lunar, and siderial years, represented respectively by the eras A.D., Hijira, or Vikramaditya, according as Christian, Mahomedan, or Hindoo epochs are quoted.

great Provarsén—arose the great conqueror Lalitadit, who overran in succession the Punjaub, Behar, Bengal, the Dekhan, Ceylon, Malwah, Delhi, Kabool, Bokhara (this last he only overcame after four desperate battles with its king); he returned to Cashmere *viâ* Kuttár, Thibet. He was also a very learned prince, and the admiration of his great qualities has invested his memory with supernatural powers. Fables are related of him which forcibly remind one of the miracles of Moses, and lead to the supposition of Mahomedan embellishment above-mentioned; *e.g.*, on one occasion when his army was perishing for want of water in the desert he is related to have struck a rock, when a spring of water is said to have gushed forth. Another story is given of his dividing the waters of a certain river for the passage of his army and other legends of similar character. At length he perished with all his host in the snowy mountains near Iskardo. He was the eighteenth king since King Meegwáhun, and with him may be said to have perished the glory of Cashmere as a kingdom.

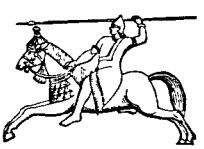
Thirty-seven insignificant princes succeed, till at length the nobles, chiefly of the tribe of Mágrey, disgusted at the effete stock of ancient kings—which seems to have reached its climax of folly and luxury in the person of King Hurshun—set up several puppet kings as cloaks to their own designs. Feebleness and anarchy ensued; and things were about at their worst, when, in the reign of Jyie Sing—about A.D. 1200—Kulhána Pundit began to collect that ancient chronicle of Cashmere called "The Raja Taringini," almost the sole authority for its past history.

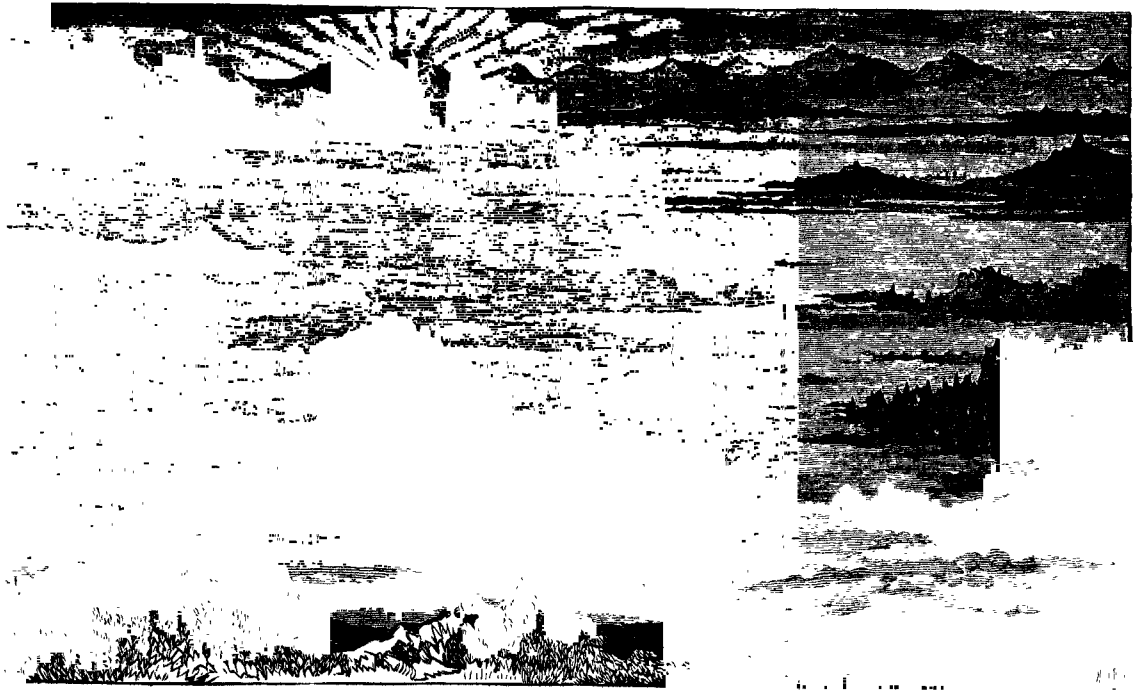
Feebleness invites aggression; accordingly we find in the reign of King Zeshyumdeo, an army of Toorks invading Cashmere from Kabool (A.D. 1210). The hereditary

commander-in-chief of the country, the brave Malchund —the support of the throne—marches to meet them. In order to discern the enemy's forces Malchund, disguising himself as a common runner, penetrates into the enemy's camp, and manages to pin, with his dagger, at the pillow of the Toorkoman general a letter of menace. The history adds that the latter, on awaking and discovering the same was so terrified that he precipitately fled to Kabool with his army.*

During the next reign of Pertâp, Malchund his minister —as before his father's—led an army into Hindostan and repopulated Malwah, which hence acquired its name from its benefactor, Malchund, its ancient name being Kâmput. The king becoming tyrannical and avaricious Malchund left him to his fate, and he alone, or his sons after him, maintained the frontier and built a chain of forts to guard the passes; their stronghold being Kucknigera in the Lar (A.D. 1220). About this time, says the chronicle, Kashypmurra began to be called Káshmir. This family alone sustained the declining power of Cashmere, now become a legitimate object of prey to any bold adventurer. Supported by these nobles, King Sunkramdeo, about the middle of the thirteenth century, made a feeble effort to sustain the fading glories of Cashmere. Then the throne fell into the hands of a family of feeble Brahmins, who soon fell before the energy and subtlety of a new race; its ancient religion was subverted, and its history soon merged in that of a new line of Mahomedan kings.

* The reader is reminded of the treatment of Saul by David, as related in sacred history.





VI.—*THE CASHMERE VALLEY SUBMERGED IN CLOUD.*

CHAPTER VI.

The Trahul Mountains—Caught in the rains on Wuster-Wun—Mánúsir Lake—Anecdotes of mountain sport—Join camp of pilgrims—The Seshnag Lake—Panch-teren, and the road to 'Amr-Nauth—The Caves of 'Amr-Nauth—Sonarsir and the Duchin Para—High-hill Shooting—Marmots—Harput-Nar &c.—Bear Driving in the wooded spurs of Mulwun and Banihal.

WE next catch a glimpse of our party caught in the rain near the summit of Wuster-Wun (the forest-covered), elevation 12,000 feet above sea level.

Rain! rain! rain! For three long days nothing but rain; followed by three days more of rolling mists, which obscure the very tent tops.

Cold—bitter cold and chill—is it in those elevated regions, and we give up one of our tents to our poor famished followers.

At times the curtain of dense mist rolls off, displaying a panorama scarcely surpassed on earth,—the full glory of the Cashmere Valley, illumined by the western sunbeams.

I recall one picture of the valley from this point:—

A sea of white mist was resting over the whole valley, reaching up the sides of the surrounding mountains to about the probable depth of the original lake (Suttee Sir), about 900 feet, its promontories jutting out, and islands —the tops of the inferior hills—standing forth from the vast white sea of mist in which their bases were enveloped. Upon this the setting sun was pouring floods of glory; lighting up the white fleecy surface till it appeared like

an incandescent flood of molten silver, recalling to mind the splendid vision of the divine Káshiapa, its mythic architect.
Anon the rolling curtain closes in, and the soul of man receding, taketh refuge in mulled port or whisky toddy!

Here, then, we rested perforce, eking out the weary hours as best we might, with reading, writing up journals, and the recital of bygone adventures by flood and field; several of which, as tending to illustrate the wild mountain life in Cashmere, I shall here introduce; and I may as well here state that the anecdotes here recorded are all exactly and literally true, although possibly not all recounted on this particular occasion, though this also is very possible from coincidence in the times of occurrence.

After much pressure, my companions being like most thorough sportsmen, rather reticent in relating their adventures, Captain A.D.C. was persuaded to commence as follows:—

"Last spring, whilst hunting in the Duchin-Para, S. and I were encamped near the banks of the river or mountain stream which rises at the head of that valley. We used to take different beats: and mine lay one day across one of those frozen snow-bridges, such as you may recollect as spanning many torrents in the higher hills towards their sources. The incline of this one was peculiarly steep, and it was with some difficulty that I and my spare gun carriers descended. Whilst crossing the lowest dip of the snow-bridge it suddenly gave way, and the gun carrier who happened to be leading disappeared into the foaming river, leaving me with my remaining follower on the very edge of the yawning chasm. Without one word we turned at once, and scrambling up the steep slope we had so cautiously descended, in two seconds had reached the summit. Arrived there in safety I, for the first time

in my life felt what fear really was, and we gazed at each other with blank faces.

"'He's gone!' cried my companion, throwing up his arms.

"However, on peering below—down into the chasm—we were astonished to see the poor fellow bravely supporting himself on a small island of frozen snow—the fragment of the fallen bridge—in the midst of the raging torrent. He was in the most awfully perilous position one can imagine. Of course not a moment was to be lost in rendering him assistance, as the snow island on which he was with some difficulty maintaining his balance, was rapidly disappearing into the boiling waters. Luckily we were close to camp, so instantly rushing for tent ropes etc. we succeeded in extricating him from his perilous position, faithfully holding on to my rifle to the last."

Quoth F. "Your anecdote reminds me of an incident which occurred to myself last spring up in Wurd-Wun. I had wounded a fine snow bear, which, all but dead, managed to slip over a steep 'kudd' (precipice) overhanging a torrent, which roared along far below.* Being unwilling to lose the animal—but not being so accomplished a cragsman as some of the hillsmen—I offered a reward for his skin, a thing I almost immediately repented of. A volunteer at once came forward and began to descend the cliff, but had not proceeded far before his foot slipped, and down he went, calling loudly on his 'Mai! mai!' (mother, mother). The sound, however, suddenly ceased, and I began to fear the poor fellow must have plunged over some ledge of the cliff into the river below. I accordingly, myself, began the descent, and when about one third of the way down, we found him sticking head-downwards in a snow-well, such as in those altitudes are

* See page 20, Chap. II.

met with surrounding the boles of frozen pines; into one of these he had pitched headlong, thereby probably saving his life. My rifle, which had escaped from his hand, was hanging suspended on some bushes by one hammer (the broken one by the way) over the precipice. We pulled him out half dead with fright and suffocation, but no further damage done, and a small present soon quite restored him. The excitement gone, we were nearly an hour regaining the summit of the cliff whence we had descended in a few minutes, and —— we saw no more of our bear. I may add that I myself on one occasion, together with my shikari (hunter), slid more than two hundred feet down a steep snow-cleft, and I can vouch for it that the sensation of being 'under weigh' on the steep hill-side is far from pleasant. On this occasion, by digging our elbows and hill-sticks into the snow, we succeeded in 'bringing up' in a hollow dip just above a nearly perpendicular fall of the frozen torrent."

Then up spake S. the lancer:—"A day or two before I fell in with F. at Kándikáj, I arrived at a village in the Lolab valley, where a man had been recently killed by a she-bear. The animal had taken up her abode in a cave beneath the roots of a large chenar tree in the very midst of the scattered village, and had there brought forth her cubs. She would remain quiet and concealed during the day, and at night go forth to feed, returning always before daybreak. It happened that a stranger, travelling, arrived at the village after nightfall, and seeing a fine shady tree at hand spread his blanket on the spot, and—as the natives said—*his destiny having arrived,* there fell asleep. It was conjectured that the bear on returning to her cave from her nocturnal ramble, had instantly attacked him, as, in the morning, the wretched man's corpse was found with the head completely twisted off the body. Having

learnt the above particulars, and viewed the spot, I determined to return at night and rid the village of such a pest, but to my astonishment on announcing my intention the villagers begged and prayed me to spare the brute, which, as they said, had *claimed their hospitality*, and was their guest. On my persisting, they promised to show me another bear which haunted their village nightly, and they actually performed their promise that night, when we mobbed and positively killed with clubs a half grown black bear, whose skin you may recollect I brought into your camp at Kándikáj."

F.: "I readily credit your story, S., because I am aware that the practice of *tabooing*, or setting apart as sacred, certain animals is not uncommon in Cashmere. In a village of the Lar Pergunnah, a fine barasing stag was lately cherished as a guest. When a fawn it had been found one morning in the precincts of the village zeéarut (mosque), having apparently been dropped by its dam whilst crossing at night. In time it grew into a powerful stag, and at times sought the companionship of his species amongst the wild herds, but was butted out, and used to return sadly mauled. He became fierce and intractable, and in his fits of fury killed several persons; but, being as it were, a *sacred guest*, no one dared to molest the animal, who was allowed to wander at will, trample down the corn fields, and even—like the Brahminee bull of India—rummage the grain shops in search of food; in short, become the pest of the village. It, however, happened that a strange hunter, passing that way, arrived in the village, and was entertained by a friend who thus addressed him:

"'Art thou not my guest? Why, then, should I not cause thine heart to rejoice? This very night will I show thee a fat stag which nightly ravageth my fields, and *thou* shalt shoot him, oh son of a shikari, oh my friend.'

"Accordingly this shrewd friend led his guest within a few paces of the stag, and the stranger hunter shot him dead on the spot; and it was decided by the village casuists that, the sacrilegious deed having been inadvertently committed, no sin attached to any one; and as the Mahomedans, under the present Hindoo government, are forbidden under pain of death from cow killing, I have no sort of doubt but that the village community enjoyed the fat steaks of their revered protegé amazingly, whose meat is so like beef as scarcely to be distinguished therefrom. Is it not so, Ameer Ali?"

"Inshállah! yes, sahib!" answered the red-bearded old shikari of Trahul, tugging at his thick red beard. "By Allah! we Usbegs now-a-days grow pot-bellied and fat like the bunnias of Srinugger for want of the strong meat of the cow. We can't always get barasing."

As regards mobbing a bear, as narrated above, I may remark that it is a common thing in Cashmere for the villagers, on discovering a bear "up a tree," to surround the tree with a circle of live embers. They then go and call their comrades with weapons, and mob the bear, who will never descend the tree whilst girt by the circle of fire. This I have been told, but I have not seen it myself. With such like conversation we beguiled the weary hours.

Whilst in the anecdotal mood I may as well mention a trait of this old shikari, who was in fact father of the young hunter introduced in Chapter IV. of this work.

I must premise that it was a habit with me whilst on the mountain side, say *waiting for game*, to gather any peculiar herbs or flowers of the magnificent flora which clothes these mountains in summer, with a view of testing their qualities, whether medicinal or otherwise, and in this way I had found, in fact, many interesting plants. On showing a lot I had gathered the day of our arrival

in the ravines and slopes of Wuster-Wun to this old shikari, he gravely gave me the native names for most of them, and I as gravely entered them in my note book or journal.

At this time I observed his son—the young hunter alluded to—rolling on the ground in ecstasies of laughter. On giving him a passing consideration, I supposed that he and his old father—who had met that day after many weeks' separation—had been taking "somewhat to keep out the cold;" but a key to his mirth was subsequently afforded me, when I discovered that the old rogue had been *taking a rise out of me*, and had given me all the most objectionable words in his language as the nomenclature of his native flora. I half forgave the old rascal his joke, as it is refreshing to meet an Asiatic who has sufficient energy of mind and *can* joke. I have no doubt but that many travellers are thus taken in by indigenous wags of other lands.

Our friend A.D.C. had started with the ambition of being, whilst in the field, *self-sustaining*, and repudiated as effeminate all accommodation beyond his guns and blankets, believing that a hunter in very bad weather should hang the latter over his cross-spears or hill-sticks; but on this occasion he had to give in to what he called luxuries, and we made him up a bed on our camp table in our tent. Should he ever read these pages I trust he will pardon my recording his lapse from the Spartan simplicity of the hunter's life on this occasion.

S. and I in this respect generally went in for comfort when we could, although S. also was one of the hardiest sportsmen who ever shouldered rifle. Even I, perhaps the most luxurious of the party, have many a time—when occasion offered—slept on the bare hill side or forest, *sub Jove frigido;* but then I was, in fact, as much

a hunter of the sublime and beautiful as of wild beasts; and on this particular occasion I believe Longinus himself would have enjoyed his bottle or glass of hot grog to keep the wet and cold off.

Our object, however, was *sport*, and when, on the morning of 5th August the mists gradually rolled up from the valley to mountain top, and became dissipated into thin clouds, which floated away far over the glaciers before noon, we rejoiced exceedingly, and girded up our loins for the chase.

We organised our respective beats: mine lay due north, but after a two days' hunt our party of three determined to separate and rendezvous a week thence. Two of us —S. and I—held together, but our friend left us, and except on one day when we caught the glitter from the gun barrels of his party far down in the valley below us,* this was the last we saw of our friend A.D.C. for six weeks, as he chanced on sport and kept his ground.

On this occasion I visited the Mánúsir Lake, a wild icy tarn in the Trahul Mountains, the fabled abode of the dreaded "Kroom," or "Water Kelpie" of Cashmere. This creature—a pure myth by the way—is said to be of the polypus order, having long arms or antennæ. He is said occasionally to leave the water, and, stiffening these arms like the spokes of a wheel, *to bowl over the ground like a hoop.* Of course this fantastic idea is pure fiction, and the very existence of any such creature in the Cashmere lakes—though of general belief—has, probably no foundation; possibly it may be a faint adumbration of the original fable of "Juldeva," the tyrannical water-naga

* I give this fact as a warning to sportsmen, I may add riflemen generally. His gun barrels were visible to the naked eye, whilst the individuals could scarcely be made out with field glasses. All barrels for war or sport should be kept well "browned," and the mountings also dulled.

of the mythic age. One of my hunters, however, used to swear on the Koran he had seen a horse seized by one whilst drinking in this very lake. I doubt, however, whether any horse could have made the ascent of such a mountain as Wuster-Wun, on the very summit of which lies this solitary tarn. This lake, though perhaps a mile



33—*THE MANUSIR LAKE ON THE SUMMIT OF WUSTER-WUN.*
Small Icebergs floating on the lake

in circumference, looks quite small from the rocks surrounding, which form a sort of caldron in the apex of the mountain; and though near midsummer at the time we visited it, when it might be supposed most free from ice, there were miniature icebergs floating about on its surface. The colour of the water was that snow-green so well known to Alpine travellers. Here also are the graves of five Cashmeries who perished in the snow, having attempted to cross the mountain in winter. Their bodies were found next spring, and the five stones were set up to mark their graves in this bleak solitude.

S. and I, meeting with little game, worked our way round by the Duchin Para, and descended into the valley

to the north-east. Our shikari had promised to bring us by short cut over the mountain, but evidently lost his bearings; the consequence was, we had to descend a long ravine, following the course of a torrent, the worst march I had made in these hills. Our coolies could not arrive by nightfall, they had to bivouac on the mountain, so we were compelled by the rain—which again began to fall—to take shelter for the night in some *Goojurs'* huts, where we were glad to rest, I., for one, being quite done up. We finally emerged from the mountains of Trahul and the Duchin Para at a point near the village of Paragaom. Our companion not keeping tryst, we joined the Camp of Pilgrims, who, to the number of two thousand, happened to be passing at the time on their annual pilgrimage to the gypsum caves of 'Amr-Nauth. We marched with them.

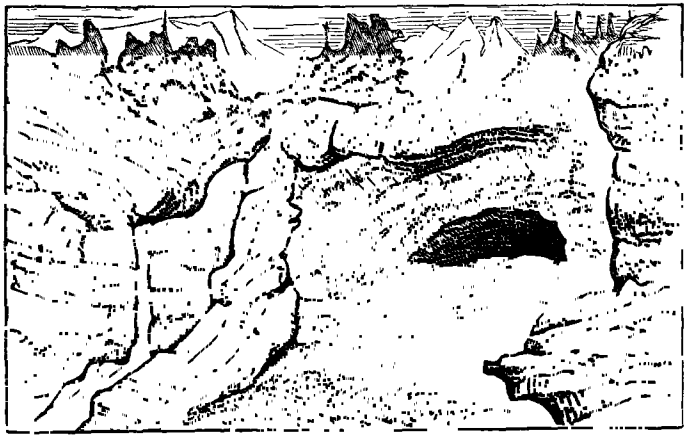
On the 9th August we pitched camp on the shores of the Séshnâg Lake, a fine sheet of water about three miles in circumference. The mountain path was covered with the pilgrims, who, however, encamped some distance ahead of our camp. Here master "Pincher," S.'s little dog—of whom more anon—chased a sheep, which, in its terror, took to the water and swam right out into the middle of the lake, where, getting confused, it took to swimming round and round in circles, till at length it miserably perished in the cold waters of Séshnâg—a sacrifice to the powers of Ananti (Hades), a synonym of Séshnâg.

This lake, as the name implies, is regarded by the Hindoos as the abode of the mighty "snake" or "serpent-god Sésh," who, however, is confessedly somewhat chary of his presence to his votaries in camp, who pay no devotion till their return from the pilgrimage of 'Amr-Nauth. It is fabled that amidst the rugged pinnacles of

these mountains, "Wátáswár" (spirit of the air), having chased away the host of heaven, there established a tyranny until slain by Siva (or Mahadeo), who, after this labour, "rested on the bosom of Séshnâg." A picture of this touching event is in my possession, and highly suggestive it is of the "Ophistic" character of the primitive religion of Cashmere.

Continuing our march with the camp of pilgrims, we next day (10th) encamped at *Panch-teren*, a beautiful spot amidst the high mountains, a few miles below 'Amr-Nauth. We shot several *dryns* (marmots) along this march. Our camp was pitched on the bank of several *(five)* clear streams, which, running through the valley from various directions, here unite. The place is hence called *Panch-teren* in consequence. The small valley is flanked with cliffs which lead up to the glaciers of Sooroo, which dominate the vale. Here the ground is covered with flowers, and altogether forms a beautiful Alpine site.

The next day (11th August) we rose early, and visited the celebrated Cave of 'Amr-Nauth, the goal of our



34.—THE GYPSUM CAVES OF 'AMR-NAUTH

journey. It is about seven miles distant from Panchteren. Here about two thousand pilgrims offered their prayers at full moon. I was somewhat disappointed at the cavern, which has nothing very striking about it except that the sacred streams here issue frozen from the rocks within it, assuming the form of the *Lingum*, thus presenting an object of adoration to Hindoos, as an emblem of the creative attribute of Deity.

The gypsum Cave of 'Amr-Nauth or 'Amr-Eshwur, sacred to Mahadeo, is situated in the rugged chain which separates Cashmere from Thibet. Its elevation above sea-level cannot be less than 15,000 feet, as even during summer its approach is invested with the snows of winter. Wild fantastic peaks and desolate steppes surround the spot, and the grand old glaciers of Wurdwun and Sooroo tower in the far horizon.

Hindoos perform a yearly pilgrimage to this shrine; and to a devotee from the city of Srinugger there are no less than twenty-two places of "snán," or religious ablution to be observed before he can approach the holy adytum, or cave of 'Amr-Nauth.

Legends or absurd fables are attached to all these spots, but a detail of them were tedious.

Worshippers, chiefly of Siva (the destroyer), and "Ophists" (snake worshippers), believing, moreover, their own small valley to contain within its limits the germ or type of the whole Hindoo Pantheon; a Cashmere Brahmin, wretchedly superstitious—his mikrocosm as full of snakes, demons, and demi-gods as a cheese of mites—must needs stumble at every step upon some stock or stone commemorative of fabled adventures of his deities; adventures as puerile and fantastic as can be imagined, containing no single element (as interpreted to me) wise, historic, or sublime, nor even redeemed from utter absur-



VII.—*DESCENT OF A SNOWCLEFT NEAR SONA-MERG*

dity by the glory of poetic imagery or the vigour of a profound cosmogony.

Fatuous ecstasy impressed upon their features, the miserable idolators—male and female—may be seen, stark naked, abjectly grovelling in the snow, and dragging their bodies over the icicle, or stalactyte, which, in the form of Lingum—a Phallic emblem—issues from the frozen fount of the "Lord of the philter of immortality." We watched this strange scene for some time, and then returned to camp.

The full August moon rose majestically over the glacier of Panch-teren, and shed her soft radiance over the grey rugged cliff and rushing stream, and the watch-fires of the pilgrim camp glimmered down the vale. We then—for the chill mountain air doth whet the appetite—made a particularly good dinner off a roast Hindoo! ("hoondoo" I should have written, meaning a Cashmere sheep—but let it stand!)

Next day, before leaving so high ground, we determined to try for ibex. We accordingly marched sixteen miles over desolate snow-fields and the withered* tops of mountains. After a tremendous climb across the very axis of the ridge, we at length arrived at a long gorge or ravine of snow. Down this we slid—with all our followers—upwards of a good mile; and then debouched into a charming Alpine valley of some extent, nestled in the stony heart of the rugged chain we had passed. A blue lake and clear rushing stream from the spring head, Sonarsir, watering meadows enamelled with flowers; in the midst of which we pitched camp.

* I use the word *withered* as expressive of the appearance of the rock at these high elevations! the grasp of the snow and ice seems, as it were, to expetrify the rock; and the word "withered" seems the most expressive I can hit on to describe the effect of disintegration produced thereby.

F.'s classic mind expatiated in the suggestive influences of the spot; he sniffed the genial air; his eye glanced down the mossy vistas and arrowy stream. "In such a scene might one picture the happy valley of Rasselas, or the Elysian fields of classic story, or the fair Proserpine be imagined playing in the fields of Enna amidst the wild flowers—a valley rivalling a Hybla or a Tempe. Shut out by rugged peaks from the surrounding world this lovely spot might realise the fable of the golden valley. Here might the hunter Endymion, beneath the 'glimpses of the moon,' discover the chaste Diana, with her bevy of fair nymphs, reposing in the glades, Naiads be heard murmuring from the fountains, or Hamadryads caught peeping from behind the mossy oak trees. Here ——"

"By Jove, F.," shouts S., "There's a harput!" and sure enough a large grey bear appeared across the river.

F.'s cheeks reddened with generous ardour; he grasped his rifle. "Is no spot, however fair, to be free from this hateful brood! Is the dire chimæra to intrude into fairy-land and invade the very bowers of poetry and romance! A symbol of moral deformity in the picturesque world!"

In such a view of the case, F. selected the hardest and most conical-looking bullet from his pouch, and rammed it home with peculiar asperity! That right noble hunter of evil beasts, S., then crossed the river, and commenced a scientific stalk of the common enemy. My approach being on the hither side, and parallel, I was in a position to observe the whole affair. There was bruin, unconscious of danger, calmly grubbing up the roots on the edge of the ravine, and S. gradually working his approach towards him, partially directed by my signals, which he was able to observe. When close upon him old bruin took fright, and —S. being hampered by the thicket—escaped after all, vainly saluted also, by two long parting shots from my

rifle across the ravine. I record this as being, though unsuccessful, amongst the prettiest stalks I have seen.

This charming spot was, it is believed, on this occasion first visited by an European; nor do I suppose it will ever be much explored, being, as it is, thoroughly "oojar"—beyond civilisation—and (not that this would in any way affect our gallant English sportsmen) the access to it difficult and even dangerous. Supplies had to be carried with us over the mountains for the time we stayed.

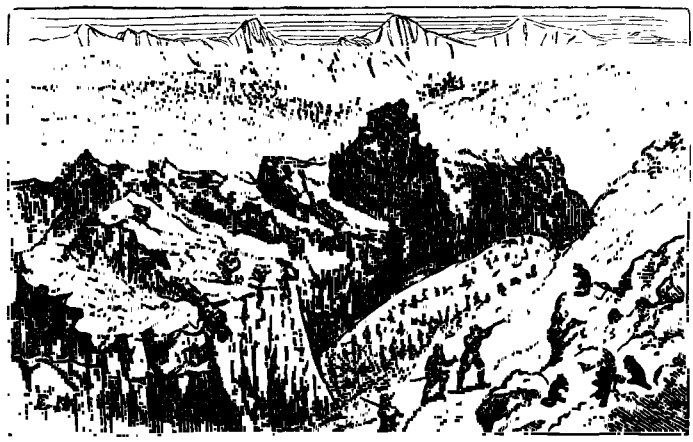
Along this march are found some very dangerous slopes, assuming the form of lofty mural precipices of shifting detritus and boulders sloping steeply down to the shores of a small lake, passed *en route* to Palagaom. They are composed of loose erratic débris and stones, forming a loose conglomerate, from out of which the large stones—on which one naturally steps—often detach themselves, and go rolling down into the abyss in an unpleasantly suggestive manner.

I afterwards found that the lake formed one of the head-waters of the Sind river, which, running by Sona Merg, down the valley of the Lar Pergunnah, falls into the River Jhelum at Sanbul.

We met here with but little game, but found a few barasing stags, sometimes herded together on the very tops of the mountains, at elevations of not less than 14,000 or 15,000 feet; but the horns still in the velvet. The hinds are, at this season, in comparatively low ground, bringing up their fawns. Many are thus engaged in the small wooded islets and glens of the Wurdwun and Sind rivers—spots all but inaccessible to man, as those rivers are at this season raging torrents. I did, indeed, once form an intention of floating down on these islands in a raft constructed for the purpose, but abandoned the idea as both cruel and dangerous. In fact, I have always gone on the

principle of leaving incubating or breeding game alone, even in the wilds of an "unpreserved" country. As I am on the subject, I will just say one word more in favour of modified "game laws" for India. Introduce them, and all succeeding generations of British sportsmen will bless your memory!

My companion S., a far hardier cragsman than myself, used to *strip to the waist*, and so pursue his game in the rain and sleet, even up to the highest snow peaks. We were caught in the rains and had to get wetted through at any rate. It is, indeed, a rough task to hunt these wild mountains at midsummer—*uphill work* in fact. Blanket coats—on getting to the windy summits, where the icy blasts are enough to cut one in half—were indispensable, and we were poorly rewarded after all; so after a few days more in this beautiful valley, as the rains seemed set in, we made our way across the mountains to our old rendezvous, Palagaom and the Duchin Para, shooting a few marmots on the way. These little gentry the coneys, perhaps, of Scripture—are to be seen sitting



35—THE HOME OF THE MARMOTS.

close to the mouth of their burrows, and unless shot dead escape down them. Their habitat is at not less than 12,000 feet elevation. Their shrill scream aggravates the passing traveller, who might, perhaps, spare them otherwise, and ofttimes leads to their destruction.

The course of travel finds us next at "Harput" Nar—bears' cliff—watching the fields all night from machâms, or watch towers, of scaffolding, built by the villagers for the purpose. Bears were wandering in the "makyie," or Indian maize; but this is the most unsatisfactory method of bear shooting with which I am acquainted. It is difficult to catch a glimpse even of your bear whilst wandering in the waving maize; and accidents are liable to occur from firing at random. A zemindar (farmer) has occasionally shot his friend's or his own cattle, by mistake, from a machâm!

Next we tried a "drive" of the low hills of the Deosir Pergunnah, near Mulwun, a lovely village of most picturesque surroundings. Here, amidst the woods, are many wild apple, pear, and other fruit trees, on ground apparently formerly cultivated, but now run to jungle. Here we met with fair success, several bears falling before our



36—VILLAGE OF MULWUN.

rifles, and good fun this is—keeping your bear, when found, always moving along the scrub, until at length, fairly worn out, he makes a clean bolt of it into the open; when, in some cases, he might even be ridden and speared from horseback! This, I believe, *has been done!* I am unacquainted with the name of the adventurous sportsman; but he and his horse "came to grief," and were both nearly killed by the wounded bear he attempted to spear.

The little dog "Pincher"—already noticed—here distinguished himself. Ordinarily he was rather a cowardly little animal—whom a good sized mouse might frighten—but it appears that having been brought up with a young bear, he had lost all fear of that animal; accordingly he on this occasion turned out most useful, and would run into the thickets when the bears got sulky and squatted in thick bushes, would bark and even tug at their fur, when out bruin would bolt as though stirred up with a hot poker. In this way several bears were brought within range of our rifles.

On this occasion I shot a large forest bear through the heart, who went off as if untouched, but which, on following up, I found lying stone dead behind a rock, 150 yards off! The lesson to be deduced from the frequent recurrence of such cases is, "never give up the pursuit of a wounded animal whilst a chance remains!" Humanity, as well as every hunting experience, should inculcate this golden maxim of wood-craft with trumpet tongue!

Now comes a moving diorama, in which the "Caves of Martund," the "Fish tanks of Islamabad," the "Clear fountains and ruined baths of Virnâg and Echibul," and old "Bejbiharrie, with its ruined columns," &c., all figure on the scene! Then the city of Srinugger, with its floodgates, fruits, and floating gardens; its feasts and flowers and fairy forms—the paradise of the hunter returned from the snows!

We took up our residence in one of the "strangers' bungalows" on the river's bank above the city—then just built—and there lived a life of ease and comparative luxury for a week or two. Here, however, I recollect on more than one occasion being disturbed at night by the cry of "Bears!" These brutes would come down from the mountains at nightfall, and trespass on the villagers' fields and orchards close around the city itself. My friend S. was never proof against the cry of "Bears afoot!" and would sally forth, rifle in hand, over the khéts (fields) after them. I remember on one occasion, whilst seated at chess with a friend, the cry was raised, when out we both sallied after them, pursuing them across the swamps, up the hill almost to the Takt-i-Súlimán temple: there we lost them, wounded. On another occasion a bear swam across the river Jhelum, just above the "strangers' reach;" and I may here remark that I have seen bears and pigs, both wild and domestic —animals supposed by some never to take the water— swim well across rivers, in as good form as water dogs.

Our merry party broke up about the 18th September, and dispersed in various directions; I, with two friends, proceeding up the river Jhelum in boats towards Islamabad and the Duchin Para.



87—Goojur Huts, our lodging 8th August

CHAPTER VII.

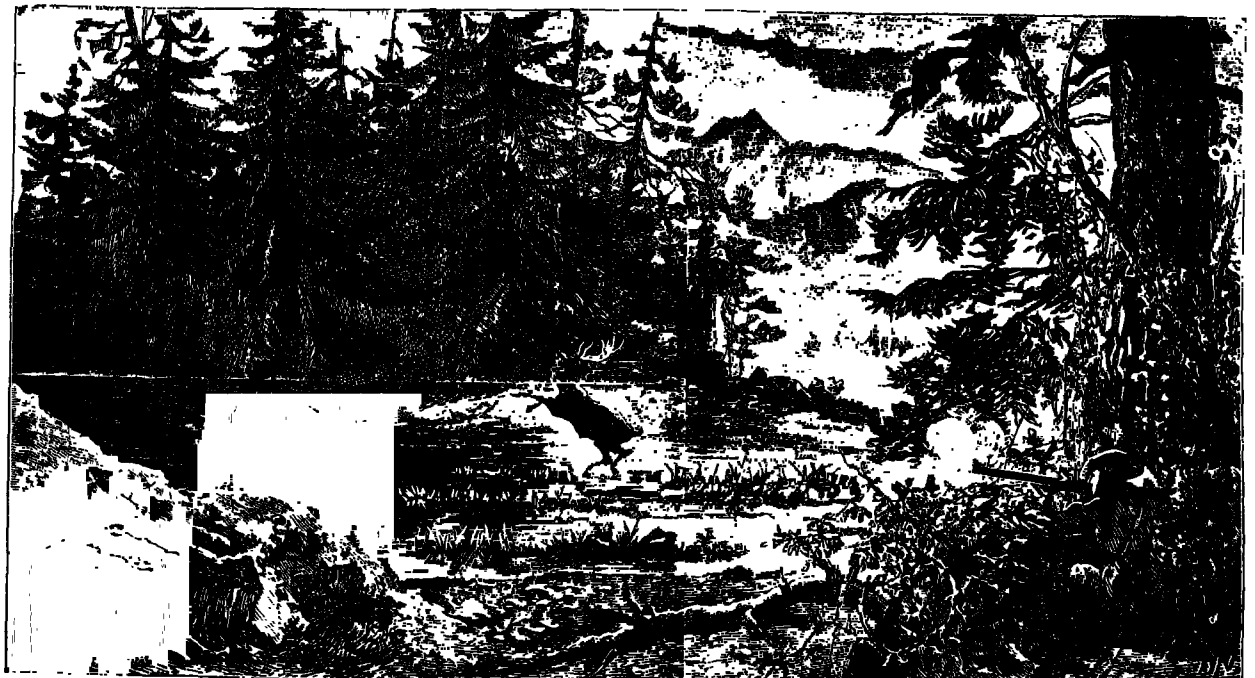
A solitary Hunt in Wurdwun—Soknúz and the lateral Valleys of Sooroo—The Pyhil-Kynjie Pass—Ibex Shooting—Barasing Deer in the Naboo Hills—Bear Shooting by Night in the Walnut Groves—Pictures of the Cashmere Valley.

ABOUT the end of September, my companions having marched down towards the plains, I found myself alone amongst the hills of Cashmere, with two months of leave still unexpired. Owing, perhaps to inexperience, I had hitherto met with but little success in hunting; and after, say, a score of little "difficulties" with friend Barleycorn, I found myself possessed of no more than some poor half dozen peltries as trophies of the chase.

I determined on a vigorous hunt over the range visited in the spring by myself and my dear companion A.

Previous to a start, however, I bivouacked out several nights in the walnut groves, as the bears at this season begin to ascend the trees for the nuts, but although several were roaming about in the groves, and approached my position closely, for some reason they did not go up the trees, and the night was too dark to see distinctly; in fact, this—rather poaching—sport requires a clear, bright moon for success.

Whilst at this place—Kieu, under the Panjal of Banihal—I remarked that a strong south-east wind always set in after sunset and continued for about two hours, when it suddenly lulled; whilst the tops of the trees were bending before the blast, a breathless calm prevailed on the surface of the ground. The effect was strange and "eerie"—the shades of night closing around, and the



VIII.—*STAG SHOOTING BY MOONLIGHT.*

wild, rushing gale overhead whistling through the walnuts.

Towards the next afternoon I struck tents, and marched across the Bring Pergunnah, up the Naboo valley; next day over the Pyhil-Kynjie Pass into Wurdwun, and so up the valley, near the head of which I pitched camp at the village of Soknúz, on the Thibet road.



38—*VILLAGE OF SOKNUZ.*
Showing the method of stacking fodder in the higher valleys.

It was at this spot that the celebrated P.C. was reported *to have shot thirteen bears before breakfast!* My readers will scarcely credit this, and I confess I was myself sceptical of the fact when I heard it, for P. had the character—whether truly or not I cannot say—of being a bit of a "romancer." Whilst at Soknúz, however, I made particular enquiries; and after viewing the ground, which is overrun with a kind of sweet root not unlike the parsnip, I arrived at the conclusion that at the very beginning of the season it was far from an impossibility! Peter was the first to cross the pass into Wurdwun that year—my companion A. and I having passed it the next day;

Peter also having the advantage of previous experience, and the best shikaries of Cashmere, who took him straight to this ground; so, whilst Peter—as I heard—had his pony with him, and *dismounted to shoot his bears*, poor A. and I were toiling up to the snow every day, considering ourselves lucky to see three or four bears, with a few barasing and musk deer, daily. Indeed, it is not always the hardest-working hunter who gets most game! Experience and knowledge of wood-craft, in hunting, as in all other pursuits, command success. Knowledge of ground and of the habits of game will more than compensate for inferior powers of toil and climbing.

At Soknúz, on the hillside, I found some pools, the water of which, being warmish, is much affected by the game, and the banks were completely cut up by the barasingha. I accordingly constructed a "machám," and watched out all one night; but the season was too late, and I found that the deer had all gone downwards into lower ground, so I got nothing but a very promising rheumatism and some fine young aches and pains! In the morning I found the ponds covered with a thin ice, and the hoar-frost sparkling on my coverlets! in fact, the winter was now fast approaching, and a fall of snow was dreaded. The inhabitants, to a man, were in the fields getting in the autumn harvest and fodder for the winter. So important is this duty in these elevated valleys, that, should winter overtake them before fully stored, men and cattle perish of hunger during the long snows: it was whilst endeavouring to escape from such impending catastrophe that the five poor fellows who perished on the Wuster-Wun—as narrated in last chapter—were overtaken in the snow storm, and perished as described.

I was travelling lightly, and to induce the people to come forward as coolies (porters), I used to offer double

wages, and change at each village; notwithstanding this it was pitiable to see the poor creatures, the moment their dole of pay was told, "double" off to rejoin their fellow-labourers in the fields; sometimes they would hastily deposit their burdens and decamp without waiting for payment, to my great regret, so much more valuable to men in their case is time and store-in-kind than the money which represents it.

On this occasion, leaving my camp at the gorge of each, I hunted nearly all the lateral valleys which debouch from the north into the valley of Wurdwun. Bivouacking near the head of each, where the pastural land ordinarily runs up into a green *cul-de-sac* under the snow, I succeeded in picking up a few bears about their extreme recesses, whither the flocks had been driven for pasture during the summer. Each farmer sends his quota.



38—*Bivouac in Wurdwun*

Large flocks are thus collected under professional shepherds, who drive them far into the mountains for the sake of the fresh pasture, which springs up when the ground is released by the melting of the snows. Of course, at this season—October—their course was downwards, before the advancing winter.

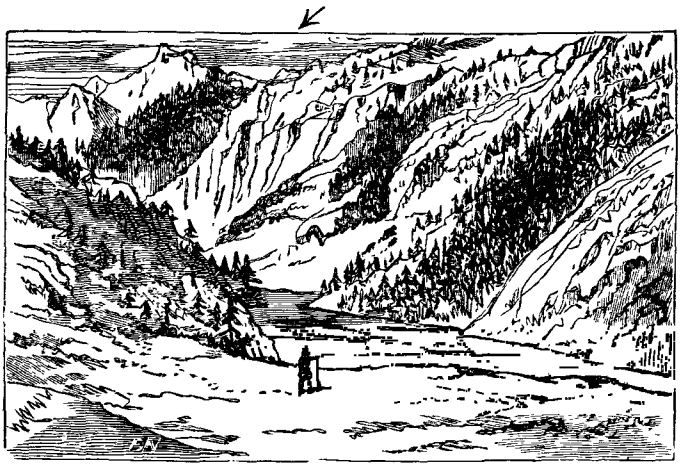
Amongst the bears I stalked at this time was a well-known old rogue with a strong taste for mutton, who had, in fact, become carnivorous—as some few occasionally do under stress of hunger—and had killed many sheep,

and even several shepherds. His haunt was pointed out to me; and one day I sighted him on a pinnacle of the rocks, and even managed to get within 300 yards, but the cunning old rascal managed to escape me. He had been stalked by several other British officers who visited Wurdwun that year—Speke of the Nile amongst them if I mistake not—but not one of them managed to get a shot at him!

At this time I was leading so rough a life that I was thrown more than usual in the society of my shikaries after hunting hours. Many a tale of woodcraft and adventure did I hear from them over our watchfire at night I may here, however, remark that the Asiatic mind seems wonderfully jejune and unimaginative; and, except in very rare cases, quite dead to the romantic aspects of nature.

During my wanderings amidst the wild mountains and forest solitudes which encircle the Vale of Cashmere, I had supposed that such a country, if any on earth, must possess its wild legends, and fables corresponding to the glories of its scenery; that here, if anywhere, must the mind of man from early ages have fashioned out a rugged superstition suited to the glooms of the forests which surround them, and perchance the imagination peopled it with spirits fantastic as the mists and snow wreaths which envelop these dreary glaciers. Vain expectation! The Asiatic regards not the sublime aspects of nature:—the avalanche! the torrent thundering from the mountain top! or the storm howling across the face of the glacier! —except as it affects his safety or his comfort. He dreads the "Destroyer" indeed, to whom he prays, but no sense of the sublime or beautiful affects his torpid soul. Not for him this lovely earth expands its glories; and dwelling amidst some of the most glorious scenery this earth contains, his soul is dead to the influences of nature! But I pass on to my narrative.

I recollect, however, that old Adshah of Changos—a well known old hunter whom, I rather believe, I was the first to introduce to the sporting public of those days—told me he had once, with his father, been snowed up above Muler-Wurdwun in the mountains, toward the gorge of the Wurdwun river, and *had there seen in the moonlight three hundred ghosts!* He was usually rather a taciturn, pragmatic sort of old fellow, but I considered that this startling experience had at once placed him in the front rank of story-tellers. Nor do I recollect that I ever heard him recount another. His invention seemed to have expired with the single effort, like one of those works of genius—such as Vathek—the sole creation of their author.



39—*SNOWFIELD ON THE BANKS OF THE WURDWUN RIVER*

[*The arrowhead points to the place where old Adshah of Changos saw the three hundred ghosts.*]

In regard to this story, however, I may mention that about the year 1618 A.D. some hundreds of Jehangire's army perished on the banks of the River Moorie there-

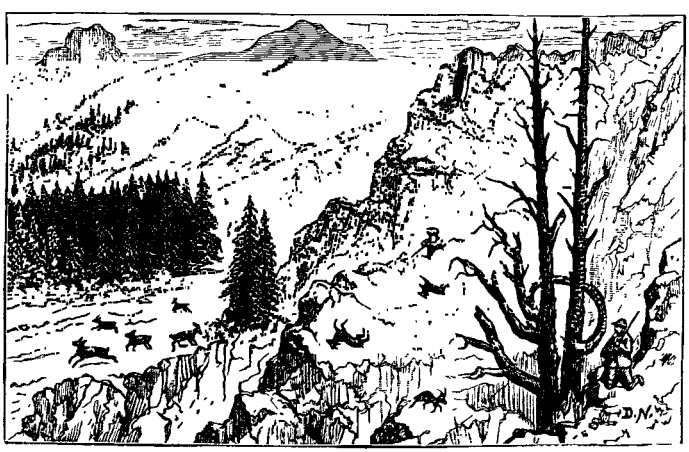
abouts in an attempt to take Noorkote, near Kishtewar; and probably some confused tradition of the event may have fixed itself in the old man's mind, or else—as the old boy (though a Mahomedan) liked his liquor passably well on occasion—I daresay for once in a way his imaginative faculty may have gained the ascendant under its genial influence.

I had by this time become so hardened by the severe exercise, that I, who at first had almost been laughed at by my hunters—who would assume patronizing airs on seeing me "shut up" on the mountain side—now went ahead of them all except one local hunter, a tough little tyke named Ramzán of Naboo, whom I could never tire down. We could easily cover our thirty miles of mountain daily, without feeling more than a pleasant enjoyment of repose at the end of it. Never, before or since in my life, have I attained the hard condition I was then in, in which I suppose I reached the utmost limit of my strength and endurance.

Climbing, however, was so difficult and dangerous at this season, owing to the long withered grass on the mountains, that it was not till I recrossed the Pyhil-Kynjie Pass that I got any high-hill game. There, however, in precipitous ground near the summit of the pass three ibex fell before our rifles; and to give an idea of the sort of ground this creature of the mountain top inhabits, I may mention that of three ibex shot, only one horn—that of a four-year-old male—with its skin and about two pounds of the flesh was recovered, and I consider that my shikari risked his life to recover them. The carcases of the rest lay on inaccessible pinnacles of the cliff. This, coupled with the dangerous and slippery nature of the ground, where one footfall wrongly placed would lead to certain death by a fall down the "kudd"

(precipice), led to my giving up ibex shooting; nor have I killed one since.

I may here mention, as regards the ibex, that they are an animal either with a very defective sense of hearing, or else being accustomed to the thundering of torrents and avalanches in the wild mountains they haunt, they disregard sound: on this occasion the herd by no means took fright at the first shot, nor did they pay the slightest attention to the fall and struggles of their comrades, and I have heard the same fact from others more experienced in ibex shooting than myself. On the other hand, their vision is remarkably acute, and it behoves the hunter to keep well out of sight.



40—IBEX SHOOTING IN WURDWUN.

In bear shooting the converse of this is true, *their* vision is very imperfect, their sense of hearing moderate, and they trust to their sense of smell—which is most acute—to escape from danger. In stalking them the direction of the wind must be most carefully attended to. As regards the grand barasing—the hangloo deer of Cashmere—they combine the acute senses of both, and

are the wariest game that runs these hills: sight, smell, and hearing, all most acute. They may, however, sometimes be approached tolerably close whilst "belling" (or calling hinds), during September and October—their season.

I have subsequently killed several fine stags by sleeping on the hill-tops and watching the edges of the forest in the early morning at dawn of day, at which time *all* game is best approached, and the barasing is no exception to the rule. At this time the stags were bellowing in the lower mountains, and one night I succeeded in bagging one. I shot him at a pool of water on the top of the Naboo Hill when he came to "*drink his fill*" in the moonlight at midnight. This was my *first stag*, and I present a picture of the scene as freshly sketched in my journal. Other sketches, made mostly on the spot in my journal at this time, will further tend to show the sort of ground the game inhabits in these wild regions, amidst which also I managed to obtain several more bears during my stay in the Naboo Valley: amongst them I remember an extraordinarily *fat* bear, which gave no less than thirty-six Cashmerie seers (=42lb.) of fat, with which the entire body was covered to the thickness of three inches. The grease filled a mussock, and I had it scented and distributed to my lady friends on my return to my station in the Punjaub. The sketches will tend to show the nature of the sport of "bear shooting in the walnut groves of Cashmere." The bears literally overrun the trees, and I have



41—*John Barleycorn in difficulties.*

seen—or at anyrate *heard*—as many as eight bears at the same time in one grove. I have, however, already given in Chapter 4 some details of night shooting in the mulberry groves of the early summer. I may just add that shooting in the *walnuts* is far better, as the nut remains on the tree after the leaves have fallen in the late autumn, thereby enabling the sportsman to see his bear, the chief difficulty in night shooting. Often, when alarmed, the bear clings closely to the branch, and it is next to impossible to make him out. On such occasions I have sometimes found that by pretending to depart, he would uncoil himself and creep down the tree, endeavouring to escape on the opposite side, when a rapid rush back round the tree would often bring one within a few feet of bruin, whose defeat and capture was then pretty certain. I remember one old she bear, however, coming down to fight, who was tumbled out of the tree from a height of, perhaps, fifty feet. The cub, after an exciting chase about the grove during which it was all but seized, ultimately escaped into the forest; but I must pass rapidly over my adventures at this time.



42—*A volley at John Barleycorn.*

Day and night did I labour to bring up my bag of game of the season to a respectable figure. I usually lay out on the hillside or forest all night; only descending to my tent—pitched in the valley of Naboo—about mid-day for bath and dinner.

The scenes of woodland and mountain; the forest in

the early dawn; the pheasants crowing around one; then the belling of a distant stag; the magnificent sunrise, and the glories of awakened day, were some compensation after a night of weary watching on the hill-top; or else the majestic moon rising over the walnut tops; the deep hush of the night awakened only now and then by the crackling tread of the bear, or the boom of the great horned owl from the deep woods; such are the accessories which delight the hunter's soul amidst the self-imposed labours of his craft!

"Great Pan is (not) dead!" the old sylvan worship still beats strong at the heart of the natural man, and one might fancy that even yet his spirit may sometimes lighten on the watcher by the solitary hill, "when the stars of the north arise, and show their heads of fire!" But it is not meet that civilised man should too far surrender his spirit to such influences, fascinating and seductive though they be! I turn with a smile from the recollections of those days, and at the enthusiasm which led me, day and night, in pursuit of the wild denizens of the forest and the mountain!

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But during these wanderings, it may be asked, did no ambition beyond the slaughter of the surly *ursæ*—mischievous brutes though they be, and natural foes of the sons of Triptolemus and Nimrod!—occur to thee, oh! hunter? Did no visions of a happier future for this forlorn country, ground to the dust by avarice and oppression, dawn on thy "prophetic soul?"

Gazing on the charming landscape, did no pictures rise of this fair land—the home of a happy peasantry; perchance, in times to come, of cheerful English homesteads amidst the orchards and walnut groves, in which the Indian veteran might cultivate his plot of land and rear

a healthy family; his robust sons, perhaps, following those manly sports I have attempted to depict? No bad school this for the future defenders of India! A fairer picture this than Chúnar and barrack life in the scorched-up plains of India, and the poor soldiers' children carried to an early grave in that howling wilderness, a garrison graveyard! Aye, often! and before finally closing this record of sport in Cashmere, I will take leave to present in outline three sketches, or tableaux, of a future for the valley which fancy paints, the details of which may be left to the imagination of the reader to fill.

Picture I.—A golden sunset, and the western sun sinking beyond the purple mountains of Cashmere, lighting up the snows of the Pir Pinjal and the arms of a victorious host, triumphant amidst the crimson peaks.

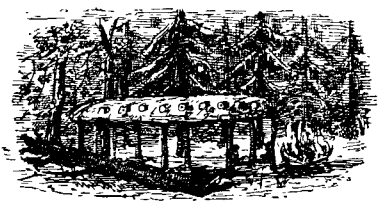
II.—A gala day at Srinugger! The summer sun glancing on the blue waters of the dhull (city lake) and its tributary meres! A land teeming with plenty; its marshes drained and productive! Thousands of fat cattle and fleecy sheep grazing on the rich pasture lands; and golden grain waving on every nook and "coign of vantage." The blue smoke of rural cottages and (English?) homesteads curling through the foliage; and peace and plenty crowning the fair valley!

III.—The clouds of threatened war and danger to the State! Cashmere—fortified by us—a self-contained outwork or fortalice complete in itself. *The great north-west bastion of India!* Its commissariat overflowing, ready to equip armies presently to descend full of health and strength and confidence on any foe advancing by the old conquerors' routes towards Hindostan.

The curtain may now fall for the present upon these vaticinations of a possible future for the "Vale of Cashmere."

I remember that on the day I emerged from the Wurdwun Mountains, after a tramp of some thirty miles after ibex—my baggage being *nowhere*—I was overtaken by night in the forest, under the pass at the head of the Naboo Valley. At length I arrived at the hut in the forest where A. and I had finished the musk deer in the spring. Here I heard from a shepherd that the camp of the *Lord Sahib** was a little further down the forest. Being famished, I determined to push on and get some supper, when I found that the illustrious stranger was none other than my young brother officer, Lord Fergus K., who of course did all that hospitality demanded. He produced some excellent Scotch whiskey, and a jolly night we made of it over the pine wood fire. We sat till a late hour relating mutual adventures, by which time my tent and baggage had struggled into camp. I don't remember having ever enjoyed an unexpected supper more than this at the old log hut in the Naboo forest, after my solitary month's hunt in Wurdwun.

* The native style for H. E. the Governor-General of India.



43—LOG HUT IN THE NABOO FOREST.



IX.—*THE DEAD STAG.*

CHAPTER VIII.

Preparing to leave Cashmere valley—A final Hunt—Return journey over the Pir Pinjal—Aknoor and Jummoo—Historical Notes—Moolvie (Doctor) Mahboob Ali of Lahore, and Misr Dass of Srinugger introduced to the reader—Religious tenets—Wahabees—Sikhs—etc.

THE time had now arrived for my return journey to the plains of the Punjaub. The weather was still fine, but the peaks of the Pinjal appeared every day more white with snow. I accordingly gave orders for the concentration of my baggage at Islamabad, to which point I sent on my camp and most of my followers, simply retaining one shikari (hunter) and one coolie with me. I then literally "took to the woods" for a final hunt. I chanced, however, upon the camp of a friend who was, like myself, still delaying his journey downwards to see out the last of the stag shooting that year. I was by him hospitably entertained and sheltered one day and night, but after a short day's hunt together we separated, and I again took to the woods. I stalked several barasing on this ground, but with poor success. I was rewarded, however, with some magnificent glimpses of the valley from the south-eastern spurs of the Kotyhar Mountains.

There are numerous pine-clad bluffs impinging on the valley *terre-plein* of Cashmere above Changos and Echibul. I recollect one especially fine view of the valley from near this point—a full sweep of the eye as far as the gorge of Baramoola at the west end of the valley, distant sixty miles. A herd of deer were grouped at sunset on the

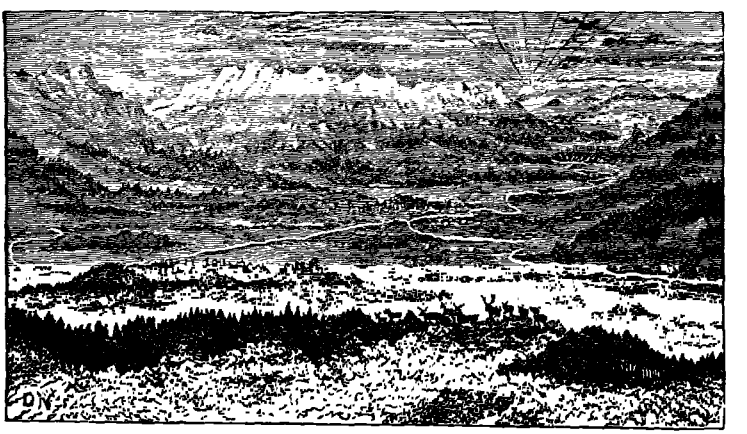
crest of the ridge overlooking the karéwah of Martund and its venerated Temple of the Sun,* on which the orb of departing day was pouring floods of light; the purple gloaming of the distance bringing the forms of the deer into strong relief. I could not find it in me to hunt the grand old stag, who seemed to stand forth clear above the rest in the sky-line, the patriarch of the herd. I refrained from disturbing this sylvan picture; and gazed at the group and the fair scene around and beyond them till the falling shades of evening hid them from my sight, and the rising moon warned me to seek my camp couch amongst the dry autumnal ferns.

After several days hunting in the forests above Changos and Echibul, I descended from the hills of Kotyhar, and joined my followers and baggage at Islamabad.

I commenced my march downwards, towards the plains of the Punjaub, on the 15th of October (1851).

I again passed over the Pir Pinjal by the same route

* See Appendix II.



41—*VIEW OF THE CASHMERE VALLEY.*
Troop of deer at sunset.

traversed in the spring with my dear companion A. I could not but contrast the autumnal foliage of the fall of the year with the green verdure of spring as we had then beheld it. I think I inclined to prefer the "wild freshness of morning!" but Nature is *always* beautiful, as the poet sings—

> ——— Nature never did betray
> The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege
> Through all the years of this our life, to lead
> From joy to joy; for she can so inform
> The mind that is within us, so impress
> With quietness and beauty, and so feed
> With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
> Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men
> Shall ere prevail against us, or disturb
> Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
> Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
> Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
> And let the misty mountain wind be free
> To blow against thee—

The moon *did* shine on me in my "solitary walk" across the Pir Pinjal. The "misty mountain wind"—aye, snowy—*did* blow against me as I passed the Pir; on which, in fact, a severe snow storm overtook me and my party. Men have been lost ere now on that dreary snow field. This very year many of Golaub Sing's soldiers, crossing a little later in the year, were lost in the snow of the Pir Pinjal. I was, in fact, much hampered on this march by several of Golaub Sing's regiments, which were about this time passing down towards Jummoo, on their return march from Chilás, which fortress had fallen to their arms that summer. I was several times in their camp, and on one occasion bivouacked in their midst amongst the boulders of the stream near Aknoor—a night I shall not readily forget! On getting into the lower hills I "marched with the moon;" a frequent practice of mine at that period of my life; and, indeed, till very recently, I have often made "moonrise" my hour of start. This

is a good plan in the glowing East, and will sometimes convey a completely new impression of a hackneyed line of road.

At length I reached Jummoo, and there was received by the Maharajah's Wuzzeer, a shabby old fellow, but courteous and kind in his way, inasmuch as he sent back coolies to bring on my baggage, which was foundered on the road near Aknoor, and he facilitated also my wish to see the fort and city of Jummoo. I was even invited to hunt Golaub Sing's preserves near Jummoo, which are full of "cheetul"—spotted or fallow deer. Wild hogs also are found; they cross the stream sometimes into the open cultivated fields during the night, and are often to be intercepted before their return home to their lairs in the forest in the early morning. At this time, however, as my time was short, I had to decline the opportunity. One evening, however, I went out with my rifle and saw several "cheetul" vanishing into the forest glooms.



45—*Cheetul, or fallow deer.*

Jummoo itself is a poor place, although the alternative seat of government of Maharajah Golaub Sing of Cashmere, to whom I had been presented in the spring, and had received at his hand sundry civilities. He was in outward appearance a jolly old fellow; more like a British country squire than an Eastern potentate. He would affect the sportsman at times, and turn out in buff leather from head to toe. The old chief would, at such times, ride and shoot with the foremost, and was a capital shot. I must confess I liked the old man as a favourable sample of a native chief, and I am aware that Sir Henry Law-

rence, then Resident of Lahore—whose keen judgment of natives was well known—always thought well of Golaub Sing; but I am bound to admit that most of his cotemporaries, and especially his subjects, considered him an awful old screw, and cruel when occasion offered.

There are several points of interest along this route. It was at Heerpore, below the pass on the valley side, that the Pathán Governor, Jubbur Khan, was defeated in 1819 by Rungeet Sing's General, Dewan Misr Chand; and in the gorge below Poshiana, on the cisnivean side of the Pinjal, is the fort or post of Barumgulla, then held by the Sikhs, and often the point of contact of Cashmerie armies with their invaders.

Along the ravine of the Barumgulla River are several beautiful cascades, and all the grand features of an Alpine pass are presented. I counted twenty-eight bridges across the stream passed on the march to *Thanna* from this point. Thence one recrosses the Rutton Pir, the last considerable ridge between Poonch and the Chibhál. From a point near this the Sikh army diverged in the invasion of 1819, and making a flank march by the *Kári* and *Sedau* Passes, emerged from the Pinjal in rear of Jubbur Khan's defending force, and so taking him in reverse at Deopore—near Heerpore on the valley side—put him to flight. He and his Pathán garrison fled the country by the Baramoola route towards Cabul; Runjeet Sing then took possession of the valley of Cashmere and annexed it to his kingdom.

It was on the road between Thanna and Rajorie also that Jehangire, the "magnificent son of Akbar," died in his litter in the year 1627. He was carried on to Lahore for burial by his widow, the lovely Noor Mahál. Many a pleasant afternoon has the writer of these sketches passed in the precincts of the mausoleum at Shadera

across the river Ravi, near Lahore, in the old times of the Sikh Durbar,— times when the young Maharajah (Dhulleep Sing) *ætat.* 8, used to come round to all attending Durbar with the Koh-i-noor in his hands, and one used to lift his highness on to one's knee and examine the world-renowned gem. The whole of this route is full of historic associations, to which my subsequent reading gave me the clue, and which I did not fail to avail myself of on revisiting the country the succeeding summer; in fact, during this and the succeeding season I examined nearly every pass leading into the Cashmere Valley. In the years I write of this was new ground, and I believe I was among the first in those days to examine the country professionally, and write its history, which I did under the auspices of that kind and unselfish man, Sir Henry Lawrence, then Resident of Lahore, and always ready with characteristic generosity to encourage any young officer of his old corps. Much of my career has been passed under the "cold shade of egotism," but I am glad to have this passing opportunity of acknowledging kindness and assistance experienced in my youth from at least one Indian magnate. Soon after this I arrived at Lahore, and thence passed on to my military station in the Punjaub.

We shall now see our worthy friend F.—for worthy I trust he may be called, if an honest heart and a mind unclouded by shams can confer the title—"shuffle off this mountain coil," the ragged coat and wonderful hat of the forest life, and don the attire of the noble corps of fire-workers, and amid the duties of military life in camp, and the thunders of the big guns, forgetting the Free man of the woods, saving the memory that such things were.

The Revd. Moolvie (Doctor) "Mahboob Ali"—Mahom-

edan Divine—must now be introduced to the reader. A certain "Misr Dass," also a Brahmin of the florid vedic type, in whose mikrocosm demons, demi-gods, cannibal giants, and hobgoblins in general swarm like flies at midsummer, appears on the stage.

"Let's hear all sides," remarked the judicial minded F.; so took both these worthies into service as readers.

Many Shastrs (Hindoo scriptures) did I subsequently hear read by this reader; pilgrimages did I note down—some of which I afterwards myself verified—fabulous myths, and "potential sequences," did I then hear evolved from the moral consciousness of that metaphysical people, the Hindoos of Cashmere. I afterwards—on revisiting Cashmere the succeeding year—obtained the representations of sundry supernatural personages embodied in pictures, now in my possession. I am, perhaps, unappreciative, but I have always failed to recognise the smallest element of beauty or wisdom in the Hindoo Vedantic mythology; and the validity of its symbolism I deny. Perhaps I never went deep enough; though to the fountain head as far as I *did* go! My dealings with this wretched priest were unsatisfactory. Absurdly wedded to the minute ceremonies of his sect—it was a sight for instance to see him eat his dinner!—he was totally destitute of the large philosophy which is sometimes found in his class, when—especially in their intercourse with Europeans—they will sometimes drop priestcraft, and admit their belief in the great truths which underlie all creeds. "So adieu, great sir! here we part for the present. "Oh, child of wisdom! remember the sporting king who "was killed by the spectral jackal; so do thou remain "safe in the city, and keep the edge of thine eye on "manuscripts, oh, nephew of a sage! We will complete "our history next summer. Oh, friendly one, farewell. "Safety to you, oh Misr Dass!"

I revert to Mahomedan sources of information as, on the whole, more trustworthy and enlightened.*

The Revd. "Mahboob Ali" stands near, stroking his beard gravely, looking intensely wise, but otherwise contemplating the Brahmin without the least expression of any kind. Now friend Mahboob is at heart a "Wahabee," a Mahomedan purist—not exactly of the Arabian type—but a class greatly on the increase of late years in the Punjaub. I may, perhaps, describe him as a Deist, who from the calendar of Mahomedan saints selects his patron; differing from the Sufees of Persia in that they accept the Koran and its moral dogmas. I may here mention that many Punjaubies, including most of the old Sikh sirdars (chiefs) are, *if anything*, Deists; but the Sikh nation at large—originally Unitarian—from want of spiritual guidance has retrograded towards Hindooism, and lapsed from the pure doctrine of its virtuous founder Nánák—without doubt a great spirit—who in a tyrannical and priest-ridden age, being born a Hindoo, could dare to enunciate two such principles as the "Unity of the Deity," and the "Equality of Man," his two fundamental dogmas.†

This so-called sect of Wahabees, at the time I write of (1852), in the Punjaub at any rate, seemed free from the slightest political acerbity. There certainly was not a trace of it in the character of Mahboob Ali, rather a learned man, who—though I knew him for a most heter-

* I exempt from this remark that fine epic the "Rámayâna," and several of the ancient Vedas, with also, perhaps, parts of the "Mâhâbârât;" the former of these especially would do honour to any literature. It is to the more modern *Shastrs* that my strictures more particularly apply.

† This was written originally about 1860. I am not sure that we, as a nation, are quite devoid of blame in having allowed a great Unitarian people, our staunch allies in troublous times, to lapse to idolatry.

odox Mahomedan*—used to preach in the regimental mosque every Friday. He had been sent to me by the late lamented Sir Henry Lawrence, then Resident of Lahore, and being acquainted with Persian, Cashmerie, and Sanskrit, was most useful to me as a translator. He remained with me many months, and, I think, accompanied me to Cashmere the next season, or rather met me there on my arrival in the valley. During the ensuing winter and spring this excellent divine and I, from a quantity of manuscripts procured by me in Cashmere, puzzled out a sort of history of the country, an abbreviation of which is given in an Appendix to this Section.

I may add that whilst the greater portion of the Hindoo annals previously touched on must be pronounced myths and fables, I believe the sketch of the Mahomedan history subsequent to the year A.D. 1300 may be considered authentic; and, as far as it goes, historically true. The original is to be found in the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal for 1854.

* For instance, he placed Jesus Christ in his calendar before his own prophet Mahomed, and selected him as his patron saint on the ground that it was better to convince men by mild reason and virtuous example, than by the sword; and this opinion he by no means set forth to please me, as he would be very insistent at times on his own opinions, and never would he acknowledge Jesus Christ as beyond a "prophet of God." "*There is no God but God! Adam* was the companion of God. *Moses* "was the mouthpiece (or oracle) of God. *Jesus Christ* was the soul of "God! *Mahomed* was the sword of God!" Such was the "calimah" or profession of faith of the Revd. Doctor Mahboob Ali of Lahore, Mahomedan divine.



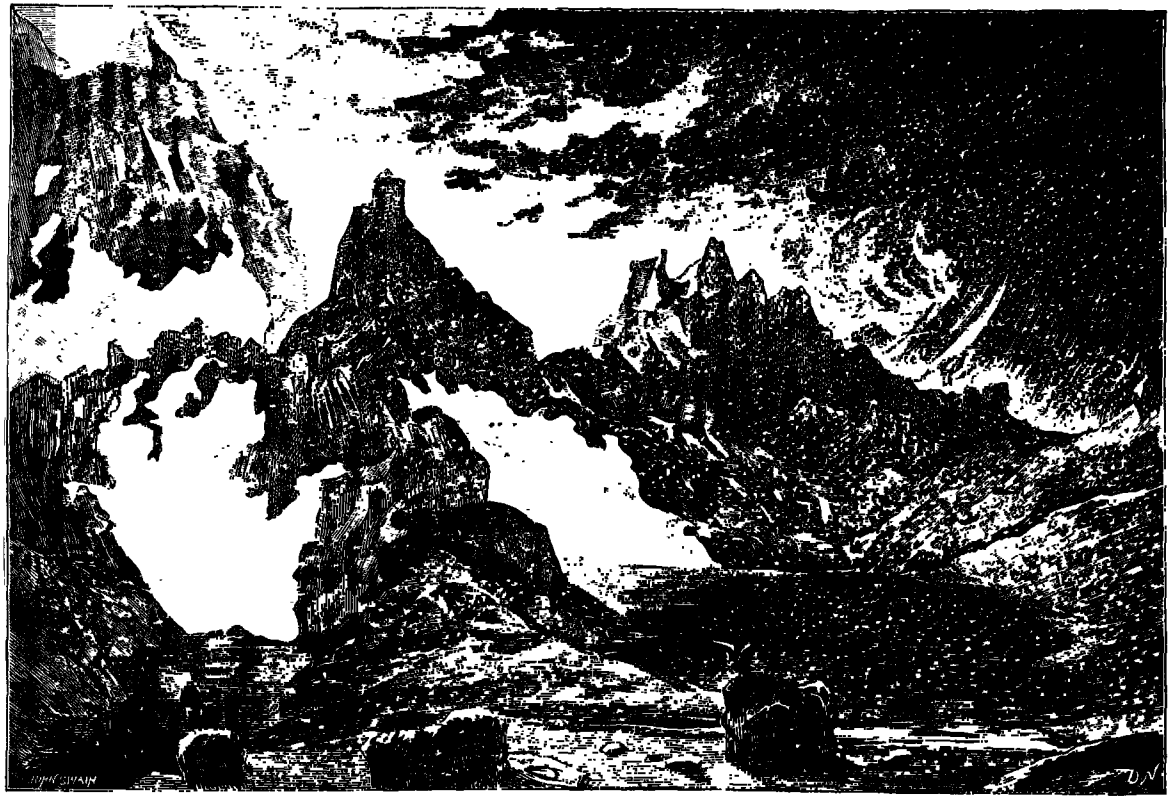
46—OLD PATHAN BRIDGE.

CHAPTER IX.

Revisit Cashmere—Valley of the Chándrabhâga—Pilgrimages—Fabulous account of the River Jhelum or Vetasta—Gool-Merg and the Pine Forests of the Pir Pinjal—An Earthquake on horseback—Baba Pam Rishi and the Hermits of Cashmere—The Marishes of Hakrisir—The Mánasbul and Gungabul Lakes—"Hara-Mookh" Mountain—The Temples of Razdan and Lar.

A YEAR has elapsed, and again I find myself in the late autumn of the succeeding year (1852), after long wanderings, in the fair Valley of Cashmere. I had visited the valley of the Sutlej as far as Kunáwur; thence I crossed into Kûlû, and travelling by Spiti, Lahoul, Zanskar, and the Pangee country, emerged from the valley of the Chándrabhâga* (Chenáb), *viâ* Kishtewar, in the middle of August. Of this trip I kept a separate journal, and as the countries traversed are scarcely embraced in Cashmere territory, I reserve it. In consequence of a severe attack of illness, which caught me in Lahoul, I had been debarred success in ibex shooting, such as I had proposed to myself, amongst those dreary glaciers which divide the Lahoul valley from Rûpshû and Zanskar. In the valley of Gurput I lay three days very ill from jungle fever, and had some difficulty in making my way out across the lofty Pass of Godur into the valley of the Chándrabhâga. I felt, however, that there was no alternative but to push on for Cashmere, and get out of these "oojar" (desolate) regions as soon as possible.

* For illustrations of the Valley of the Chándrabhâga see Section II., Chap. III.



X.—*THE GUNGABUL LAKE AND PEAKS OF THE HARA-MOOKH MOUNTAIN, CASHMERE.*

Being a Hindoo country, where neither fowl, eggs, nor milk were procurable, and as I was unable to shoot owing to illness, I was half-starved, and with difficulty sustained my strength during my forced march down to Kishtewar; during which also I was caught in the rains and got wetted to the skin every day. By three changes of coolies, however, I managed nearly twenty miles daily; and I did at length—by way of Kishtewar, Mogul Maidan, and over the "Meribul" Pass into Cashmere—reach Srinugger, on the 16th August, where for a fortnight I had to lay up, being desperately weak and ill.

The scenery along the valley of the Chándrabhâga is simply magnificent. Lofty slopes, thousands of feet in elevation, lock in this grand mountain river; some bare and grassy, almost precipitous bluffs, others clothed with glorious forests of pine and deodar cedar; the rushing Chándrabhâga roaring along far below on its headlong course towards the plains; and above, occasional glimpses of the rugged glaciers of Zanskar which glitter in the horizon; the whole forming a grand mountain diorama, as one passes down the valley.

Above Kishtewar one enters the territory of the Maharajah of Cashmere, who makes a considerable income by floating down logs of pine and deodar timber as far as Aknoor, where it is caught and sold to the Punjaub government.

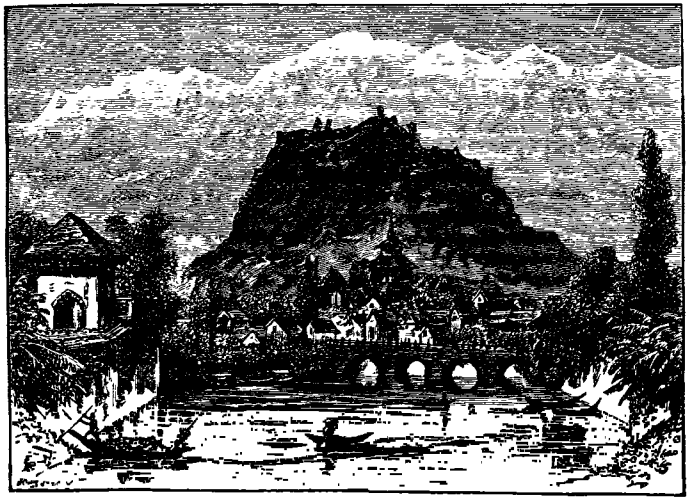
I observed a considerable number of thâr antelope on the slopes above the Chándrabhâga, on both sides of the river, near Kishtewar, but was unable at this time to stalk them. This is the only locality in Cashmere territory where this game is to be found, except, perhaps, occasionally a few in the Pinjal near Banihal.

I employed my time during convalescence in investigating the history and antiquities of the valley, and I

had opportunities of thus verifying points which my reading during the past winter had suggested; my guide, philosopher, and friend in this being Misr Dass, a Brahmin already introduced to the reader, who also introduced me to many local places of interest in or about the city previously overlooked, — in fact, Srinugger abounds in points of archeological and even architectural interest.* It was on this occasion, also, that I took *Notes on Pilgrimages in the Country of Cashmere*, published in the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal for 1866, several of which I myself had already followed, and the most important of which I undertook not long after.

I may as well here give a few extracts from the paper alluded to, as tending to give one a passing glimpse of Cashmere superstitions and localities. The "Pilgrimage of 'Amr-Nauth" has already been indicated (Chapter VI.), and almost immediately after leaving "the city"—

* See Appendix III.



47—*THE CITY OF SRINUGGER, FROM THE SAFR-KUDDUL.*

presently to be noticed—I followed the steps of the "Pilgrimage of Hur-Muktur-Gunga." Besides these long and important pilgrimages, I find the details of eleven others into various parts of Cashmere, varying in length; that to the sacred lake of Gungabul under the Hur-Mookh peak being next longest. Several of the minor pilgrimages, however, involve a graver issue to the devotee. Space will not permit me here to do more than note the salient points of a few of these.

The pilgrimage of *Hur-Muktur-Gunga* (or Gungabul) in the Lar Pergunnah, above alluded to, is to be found in the Gunga Mahatim Shastr, and will be described at the proper place, further on in this chapter.

The last pilgrimage, of which I have noted the details, may, perhaps, be almost more properly called *a fabulous account of the river Vetasta*, as I am not aware that it is at any time undertaken by the Hindoos of Cashmere, and I rather think that some of the places named are under the waters of that river.

On the 2nd September I had sufficiently regained my strength to proceed to Gool-Merg to establish my health, and accordingly embarked on the river on that date. During the few succeeding days I explored a good many creeks and nooks of this strange winding intramontane stream, so I will at this place give the fabulous Hindoo account of its origin, the steps of which also correspond with the pilgrimage as noted.

I extract exactly as I find it in my notes.

"Fabulous account of the origin of the river Jhelum or Vetasta."—

"Mahadeo being engaged in self-contemplation, Raja "Bhágérut arrived, and prayed for a nâg or spring in "which to bathe and be cleansed from his sins. A stream "then issued from the head of the Destroyer, which, on



1, Siva. 2, Raja Bhagerut. 3, Kalneemie Assur.

48—*HINDOO PICTURE EMBLEMATIC OF THE CREATION OF THE RIVER JHELUM OR VETASTA.*

"arriving at *Wampoo*, was *swallowed* by a certain demon "rejoicing in the name of *Kalneemie Assur*. A second "spring was in like manner swallowed by the thirsty "demon. Whereupon Raja Bhágérut descended from his "place of prayer at Vetasta Khoond and engaged the "demon, whom, after a brisk encounter—described in the "graphic language of the Sanskrit ring—[sic in MS.] he "is stated to have *injured, but was unable to destroy or* "*drive away*. [Kalneemie Assur had probably graduated "in the Vedic art of self-defence!] In fact, it seems a "polite way of stating that the Raja got the worst of it, "as the demon is stated to have *given chase*, and to have "come up as far as Hurnag (Virnag) in pursuit. At this, "however, the wrath of the Destroyer was aroused. He "encountered the demon, *got his head 'in chancery,'* and "*finally 'grassed' him*, and slew him.* Siva (or Mahadeo) "then commanded the spring to follow Bhágérut Raja, "who, descending the valley, passed successively — 1, "Kánibul; 2, Lumbooderi Tirat; 3, Deokieyar; 4, Bejbi- "harrie; 5, Sungum; 6, Shriya; 7, Mullyar; 8, Gunputyar; "9, Soomyar; 10, Baramoola, the residence of Raja Bhág- "érut; and where the pilgrimage terminates.

"Thus far my notes.—These places represent the course "of the river, and seem nearly identical with those de- "tailed in No. 10 Pilgrimage, but as they are noted as "separate I so transcribe them. I may mention that the "notes from which the above pilgrimages have been taken "were made twenty years ago, and in a few instances "may contain inaccuracies, as my almost total ignorance

* I have in my possession a picture of this event, where Mahadeo is represented as literally *sitting on* his face. I am unable to translate with sufficient unction the various phases of this grand passage of arms or wrestling match between the two champions, and I hope the Society will pardon the terms employed as "equivalents."

"of Sanskrit may have led me to misunderstand, in some "instances, the translator, who read to me in *Persian* his "own versions of the Brahminical fables. For myself, I "confess to an utter distaste for this especial branch of "research. The Hindoo religion, as interpreted by its "wretched representatives of the present day in Cashmere, "seems a base alloy, and a corrupt and paltry veneer- "ing over the fables—themselves absurd enough—of the "later Shastrs. The original grand and pure moral code "of Ménu seems quite lost sight of; priestcraft and abject "superstition have, of course, stepped in and vitiated "fables already sufficiently gross and material in their "symbolical Vedantism, whilst the petty ceremonial cus- "toms and observances of modern Hindooism can only "excite ridicule and disgust in the mind of the student. "I have long desisted from the uninviting pursuit, and it "is with much distaste that I have now transcribed—from "notes and data long since collected—these few details, "which, however, I was unwilling should altogether be "lost, as they may tend to guide abler scholars to deeper "research than I was ever able to make; and possibly in "some of the localities alluded to, inscriptions or other "fragments of interest to the Society might be found. "Apologizing for the fragmentary character of this paper, "I will now bring it to a close, as the subject has been, "as far as I am concerned, exhausted."

During this autumn I visited Gool-Merg, Tosi-Maidan, Hara-Mookh, Mánasbul, etc. The architecture of Puthun, Pyách, Pandrethun, and other temples of the *Aryan* order—as defined by Cunningham—attracted my notice, and I was even enabled to add somewhat to the stock of knowledge on the subject.* The ruins submerged in the

* I may indicate the notes on the "Temples of Razdan, or Razdoing," in the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, vol. xxxviii., 1869; the original of which was gleaned by me during this autumn.

marishes of Hákrisir and the Sinde River, whose weird scenes were viewed by me during that autumn, also added a new phase of interest to my travels. Let me pass on, however. I note that most of these explorations will be detailed *currente calamo* at the proper place further on.



49—*Sanbul, on the River Jhelum.*

The lovely hill, or rather rolling prairie, of *Gool-Merg* —beloved of Jehangire and his spouse, the fair Noor Mahál—needs no description. Its name, *Hill of Flowers*, sufficiently denotes its aspect. It is close under the Firozepore Pass which leads to Poonch; and on the flank of this road lies Tosi-Maidan, where Runjeet Sing in person was repulsed in 1814 by Mahomed Azim Khan, the Barukzai Governor of Cashmere. These places are encircled by the pine forests of the Pinjal, and the views of the valley are very fine from the salient points hereabouts.

Poshkur also may be noticed; a conical hill in the Dyosu Pergunnah, around which was fought, in 1512, the great battle which restored the legitimate king, Mahomed Shah, to the throne of Cashmere; but it were endless to denote each spot where warring tribes met in arms and fought for power in this fair, peaceful scene. As I write, a military map, made by me long since—whereon is noted each battle mentioned in history for the last five centuries —is before me, and it is fairly studded with the vermillion cross-swords. As I am not here writing a strategic history of Cashmere I pass on.

The Monastery of Baba Pam Rishee—Father Greybeard

—immediately below Gool-Merg, may be noted as an instance of a fact frequently noticed in Cashmere—that of a Mahomedan and Hindoo worshipping at the same shrine. This unusual practice may be attributed on the one hand to the Mahomedan in some degree clinging to the superstitions of his ancient Hindoo ancestors, and on the other to the fact that fragments of many overthrown or ruined Hindoo temples have been used in building the Mahomedan mosque or zeárut. Baba Pam Rishee was a minister of the king Zein-úl-áboodeen. One day observing "ants" carrying grain to their stores he fell into meditation, and became impressed with the necessity of "laying up stores for the life to come." He accordingly renounced the world, and established his hermitage in the Bongil Pergunnah, close under the lovely plain of Gool-Merg. I recall that on the day I arrived there I was caught by an earthquake while riding on horseback: very strange I found it; I might almost call it a "new sensation!" my horse staggering about under me as though about to lie down, and the cause of this unusual conduct never occurred to me till I arrived at Baba Pam Rishee, when I found I had encountered an earthquake *en cavalier!*

There are in Cashmere numerous traces of the sites of the "çauma'ahs" (cells) of these *Hermits;* an interesting sect, of whom I published "some account" in the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal in 1866. They mostly affected picturesque and romantic spots for their zeáruts or shrines; and I believe I may as well here give a few excerpts from my paper on this subject:—

"The worship of the *Tree and Serpent*—that mystic "and primitive form of superstition—entered largely into "the character of the religion, and may have in its sylvan "proclivities in some degree influenced these Mahomedan "Rishees or Hermits in the solitudes. I would further

"add that the tendency to seclusion so characteristic of "Budhism, may have also influenced these solitaires. We "have an instance of the Cave of Bhima Devi, near Mar- "tund, formerly the residence and burying-place of the "ascetic king, *Areer Rhyie*, who lived about A.D. 330, "being adopted for a similar purpose by Mahomedan "faqueers in modern times, but the tomb pointed out as "that of Areer Rhyie, who was probably a convert to the "Budhistic schism, is most likely that of some more "modern recluse.

"Deeply imbued with the çúfism of the age and the "country from which they emigrated, these Sayyids and "their followers seem to have imported into Cashmere "the doctrines of the *Shiah* sect, and with them that "tendency to mysticism and miracle making so character- "istic of the sect. Perhaps, also, shocked at the tyranny "and self-assertion of Timoor Lang (Tamerlane), at that "time dominant in Central Asia, they may have sought "refuge in the regions of abstract thought as a solace for "the worldly repression under which they laboured. Be "it observed that the human mind has ever tended to- "wards mysticism and solitude at times when tyrants "flourished, and in the present case no doubt the wrath "of Timoor had been aroused against these Sayyids, who, "perhaps, may have attempted to usurp an independence "of act and speech displeasing to a barbarous oriental "conqueror. Be this as it may, they and their disciples "appear to have found in Cashmere an apt soil in which "to transplant their religious dogmas: and in the succeed- "ing years, the remarkable sect of which I am giving a "short account arose from amidst them.

"Previous to the advent of Sayyid Alí, however, the "noted Faqueer, Búlbúl Shah, had appeared in Cashmere, "and been instrumental in the conversion of *Ranjpur* (or

"Ranjú Shah) to Islám. He is famed as the first Mos-
"lem who appeared in Cashmere. His original name was
"Sayyid Sharafuddin, and he was so holy that singing
"birds *(búlbúls)* are said to have nestled in his hair and
"beard. At his instigation, Ranjú Shah is stated to have
"built the first mosque ever constructed in Cashmere.
"Búlbúl Shah died in A.H. 727 (A.D. 1327).

"*Shaikh Núruddin*, whose zeárut is still extant in the
"Trahul Pergunnah, is stated to have 'repented' at thirty
"years of age, and to have lived for twelve years in the
"wilderness, marvellously subsisting on grass. After that,
"he sustained life on one cup of milk daily, and finally
"reduced himself to water alone for two and half years,
"when he died. He was born in the reign of Qutbuddin,
"about the time of Sayyid Alí's advent in Cashmere, as
"is expressly recorded in the histories."

Baba Pam Rishee has been already alluded to,—the mention of him led to these extracts being made.

"*Sayyid Mahomed Hiçári* was another of these her-
"mits: he was a Sayyid, and follower of Mír Mahomed
"Hamadáni. Of him is related the following story,—
"having fallen into a trance, a copious stream of water
"flowed down from his sleeves and garments. On en-
"quiry as to this phenomenon, the Sayyid stated that one
"of his *murids* (disciples) was on a voyage to Mecca, and
"that his ship was sinking, whereupon he had prayed to
"his Pir Murshid (spiritual director) for help, which he
"(Sayyid Mahomed Hiçári) had accorded, having, in
"spirit, plunged into the water to his assistance, hence
"the water from his garments.

"*Sayyid Mahomed Núristání* was distinguished in the
"building of the Jámi' Masjid. It appears that the
"foundation kept sinking, and would not hold together,
"till this Sayyid appeared and personally applied to the

"work. He is also stated to have relieved indigent per-
"sons by converting a lump of clay into gold.

"*Sayyid Mahomed Madan* detected by intuition dishes
"composed of game improperly killed (not *halál*), and
"unlawful for food.

"*Mír Husain Mantiqí*, the logician, son of *Sayyid*
"*Mahomed Amír Mantiqí*, went to visit the king (Zein-
"ul-aboodeen), and found him surrounded by women and
"musicians; whereupon, being displeased, he plunged into
"a river of water, and was apparently lost, but shortly
"afterwards—on the king approaching his home—he saw
"the Sayyid calmly sitting reading.

"*Baba Hají A'dam*, a companion of Shaikh Núruddin,
"produced salt, by a miracle, from the Pir Pinjal.

"*Núri Rishi.* A miracle similar to that of the 'loaves
"and fishes' is recorded of this hermit.

"*Baba Latifuddin*, son of a chief of Murardwin. His
"name before conversion to Islam was Laddy Reyna.

"*Rauni Baba* lived to the age of 120, during 109 years
"of which he fasted *(rozah)* by day.

"*Baba Zain-uddin Rishi.* His *çauma'ah* (cell) in the
"Khawlpáre, where a spring of water is said to have spon-
"taneously gushed forth for his use; and many others are
"noticed.

"This brings me to the end of the notes I have taken
"on the subject of the Hermits or Rishees of Cashmere,
"and I almost regret that my notes on the subject are so
"brief.

"Without having inaugurated much philosophy, or
"displayed marked learning, these holy men seem, in the
"main, to have been actuated by motives of piety, and a
"desire for moral advancement. We might smile at the
"weak credulity which has invested their memories with
"the attributes of superhuman wisdom and power, had

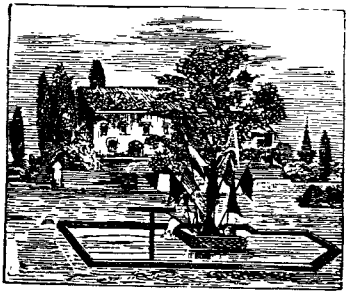
"we not parallel examples in sects of our own faith. We "may fairly credit to many of them lives of purity and "moral excellence. Dwelling amidst scenes of natural "beauty and grandeur, the wild freshness of nature seems "to have touched their hearts with something of its "kindred influences. In them, far beyond most orientals, "do we recognise some germ of the romantic spirit of the "north and love of the picturesque, which we fail to trace "in the southern Shemitic races, but gleams of which "sometimes crop out in the Tátár and Mogul tribes. To "complete this fragmentary sketch, views of the localities "and zeáruts alluded to would be requisite, as tending to "shew the picturesque solitudes into which the musing "spirit of these recluses led them to wander. We need "not wonder at the choice of such retreats by calm and "God-fearing men, where amidst some of the most glor-"ious scenery this earth contains, they could taste of "simple pleasures, exercise free thought, and 'look from "nature up to nature's God.'" Thus much my notes on the "Hermits of Cashmere."

During September I found myself wandering amongst the sedgy marishes of Hákrisir (lake of weeds and water-nuts) to Mánasbul (the mind-born) lake. On the shores of this beautiful lake I remained sketching, not yet finding myself strong enough to undertake the high-hill expedition I contemplated. I visited Lar, Keer Bhowáni, Toolamoola, and other curious nooks about the creeks of the Sadipoor and Kánibul reaches. I see various fantastic legends in regard to some of these places noted in my journal, but they scarce seem to merit much notice.



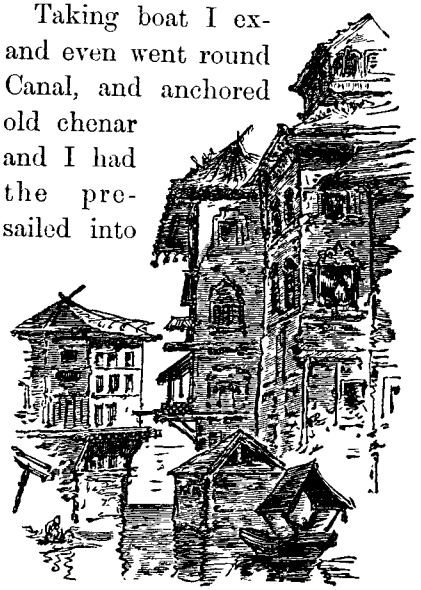
50—*Toolamoola (Mahomedan)*

Toolamoola is a Mahomedan shrine amidst rather picturesque surroundings, where also specimens of very fine wood work are to be seen. At *Keer Bhowáni* there is a tank, which—being probably manipulated by the Brahmins—holds varied coloured water on consecutive days. When I saw it the colour was a deep indigo blue. At this place the goddess Bhowáni is fabled to have migrated in the form of a "mosquito!"—a weird superstition—and the fell characteristics of the cruel earth goddess are amply vindicated in the act! for the mosquitoes of Keer Bhowáni are really "too utterly awful!"



51—*Keer Bhowani (Hindoo).*

Taking boat I explored the Hákrisir, and even went round the city by the Mar Canal, and anchored one night under the old chenar tree, where poor A. and I had lived so many days the previous year. Thence I sailed into the dhull, and devoted an entire day to sounding it. There is said to be an unfathomable well or "nag" hereabouts in the lake, near the Hakrit-bul, but the deepest water I found in either of the lakes was seventeen feet.



52—*Old Houses on the Mar Canal, Cashmere City.*



53—*Vines growing over poplars, Cashmere.*

I pitched my tent in the Naseem Bâgh, and having sketched many points of interest thereabouts, I sent off my camp towards the Sinde Valley. Here beautiful foliage is found, and here again examples of the "vines on the elms and poplars" can be observed. Next day—20th September—started on the "Pilgrimage of Gungabul," or "Hur-Mooktur-Gunga," in the Lar Pergunnah. I followed this pilgrimage as I had found it detailed in the Gunga Mahátim Shastr* step by step, and viewed all the fourteen points of snán or religious ablution. I think, however, it would be tedious to the general reader to detail. Suffice to say of the fourteen places of snán, *ten* are previous and *four* subsequent to the supreme and pious act of casting the ashes of deceased relatives—previously incremated—into the holy lake, in whose mournful waters

* An account of this is contained in my "Notes on Pilgrimages in Cashmere," in the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, published in July, 1866. For illustration, see frontispiece Chap. IX.

lie the ashes of generations of Hindoos. It was not till the 23rd of September, that, passing up the Valley of Lar, by (1) Vecha-Khoond—the pool of the Creator or Brahm, a willow-fringed pond—(2) Gandoor Nugger—"City of the Gandoors or Angels," near which are some ruined fragments on the shore of the Hákrisir, whence I remember I viewed a wild, lurid sunset, reflected on the sedgy pools of this strange morass, and (3) Nunnoor, a beautiful village at the gorge of the Sinde Valley, I arrived at (7) Mahulish-Merg—"the meadows of the buffalo." Here one turns out of the valley up the mountain, passing the little Lakes of Brahmsir, Ashiferoo, and Nandi-Kettur. Beyond this I at length reached the term of the pilgrimage—Gungabul. "I shall "not easily forget the impression the view of the cold, "still waters of this lone, desolate lake produced on me, "arriving, as I did, on its shores about sunset that autum-"nal evening—a snow storm just setting in off the lofty "granite peak of Hur-Mookh, its guardian mountain, "whose dark shadow fell across the mournful waters of "the lake." I was absolutely alone, having deviated from the track to view the lake; and as snow began to fall, I grew anxious to regain my camp, which I had sent down the valley to sheltered ground. Snow was falling fast as I turned away from this bleak solitude, but the moonlight and the shouts of my followers guided me to my camp in safety. The time of this pilgrimage is midsummer, so the opportunity of observing the ceremony of final casting of ashes was not afforded me. The noble peak of Hur-Mookh from this point is most imposing; towering to an altitude of 16,900 feet above the cauldron of grey rock which shuts in this interesting lake, whose elevation above sea level cannot itself be less than 10,000 or 11,000 feet.

Having reached the supreme point of the pilgrimage, and performed the proper rites, the pilgrim commences his return journey by a different route; and, after a long and fatiguing march, quits the higher range of hills, and descends to Nara-Nag (11) or Lake Getára. On the banks of this pool—for it is little more—the pilgrims leave their grass hill shoes (phoolas) and hill sticks, many of which I observed lying about. This pool is closely adjacent to some very remarkable ruins—those of "Razdoing." A *sonne*, or mysterious afflatus, is supposed to proceed from these ruins, a particular portion of which is held especially sacred by the pilgrims, who there make their final salaam before leaving the spot.

I devoted the 24th, 25th, and 26th of September to the disentanglement from jungle and measurement of this interesting group of temples, the only group of any importance not noticed by Cunningham in his learned and masterly essay on the *Aryan Order of Architecture;* and, as I communicated the results of my investigations to the Asiatic Society in Bengal some years later, I may here perhaps take the liberty of borrowing extracts from my own words on the subject, as put forth in their Journal.

I must premise by stating that these ruins are overgrown with dense underwood and forest trees, and it was only after much labour, and the employment of many hands in cutting away, that I was able, in any degree, to view them. Trees thirty feet high, or even more, are seen growing from the roof of the principal temple.

I pass over the technical descriptions, which are to be found minutely detailed in the paper on the subject, and may say generally that "there are no less than six "groups of buildings immediately around the principal "temple, in the roof of which several large fir trees have "taken root, presenting a singular appearance, the knarled,

"twisted roots grasping the loose stonework, and their "height being equal to that of the temple, which may be "fifty or sixty feet." I have entered into a somewhat elaborate discussion on the origin of these temples, which need not here be given. They are probably of very different dates; the most ancient being assigned to Jaloka (250 B.C.), of whom it is related in the "Raja Taringini," that "mounted on a *dragon* he was wont daily to visit "the temples of Waramool, Bejbiharrie, and *Lar*," and I conceive that by the last we may fairly infer that the temples under consideration are alluded to, as there is no other group one tenth so extensive to be found in the Lar or Sinde valley.

The "Dragon" (Adjdaha) so frequently mentioned in the ancient chronicles of Cashmere, appears to have been a mechanical machine—a propeller of some kind—or flying bridge. It might almost be regarded by a Celtic believer in second sight as a prototype of a modern steamer evolved from the moral consciousness of an ancient Aryan race. We find that King Meegwáhun, who conquered Ceylon, Surat, etc., is stated to have passed his army over the Indus (A.D. 22) by means of a serpent or dragon (adjdaha), but the fabulous and quasi-historic are so blended in the early chronicles that it is impossible to dissever them. In the case of Jolaka's daily visit to the three shrines, an æronautic element seems to be implied; but Jaloka is always mentioned as a magician king, possessed of supernatural powers.

"Zein-ul-aboodeen," or Boodshah, is supposed to have built a portion of the surrounding precincts: the same king who constructed the Lank Island in the Wooler Lake, mentioned before; and this may be easily credited, it being a common practice of the Mahomedans thus to turn to account existing Hindoo buildings and sites.

These ruins evidently possess very high antiquity, and I arrived at the conclusion that *part of them* are amongst *the* very earliest relics of Cashmere architecture, not excepting that on the Takt-i-Súlimán (or Sandhimánaparvat), which is stated to have been built in its original form by this very King Jaloka, but seems to have been repaired and restored to its present form by Gopaditya, about A.D. 250.*

I have already noticed in Chapter III. some fragments of temples overwhelmed in the dense jungles near Baramoola. I believe these have never been deemed of sufficient importance to merit disentanglement or description. Nevertheless, I must consider them—with the ruins of Razdoing, here cursorilly described—to be the very oldest remnants of the ancient architecture of Cashmere; for, as I have stated, the Temples of Bejbiharrie—mentioned in the Raja Taringini with those of *Lar* and *Baramoola* as already existing in the time of Jaloka—were overthrown by the Mahomedan fanatic Shahabúddín about the end of the fourteenth century, and are out of contest for the honour, such as it may be, of having survived the storms of two thousand years, the attacks of Moslem fury, and the overwhelming vegetation of the dense forest.

Before leaving this subject, I may add my belief that in the deep forests of Cashmere, relics of a form of worship anterior to the Brahminical may be found—such as are seen at Bhadiákul in the Kámráj—and I have met with isolated monoliths, altars, etc., in various parts of the country, pointing to the ophistic worship of the tree and serpent, anterior to historical times, when Cashmere, in common with the other provinces of Hindosthán, was colonized by the Aryan race.

* Ap Cunningham.



XI.—*PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE CASHMERE VALLEY.*

CHAPTER X.

The Sinde Valley—Anecdotes—Stag Shooting—Cave of Kuckaputtrie—Panoramic Views of the Valley—Autumnal Aspects—Ebbing Springs—Return to the City of Srinugger—Preparations for Departure—Up the Jhelum—Pampoor—The Temples of Pandrethun, Kakapore, Pyach, Wentipur, and Bejbiharrie—The Veshau River and Arabul Cascade—Return across the Pinjal by the Sedau and Kúri Passes—Lammergeyers—Young Bears—Jummoo, etc.—Conclusion.*

HAVING devoted so much time to archæological explorations, I suddenly reverted to field sport. On 27th September, having heard of a stag across the valley, all the original hunter awoke within me, and I find my journal for the next few days full of notes of bear hunting along the valley of the Sinde and Lar, with an occasional deviation up the hills after barasing stags. First, however, I did carry through my project, and completed my search after the Pilgrimage of Gungabul, by visiting the remaining points of snán or religious ablution at (12) Wangut, and (13) Woosun, etc., to the termination of the pilgrimage at Vecha-Khoond.

These sketches purport to be a record of sporting adventures, and I will not further deviate from my argument save to say that along this Valley of Lar—especially under the Zoji-La Pass—were fought the battles of the years 1539-57, between the native armies of Cashmere and the invading hosts of Kashgurries under Syud Khan and Mirza Hyder, alluded to under those dates in the Historical Sketch Pass we on, then, down the valley.

* See Appendix II.

Bears at this season swarm in the thickets, and may almost be "kicked up" at every step. They may also be found in the walnut trees at night, here as in the other districts of Cashmere, where walnuts grow.

I recollect an adventure with friend Barleycorn one evening in this valley. I had wounded a bear, and followed him up to within three or four paces distance in the thick jungle—I had mounted *spectacles* for the first (and last) time in my life for shooting;—suddenly my bear jumped up, and whether in person or by a passing branch, knocked my "specs" to atoms, thereby rendering me *hors de combat*, being without my customary eyeglass! Luckily he—or *she*, I believe it was—did not follow up her advantage, but effected a tactical movement to the rear, and I believe in the end I brought my "lady" to bag.



54—*Following up a wounded bear.*

At one of these places, I think Teoun, I remember an incident so illustrative of native misrule in those days, that I will recount it. One evening I received a deputation of the chief inhabitants of the large village where my camp had arrived, to complain of the tyrannical conduct of the maharajah's collector and soldiers, who, as they stated, had not only mulct them of their last pice (farthing), but had stripped the very trees of fruit—chiefly walnuts—grubbed up their esculents, and *"left them nothing but grass (cuck) and leaves to eat!"* I informed them that I was a mere traveller, and not possessed of

any official character; I could not interfere, but would take an opportunity on my return to Srinugger (the capitol) of mentioning their grievance to the governor, who that year (1852) was the maharajah's son, Prince Runbeer Sing, with whom I had a slight acquaintance. It appeared that the party of soldiers had only just left the village, probably scared by the arrival of a British officer's camp; but one young rascal, a mere lad, had remained behind for a little private extortion, and I saw him laying about him with a huge whip; not one of the great burly peasants daring to make the least resistance. At length, emboldened by impunity, *he began to flog the women of the village!* This was more than I could stand. Accordingly, snatching up a big stick, I ran after the rascal, who took to his heels and bolted like a hare down the valley after his party. I give this story for what it is worth, as it carries its own moral. My Gurhwâl shikari —presently to be introduced—was very indignant, and said "Had a sepoy of *our* rajah done such a thing we "should have cut his hands off and sent him back to his "master."

I find from my journal that the groves of "Burnaboog," "Kootur," "Teoun,"—also "Kioun," on the left bank of the river—were all tried for bears with some success; then—5th October—an evening flitting across the mountains, into the Pák Pergunnah to Nâgpoora, where I pitched camp.

My object was stag shooting. I had already lost too much time; so disregarding the more common and humble game—bear (harput) I devoted all my energies, now quite restored, to the barasing stag (hangloo). My journal tells me that on the 6th October I was at the village of Dartzigom, whence I made arrangements for a three days' hunt of the higher forests above the Pák

Pergunnah. When the moon rose—a frequent marching time with me—about two that morning, I started up the mountain with provisions ready cooked sufficient for three days, so as to avoid the necessity of kindling a fire, whereby the game might be scared. Before daybreak we were well up the hill, and the stags began bellowing in the woods all round, succeeded by the crowing of the pheasants. As the light increased, I made out a herd of barasing on the very edge of the forest; but they are the wariest game that runs, and either saw, winded, or heard me, and I got no chance. At this season the fallen leaves are a great impediment to stalking the barasing; the least sound of a footfall on the withered fallen leaves, or the crackling of a broken twig, and he is off! I, therefore, at once made for the cave on the top of the "Kuckaputtrie" Mountain, my destined abode for the time of my hunting this block of forest. This cave is a shallow natural recess



55—*CAVE OF KUCKAPUTTRIE.*

in the cliff, made as if specially for the accommodation of sportsmen, by the hand of nature. The sketch will best describe the place. I there established myself and fol-

lowers. These consisted of (1) my Hindoo hunter, Soondroo of Gurhwâl, (2) my Mahomedan hunter, Sher Khan, with two baggage coolies or gun carriers.

The figure depicted sitting in the background, on the edge of the precipitous cliff, or "kudd," commands a view of miles of splendid forest, sloping down towards the foot of Wuster-Wun (haunt of the barasing) whilst from a point some hundred yards or so in front, one may gaze down at the city of Srinugger almost at one's feet: the dhull lake, with its gardens, islets, and interesting ruins intervening. From this bluff, indeed, there is one of the finest panoramas of the valley anywhere to be found. Shall I venture to present it? What a scene!* The city looks distant scarcely seven miles, and may not be much more *as the crow flies*, though a good thirty miles by the footway down the valley of the Pák Pergunnah.

On the 7th October I was, I find, bothered much by the hinds of several herds I stalked—sentinels vigilant and suspicious, like cunning old duennas as they are. At length, after being baffled all day, losing all patience, whilst nearing my cavern towards sunset, I selected one rather prominent sentry, and killed it. It proved to be a small stag with little horns of one tyne. As it was dark, I left him lying on the hill ready to hand for the morning; first, however, covering him with branches of pine to keep the beasts and birds of prey off.

I now transcribe from my journal:—"8th, in the morn-"ing out, but unsuccessful until about nine; whilst "'breaking up' the young stag of last night sighted afar "a splendid stag travelling, but coming right up the "ravine towards us. After a rapid stalk and a burst "round the shoulder of the hill, we just intercepted him "as, well breathed, he came over the dip of the hill face to

* See frontispiece, Chap. X.

"face. I rolled him over twice; but, even then, he man-"aged to flounder into the thick and precipitous jungle, "but was recovered at the water at a stream far below in "the valley." One other stag was shot hereabouts, but no other game was found. There were, indeed, traces of *Ramvo*—the "surrow" of the Kumäon hills—but we did not sight any. I let several bears go, as the mighty "hanglo" was my quarry. One bear I was sorely tempted to slay, having met him almost face to face twenty yards off, at the spring—our only drinking place—a slender stream head so small that it is kept *clayed up* by the mountaineers, only a few of whom know of its existence, and is only opened out on special occasions, when it affords just sufficient water for a small camp; the next nearest stream being miles away below.

I may here record that on the evening of our second day out I *gave in* and allowed cooking. Some of the ribs of the small fawn, roasted over the pine logs on the steel ramrods as skewers, were delicious to hungry men.

It may not be known to some of my readers that *Hindoos* are not permitted by their religion to eat *kept* provisions; or, indeed, bread unless daily prepared by their own hands or those of their caste-fellows. Now this Hindoo hunter, Soondroo, was alone—all his mates who had accompanied me from Simla having got sick in Zanskar, and gone back to Gurhwâl from the Padur valley. With Mahomedans it is different, and my other hunter and gun carriers were quite "crowing over" the unfortunate Soondroo, in whose character this peculiarity as to food was nearly the only drawback. He was a first-rate shikari and woodman—by far the best of my followers —but being in a strange country, as I had brought him with me through Spiti, Lahoul, Zanskar, etc., I had to fight his battles against the jealousy of the native Cash-

meries, who regarded him as poaching on their domain. I say, then, that out of consideration for the appetite of this poor fellow I gave in to the luxury of cooking flesh —roast vension—and as I of course partook thereof, I cannot say I regretted the concession. Soondroo, therefore—who was becoming very yellow about the gills from his enforced abstinence—soon recovered strength; and, indeed, had it not been for his tracking and energy, I should have lost my "stag of ten," which went down the forest to the water, and was only recovered after a long search. His head and antlers adorn my hall to the present day.

Here I ought to present to the reader a picture of the magnificent panorama of the valley subtending this bluff of mountain.* The full course of the Jhelum—from its source at Virnâg to its debouchment at Baramoola—its tortuous windings through the verdant vale—its ramifications and occasional enlargements into the two or three lakes which it feeds before temporally lost in the great Wooler Lake, may from this point be advantageously viewed. Across the valley the wooded spurs and pine forests also which clothe the northern slopes of the Pir Pinjal, jutting down into the *terre-plein* of the valley; the saffron grounds of Pampoor on our left; the glancing waters of the dhull "garden-margined;" with the city, and its picturesque suburbs, at our feet; the distant Wooler Lake sparkling in the afternoon sun, bounded by the purple mountains of Kôh-i-háma and Duráwur; with the surrounding peaks of the Pir Pinjal, snow-capped, glittering in the pure autumn air, crisp with the slight frosts of approaching winter, are features which form a magnificent amphitheatre—a picture of natural grandeur and beauty combined—never to be forgotten! One of

* See frontispiece.

the most glorious mountain scenes I have beheld anywhere—and I have seen many in my life! I class it in my memory with that of the Alps from Milan cathedral; of Kanchanjanga and its rosy sunlit peaks from the plateau of Darjeeling; of the cone of Etna, hanging in mid air, whilst its base lies obscured in the decomposed light and purple glooms of evening;—all glorious mountain scenes to any one of which I find it hard to accord the preference!

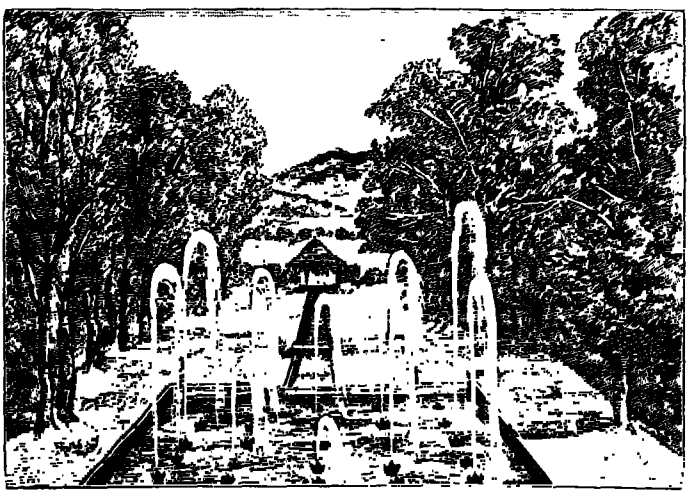
Well, to end this chapter:—I tried the Krawunzun Hill. Altogether I find I secured three stags from this beat, which is not ten miles, as the crow flies, from the city, though two long marches—say thirty miles—by the road.

On the evening of the third day I descended to my camp in the Pâk Valley. I visited the spring "Gurdasir," which is said to disgorge fish at certain times, even when snow is on the ground. It is, perhaps, connected in some way with the Jhelum on the opposite side of the mountain! so the natives explain it. Many parts of Cashmere are, in fact, honeycombed by subterranean fissures of an extraordinary character; and the frequent vagaries of some of these ebbing and flowing springs* are puzzling

* I may as well mention a few other springs noted in Cashmere. Besides Virnâg and Echibul we have (1) *Bâsaknâg* in the Bringh Pergunnah, which flows six months towards Cashmere, and six months towards Kishtewar on the opposite side of the Pinjal; (2) *Sunkernâg*, in the Deosir Pergunnah, which is said to flow once in eleven years, *i.e.* when Thursday falls in the house of the constellation Asud—so I understood the rather obscure rendering in Persian of the Hindoo Shastr—the same planetary conjunction which causes Suheyun (the burning ground) to become so hot as to cook rice; (3) *Neelanâg*, in the Nargaon Pergunnah, where people try their fortunes by "the cast of the walnut." *Echibul* is a well known mineral stream, supposed by some to be a resuscitation of the lost *Bringh* river, and cornelian stones are said to be ejected from the fountain of Wagohama, one of its affluents. Of course some of the above are fabulous, but of the existence of ebbing and flowing springs there is abundant evidence.

to account for. The presence of much limestone rock, whose cavernous, tunnelling qualities are known, may perhaps partly explain some of these phenomena. We watched some pools in the woods near the village of Drápáhamoo, but nothing came of it. There are said to be leopards hereabouts, but I never saw one in Cashmere; except, perhaps, once a snow-leopard on the Pir Pinjal. My time, however, was now getting short, and I had to get back to the city to pack and make preparations for my downward journey to the Punjaub; so I pushed on, and arrived at Srinugger on the 10th of October.

Here I remained a few days, taking a last farewell of scenes already visited,—many of its pleasant gardens and shady environs—such as the Shálimar, Isle of Chenárs, etc.; the autumnal foliage of which now began to show to advantage.



56—*THE SHALIMAR GARDENS, CASHMERE.*

Previous to my departure I had the honor of an interview with the Governor—Prince Runbeer Sing,* the heir

* Almost as I revise these words the news has arrived of *Maharajah* Runbeer Sing's death, at Jummoo, on 12th September, 1885.

apparent—during which I brought to his notice the incident mentioned at page 121. At this interview the following scene occurred. I must, however, premise that I was accompanied by a friend—Captain R.——, who took occasion to exhibit to the prince some magnificent water-color sketches he had taken of the country. In the course of the interview I remarked: "Travellers come a long way to view your Highness's lovely country!" Whereupon H.H. turned his eye slowly on me, and gave me *such* a look I shall never forget, and then ostentatiously turned his back on me. I was surprised and indignant, and being quite at a loss to account for such brusque and rude conduct was almost tempted to rise and take leave, but I kept my seat. After the Durbar was over I conferred with R. as to the possible reason of such marked rudeness; and on carefully recalling what had passed, R. suggested that my allusion to *His Highness's* country was indiscreet, and led to the exhibition of discourtesy. It appeared that the courtiers and attendants at the Durbar—who were behind us in a large circle as we sate with the Governor—were most of them little better than spies on the Governor, and had he allowed such a solecism in court etiquette to pass, as my allusion to the country as *his*, the report would have been conveyed to his father—the old Maharajah Golaub Sing, at Jummoo—that the prince was giving himself airs of independence and assuming royalty. I should, therefore, have worded my remark, "*His Highness's Royal Father's country!*" Hence the necessity of marking displeasure at the solecism in etiquette. It was a warning to me in all future intercourse with native courts, where every word must be weighed; and I must say at that period it greatly set me against political employ. I have since thought, however, that possibly my mention of the unfortunate villagers' grievance may have offended him.

On the 14th I started off my baggage by boat towards Pampoor, and in the afternoon followed on horseback myself, diverging from the road in order to visit the temples and objects of interest near Pandrethun; thence I rode round by the lakes and crocus-fields of Pampoor, where the saffron is made.

Pursuing this plan—sleeping at my boats—I rode into the country right and left, whilst the boats were slowly tracking up stream. Kakapore, Pyâch, Wentipur, Bejbiharrie, and other points of antiquarian interest, were then visited and sketched by me. I examined also the sites of snán, or religious ablution of several pilgrimages hereabouts and in the valley of the Liddur and around Bejbiharrie, itself a place of no common interest to the antiquarian, frequently alluded to in these sketches. Some I identified; others were, perhaps, mythical and even under the waters of the Jhelum. Are they not written in the Book of Pilgrimages already quoted?



56—BRIDGE OF BEJBIHARRIE.

At length I landed at the Irwinnie Ghaut on the *Veshau River*, and leaving my boat, marched on by Dúdakôt through the Pergunnahs of Kôt and Ardewin

to Sedau and Arabul. I proceeded up the river towards its source at a lake in the mountains, and visited the beautiful waterfall of Arabul—a favourite haunt of Akbar and other Mogul emperors. Here, also, on the lovely green slope above the cascade, the fair Noor Mahál would pitch camp and stay many days on the margin of the waters. After "musing there an hour alone," I pushed on, and bivouaced that night in the forest amidst the pine trees. On this occasion, also, I examined the Sedau and Kúri Passes, by which routes the Sikh army of Rungeet Sing—under Dewan Misr Chand—captured the valley in 1819. The Sikhs diverged from the main Pinjal route at a point near Thanna, and making a flank march to their right, debouched by these paths from the Pinjal, and deploying on the flank or rear of the Pathán governor, gained an easy victory, as mentioned in former chapters of these Sketches. I determined that these paths were perfectly practicable for British troops, even accompanied by mountain artillery. After considerable exploration of the mountains thereabouts, I at length crossed over the Kúri Pass, and taking the route of Búdil and Nar, through long ravines flanked by precipitous cliffs, I emerged at length on to the main road near Aknoor, and so on to Jummoo, Sëalkote, and the plains of the Punjaub.

A few details of this journey may be given.

Whilst crossing the Pir, after a long and fatiguing ascent, I recollect being ahead of my coolies and followers. I laid down to rest on a patch of green sward on the very summit of the pass, face downwards. Whilst thus reposing, half asleep, I became aware of a sound like the rush of wings close to me, but it did not occur to me, till the thing had happened several times, to turn and ascertain the cause. On doing so, however, and

looking round, I found that two immense lammergeyers had been circling and swooping close over my head. I do not suppose they would have had the audacity to strike, and were probably but reconnoitring the nature of the strange prostrate form espied in their airy domain. They immediately sailed away, and were soon lost in the vast aerial gulphs of the mountain. This is the only occasion on which I ever saw these birds in Cashmere, or, indeed, in India.

Another incident—a standing joke I may call it—of this march, was the accompaniment of three young bear cubs, brought along in kiltas (baskets) on a coolie's back. It may be imagined what a source of trouble and fun these young rascals were! My unfortunate shikari, Soondroo, who had special charge of them, and of the coolie conveying them, was often kept miles in the rear—even a day's march—because of them, and used to narrate dismal tales of their scratchings and mischief on the road. The future career of those young imps is a history in itself. I recollect, also, there was a mussock (water carrier's leather bag) full of bear's grease, some of which, getting loose, flowed all over my tent, rendering it useless for further service.

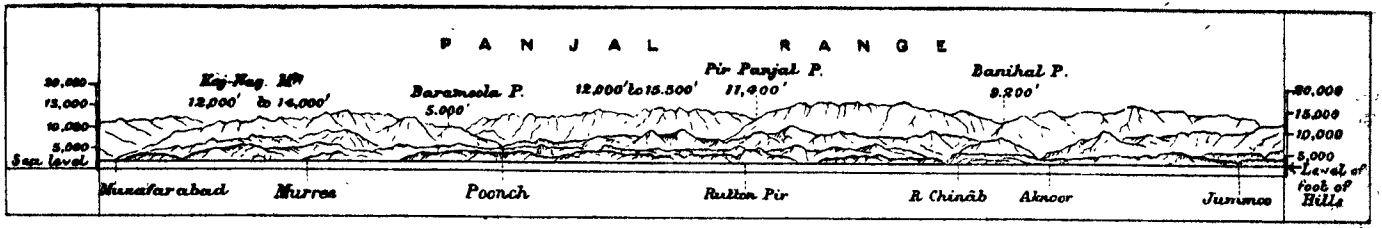
At the close of my last day's mountain march, somewhere in the latitude of Aknoor, I remember cooking my last jungle dinner with the legs and frame of my battered old charpoy (camp bed), which had accompanied me during my wanderings in Cashmere. Next day I was hospitably entertained at Jummoo by the Maharajah Golaub Sing; and the day after, riding in to Sëalkote, I was greeted and cared for by some excellent friends. At Lahore I was the guest of the late lamented Sir Henry Lawrence, and so passed out of the woodland life into civilization and the world of material comfort.

I now approach the end of my story. Let it not be supposed that the writer of the foregoing Sketches claims the character of a mighty hunter! Far from it. Being somewhat short-sighted, and an indifferent shot, were sufficient causes to prevent his attaining to the first walks of the craft; but a knowledge of the habits of game—acquired by observation, together with much toil and perseverance—at length led to his obtaining some success in the field.* In his case, the hunter's life, pure and simple, was much diversified by other pursuits and distractions, and he had hoped that at least one of his companions of the mountain and forest would have long ere this come forward and given his experiences to the world. Assuredly they were far abler than himself to have done justice to the subject.

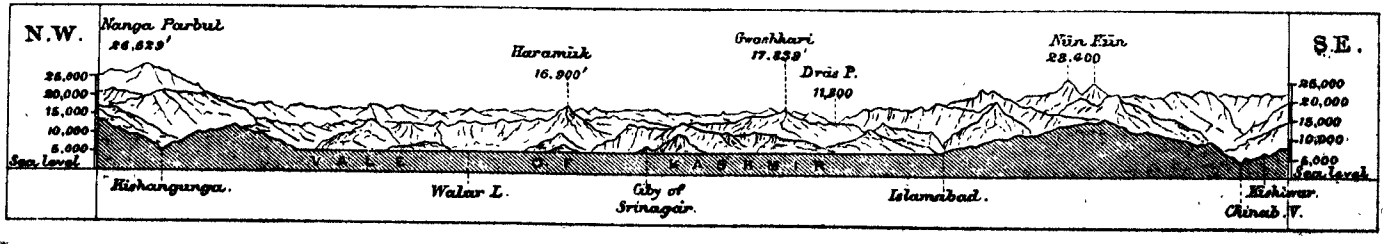
Although years have passed since these adventures, the author has scarcely found heart to recount that portion of his hunting life passed in the companionship of his valued brother—now, alas! no more. His the kind and strong heart to make friends of men, and *lead!* His the bold and ardent spirit to follow the wild game to his rugged home, there to give him battle face to face, and gain the victory!† His the clear, bright eye of sincerity and courage! He died, alas! too soon—in the very prime of manhood;—like most good fellows I sometimes think, —but his image lives with me yet. To the memory of that bright companion I dedicate this little chronicle of the sylvan wanderings of my youth.

* My bag of game for the two seasons was about 23 bears, 5 stags, 3 ibex, 1 musk deer, besides smaller game. I disregard feathered game, such as pheasants, chikore, etc. I recollect, however, that shortly after this I sent to England 25 stuffed specimens, chiefly *moonals* (Impyan pheasants), mostly shot by my hunter Soondroo.

† He was one of the very few who could boast of having killed his "brace of tiger" on foot by a "right and left" shot! This he did near Neemuch in Rajpootana.



ISOMETRIC VIEW OF MOUNTAINS BETWEEN THE PINJAL AND CASHMERE VALLEY.



XII.—ISOMETRIC AND SECTION OF CASHMERE

APPENDIX TO SECTION I.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

[*The following is an Abridgment of a "Sketch of the Mahomedan History of Cashmere. By Lieut. D. J. F. Newall, Bengal Horse Artillery, 1853—4."**]

IN the brief sketch of the fabulous and quasi-historic Hindoo annals of Cashmere (A.D. 1300), I brought up the history to the point where, owing to the intestine struggles of the native nobles and a decline of warlike power in the Hindoo rulers, Cashmere had become so enfeebled as to present a tempting object of ambition to the surrounding states, who, about this period, began to send armies to invade the country, or to intrigue for the overthrow of its government. Cashmere thus became the centre of every intrigue, and the arena on which adventurers from the surrounding nations waged incessant war, both against Cashmere and, within its area, against each other—wolves fighting over a moribund carcase!

About A.D. 1305 we find a feeble king—Rajah Sewdeva—on the throne of Cashmere, who, in a short time, alienated the affections of his subjects by sundry acts of incapacity and oppression. At this time three worthies, destined, either in their proper person or in that of their descendants, to play important parts in the

* This sketch was derived from native sources such as the "Ayeen Akbari," and the Histories by Hyder Malek, Narrain Khol, and Mahomed Azim, together with a Persian translation of the "Raja Taringini." It has to be mentioned that certain Mahomedan authors—I will not say "authorities"—anticipate the Hindoo records of the Valley; and extend them to a period long anterior to the fabulous Hindú tradition of its desiccation by the Múni Káshiapa, an event which, from coincidence in the chronology, seems to point to the Mosaic deluge. One of the authors above mentioned begins his history of Cashmere with the *creation;* and according to him the Valley was visited by Adam after the fall! The descendants of Seth are stated to have reigned over Cashmere 1,110 years, after which the country was conquered by Hurriechunder

history of Cashmere, appear on the scene, and may be grouped as the authors of its Mahomedan or more modern history. The first of these, *Shámír*, son of King Wuffoor Shah of Sawádgere; the second, *Sunker Chák*, a chief of Dardao; and, third, Prince *Ranjpoee*, son of King Yuftun of Thibet. The last named having introduced himself with a few followers in the guise of merchants into Kucknigera, the stronghold of Ram Chund, the hereditary commander-in-chief of Cashmere, contrived to overcome him and forcibly married his daughter, Kotereen (or Kotadevi), in whose right—real or pretended—he seized the throne of Cashmere, at this time vacant by the flight of the fugitive King Sewdeva (A.D. 1323). He made Shámir, the first of the ancient worthies mentioned above, minister, and commenced a vigorous reign. It is related of him that he became a convert to Islam from the following circumstance.—Perceiving the folly of idolatry, he prayed earnestly to God to afford him some guide in his search of truth. It was at length vouchsafed to his troubled spirit that the religion of the person who should first meet his sight on arising in the morning was the one it was right for him to adopt. It so happened that the Faqueer Búlbúl Shah,* of Thibet, engaged at his morning prayers, was the first person on whom his eyes fell. Struck with the explanation, he became convinced, accepted the religion of Islam, and assumed the name of *Sudder-oo-deen.*

Rája, whose descendants reigned till the deluge, after which event the country was peopled by a tribe from Turkhisthán. Moses is said to have died in Cashmere, where he taught the worship of the one God! The people, however, afterwards relapsed into idolatry, a sin which was visited by the local inundation of the Valley, and the tyranny of the Dæmon Juldeva, as related by the Hindus. After the desiccation of the Valley by *Kushef*—according to the Mahomedans the grandson of Noah—fifty-five princes of the Koraus reigned, till the country was visited by *Solomon*, who set up his cousin Isaun as king. The worship of the one God still continued the national faith, until "Sunder Khan," one of the successors of Isaun, lost his life in endeavouring to resist the progress of idolatry which again got a footing in the land, and with one or two intervals of Boodhism, is stated to have prevailed until about the period the present sketch commences, A.D. 1305.

* This faqueer is celebrated as the first Mahomedan who appeared in Cashmere. His real name was Shurruf-oo-deen. Singing birds (Búlbúls) are said to have nestled in his beard and hair, hence the name. He died A.D. 1325.

It is proper to add that the Hindoo writers ignore this conversion of *Ranjpoee* or Rinshun Shah, who died after a reign of two and a half years, leaving his widow, Queen Kotereen, regent. About this time (A.D. 1326) an invasion of Cashmere by an army of Toorks under *Urdil*, who penetrated into the valley, was repulsed and brought to terms by the brave queen. It was arranged that if they withdrew immediately they should be allowed to do so unmolested. This being effected, she withdrew to the fort of Indrkote, where she established her court, leaving the reins of power in the hands of the minister, Prince Shámir, who had commenced a course of intrigue, the result of which was that he soon aspired to the sovereignty of the country. As a preliminary step he demanded the hand of the queen in marriage, which, being refused with scorn, he prepared to extort her consent by force of arms, and invested Indrkote with a large army. The heroic Rajpootnie made every effort to defend herself and sustain a siege, but finding herself at length reduced to sue for terms, she—in the last extremity—consented to espouse the successful usurper. Upon this hostilities ceased, and preparations for the marriage were commenced (A.D. 1341); but the devoted princess, indignant and despairing, rode slowly forth, surrounded by her train of maidens, from the beleaguered fortress, advanced into the presence of the usurper, and upbraiding him for his ingratitude and treachery, stabbed herself before him. Thus perished by her own hand Queen Kotereen—or *Kotadevi*, as she is often called—the last Hindoo Sovereign of Cashmere, and Prince Shámir ascended the throne under the name of Sultan Shums-oo-deen.

PART II.

Independent Mahomedan Kings.

A.D. 1341.—Shums-oo-deen is usually considered the first Mahomedan King of Cashmere. He enjoyed the dignity only three and a half years. His sons Jumshed and Ala-oo-deen succeeded, and reigned fourteen years.

A.D. 1356.—His grandson, Shahab-oo-deen, having repaired the devastation caused by former invasions of the Toorks, turned his attention to foreign conquest, and added Thibet, Kashgar, and Kabul to the kingdom of Cashmere. His religious zeal in-

cited him to overthrow the idols and Hindoo temples at Bejbiharrie and elsewhere, and he is noted in history as one of the chief Moslem zealots of his time. His brother, Kootub-oo-deen, however, who succeeded him, left a son, Sikunder, who—of all the princes of Cashmere—is celebrated as an iconoclast (thence surnamed "Bhútshikan"), by whose fanatic zeal in destroying the ancient temples, the architecture of Cashmere has suffered irremediable loss. Few of the older temples escaped destruction at his hands, and those that do remain are sadly mutilated and disfigured by modern repairs. As early as the year 1397 he had, perhaps, acquired a supply of gunpowder from Timoor Lang (Tamerlane), who invaded India at that period, as it is recorded of him that he threw down the idols and temples *by fire*, and this may be regarded as one of the very earliest allusions to the use of that explosive in Indian history.

During the reign of Shahab-oo-deen the celebrated Syud Ali Hamadáni, and his son, Meer Mahomed, with their trains of fugitive disciples from Persia—upwards of 1000 in number—arrived in Cashmere, and their advent seems to have fixed the religion of the country, hitherto in an unsettled state,* and probably led to the religious persecutions which immediately ensued.

About this time the rival Mahomedan sects of Shiahs and Soonees seem to have commenced their quarrels, and of the first named sect arose the Rishees or Hermits of Cashmere, a very remarkable order of devotees, described by Abul Fuzl as a very respectable and inoffensive order—in his time some two thousand in number—living upon fruits and berries, and abstaining from sensual delights. Mahomed Azim, the historian, enumerates many worthies of this sect and their deeds, but I forbear in this place to burden the text with the pretended miracles and holy acts of Mahomedan saints. Some of the stories, however, are sufficiently amusing.†

* Abul Fuzl, writing about A.D. 1600, relates that in his time 45 places of worship existed to Siva, 64 to Vishnu, 3 to Brahma, 22 to Boodh, and nearly 700 figures of serpent gods existed in Cashmere. These numbers may fairly be held to represent approximately the state of the religion of Cashmere anterior to his time.

† I published a paper on this subject in the proceedings of the Asiatic Society of Bengal in 1870. *Vide* page 108, *et seq:* Chap. IX.

To resume,—Cashmere having been, previous to this influx of zealots, in a transition state as to religion, these learned doctors seem to have fixed the religion of the country, and to have built the zeáruts (or shrines) at various picturesque sites all over the country, including the Jumma Musjid or great mosque of Srinugger, many of which remain to this day.

In the year 1423 we find Zein-ul-aboodeen (or *Boodshah, the great king*, as he is emphatically called), on the throne of Cashmere; during whose reign—which lasted as long as fifty-three years (A.D. 1423-76)—the country appears to have made a great stride towards an improved civilization. This prince, besides reducing the tributary states to order, was a builder of many bridges, towns, and forts—Zeinkuddul, Zeinpore, Zeinkote, etc. —and enlarged the capitol city, Srinugger. He encouraged literature and the arts; he introduced weavers from Toorkisthan and wool from Thibet; and many manufactures, such as paper-making, glass-making, book-binding, and papier-maché work, for which Cashmere is so celebrated, owe their introduction to his fostering care. He was also a poet and a lover of field sports. The rising power of the Chukk (or Chák) tribe did not escape the penetrating eye of this king, who prophesied they would ere long be rulers of Cashmere, a prediction which it will be seen soon proved correct.

We find Cashmere—on the accession to the throne of Mahomed Shah (A.D. 1487), great grandson of Zein-ul-aboodeen, a child of seven years of age—torn by the struggles of the tribes of Chák, Rehna, and Mágrey, in which the two former were chiefly at variance, alternately supporting the legitimate king, *Mahomed Shah*, or his uncle, *Futteh Shah*, the usurper. The vicissitudes of these struggles for the throne between these contending factions occupies the history from the year 1487 to about 1536, when we find that Mahomed Shah—who had four times regained his crown and defeated the pretender, Futteh Shah—died in exile. The chief power was then usurped by the Cháks.

A.D. 1536.—To follow the details of these petty wars seems needless. By intrigue, inter-marriage, and hard fighting, the Cháks, amid the anarchy of the times, seem gradually to have fought their way to power; and from a position of preponderating influence, as ministers and supporters of the king, at length,

about the year 1537, openly seized the throne. About that date, Kajee Chák, putting himself at the head of the national party in Cashmere, signally defeated the army of Mirza Kámrán near the city of Srinugger; and soon afterwards brought to terms an army of *Kashgurries*, which—under *Syud Khan* and *Mirza Hyder* —had invaded Cashmere, and had penetrated as far as the *Lar* Pergunnah in the Sinde valley. He succeeded in putting down all opposition to his power; but during this period the Mogul Emperors of Delhi began to turn their attention to Cashmere; the Emperor Humaioon, especially, sent several armies against the country. The Cashmeries, however, rallied round the brave and wise Kajee Chák, who, in fact, brought all his enemies to terms. He entered into an alliance with Shere Khan Affghan, afterwards Shere Shah, then in rebellion against the emperor, and gave him his niece, a daughter of Mahomed Shah, in marriage. Kajee Chák, although the actual ruler of the country, seems to have permitted the sons of Mahomed Shah—who died in exile—to retain the nominal dignity of king, and to coin in their own names. He married his daughter to the second son, Ismáil Shah, and put him on the throne, A.D. 1537.

At length Mirza Hyder, foster brother of the Emperor Humaioon, about the year 1540 entered into an alliance with the discontented native nobles of Cashmere, who consented to set up Tárk Shah, a boy, son of the usurper Futteh Shah, as king, and after a great battle, defeated Kajee Chák, who fled across the Pir Pinjal as far as Thanna, where he died, A.D. 1540. This chief is related to have been of kind and merciful disposition, and except in battle, never shed the blood of his enemies; and I may here remark, that *mercy* towards the vanquished appears, with a few exceptions, to have been a characteristic of the gallant Rajpoot tribes, which so long withstood the invasions of surrounding enemies, and at length only succumbed to the weakness arising from intestine dissensions, and the fatal error of calling in foreign aid. After a short interval of power, Mirza Hyder, the intrusive governor, was defeated and slain by the native nobles, who, however, spared his family, whom they sent in safety to Hindosthán.

Abdie Rehna then came into power for a short time, but was soon driven from power by the Cháks, who rallied, and under the

son of the famous Shums-oo-deen Chukk and others, utterly defeated the Rehnas and their allies from Delhi, at the great battle of Kuspa, in which four thousand men perished on both sides (A.D. 1556). The same chief, *Ghazie Khan*, in the year 1557 defeated, with great loss, an army of twelve thousand *Kashgurries* under a nephew of Mirza Hyder, which invaded Cashmere; seven thousand of the enemy are said to have fallen in this battle. Moguls, Tatars, Kashgurries, Toorks, and other enemies, who—about this period—invaded Cashmere, fared no better, but were successively defeated by this vigorous and powerful tribe of Chák, which had now obtained a firm grasp on the country of Cashmere, and in the person of Yusoof Khan were openly acknowledged as the sovereign family (A.D. 1580). *Yusoof Shah*, however, soon alienated his nobles, and had to seek assistance from the Emperor Akbar, by whose aid he was enabled to regain his kingdom. Under pretext of suzerainty acquired thereby, Akbar demanded his son Yakoob as hostage; this prince, however, soon escaped, and the nobles of Cashmere refusing to surrender him, the emperor sent an army, under Bhugwán Dass, to enforce compliance with his demands (A.D. 1584). The King, Yusoof Shah, hereupon delivered himself up to the emperor's general; but he had better have fought for his independence, as he was sent, under escort, to Lahore, where Akbar delivered him over to the custody of his Police Minister, Todar Mull, who, after a short time, sent him to Bengal under Rajah Maun Sing,* where he died of grief and despair (A.D. 1585). On the flight of Yusoof Shah the Cashmere army had called on his son, Yakoob Khan, to lead them, and this brave prince soon justified the confidence reposed in him, by defeating the emperor's army, and reducing them to such stress amongst the mountains of Hazárá, from cold and want of food, that they are said alone to have preserved life by slaughtering their elephants, and sleeping within their still warm carcases. The imperial army being thus repulsed, *Yakoob Shah* ascended the throne of Cashmere, but although of reckless bravery, this prince was posssessed of but little judgment, and unfit to rule, and being of the Shiah

* Rajah Bhugwán Dass was a Kachwâsa Rajpoot, whose daughter was married to Akbar's son Selim (afterwards Jehangire). His son was the celebrated Maun Sing of the text.

sect of Mahomedans, was persuaded by the priests of that sect to persecution of the rival sect of Soonees; he thereby evoked the anger of Akbar, who determined to—once for all—conquer Cashmere, and despatched Kassim Khan, the *Admiral* of the kingdom, with thirty thousand horse, and the fugitive Hyder Chukk, against the king of that country. Nothing daunted, Yakoob Shah marched to engage the enemy (A.D. 1586), but, being deserted by his nobles, he was obliged to fly across the mountains to Kishtewar with sixty horse. Within a short time, however, he returned, made a rapid march, and pitched his camp on the Takt-i-Súlimán overlooking the city of Srinugger, where he rallied the brave Chák tribe around him, and defied the enemy; Kassim Khan now attacked him with his whole force, but was defeated and driven back into the city, where his soldiers took refuge in the fort and other strongholds, where they remained in a state of siege. The emperor finding his army insufficient to reduce the country, sent reinforcements of twenty thousand men, which forced Yakoob Shah finally to vacate the throne, and soon afterwards—on his safety being guaranteed him—he did homage to the emperor, who at that time visited the country.

A.D. 1587.—As we find Cashmere from this period subjected to the Mogul throne, we may consider it from about this date to have passed from the hands of its native rulers, and to have become an integral portion of the Empire of Delhi.

Cashmere under the Mogul Emperors.

WE now come to a portion of the History of Cashmere when the Emperors of Delhi—having possessed themselves of this Eastern Paradise—adopted it as their summer residence. We have seen that in the year 1588, and again in 1592, Akbar had visited the valley, and taken measures for its reduction to order under his celebrated Police Minister, Todar Mull, at whose recommendation the fort of the Koh-i-Márán, on the hill of *Harrie-Parvat*, overawing the capital, was built. The dress of the people was changed from the ancient well-girdled tunic, adapted to action and exercise, and the effeminate long gown of the present day substituted, and if we may believe *dress* to be in a measure the

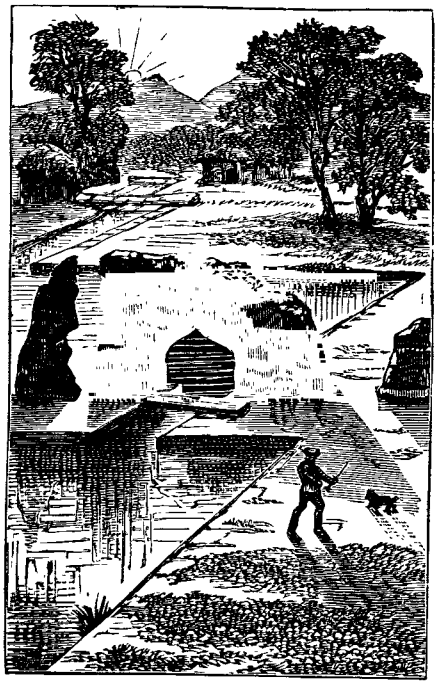
exponent of the character of a people, we may infer that the character of the modern Cashmerie has deteriorated from that of his vigorous and warlike ancestors. Bands, however, of the brave Chák tribe still continued to hover in the mountains, taking every opportunity of disturbing the intrusive governors, who, from this time were periodically appointed from Delhi, nor, indeed, was it till the time of the Soobadar Etekaad Khan (1622)—who hunted down the Cháks and put them to death as robbers and outlaws—that this fierce tribe was totally subdued; their few descendants at the present day are the professional horse keepers of the valley, and in their character still display somewhat of the fierce, independent spirit which led to their destruction.

It was, perhaps, about the beginning of the 17th century that the Emperor Akbar visited his province of Cashmere for the third and last time; about which period a power was organized in a far distant land,* destined, ere two centuries had set, to exercise dominion over the magnificent empire which then called him master; of all his provinces, the fair valley of Cashmere being now nearly alone in its independence of that beneficent rule. At this time the revenue of Cashmere with its tributary states—including Kabul and Kandahar—was little less than one million sterling, and its garrison was 94,800 horse, with thirty-seven garrisoned forts in various parts of the country, containing 2,400 artillerymen.

A.D. 1619.—Cashmere having been thus surveyed and reduced to order in the time of the Emperor Akbar—having also been beautified with palaces and gardens—little else remained for his son and successor, the *magnificent* Jehangire, than to enjoy the delights of this Eastern Paradise in company with his Empress, the peerless *Noor Mahál*, whose romantic spirit appears to have led her lord and emperor to roam into the most secluded and picturesque recesses of the valley, many of which pleasant retreats are to this day pointed out as the spots where the royal pair were wont to disport themselves in those days of regal *abandon*. Western writers have adorned with the flowers of poetry and romance the social life and festive displays of those days, but it is a fact that the oriental records of those days

* The East India Company was founded in A.D. 1600.

of regal magnificence, and of the royal visits to the valley, are singularly curt, and void of interest; and it seems to have been reserved for a European (Bernier) who, long after, visited the valley as court physician in the train of the Emperor Aurungzéb, to give anything approaching a graphic account of the pageantry we may suppose to have accompanied their progresses. From time immemorial it seems to have been customary for the rulers of Cashmere to leave the valley during the winter, and to return to its delights on the approach of summer; indeed, the ancient Hindoo chronicle, the "Raja Taringini," already alluded to, states that the kings of Cashmere used to reside for six months out of the valley on account of the cold in the "Abhisáras" of the ancients; probably Jummoo or Kangra, in the Kohistan of the Punjaub. The Mogul Governors under the Emperors of Delhi seem to have adopted this agreeable practice, especially *Ali Murdan Khan*, who, as Governor of Lahore as well as Cashmere (A. D. 1631), used to divide his presence between the two, and for his convenience in travelling, built those spacious and noble serais along the roads leading to Cashmere, the ruins of which, to this day, attest his magnificence. His expenses on each trip are stated to have exceeded a lac of rupees (£10,000 sterling.)



57.—*Scene in the Ruins of Echibul.*

The Emperor Jehangire built many palaces and gardens, especially the celebrated *Shálimar** *Gardens*, immortalized

* Shah-il-imirat—the *Royal* Gardens.

by poets and travellers. The Naseem and Nishát Gardens owe their origin to Noor Jehán Begum, his wife, and the ruins of palaces and baths at Mánasbul, Echibul, Virnâg, etc., attest her taste in selecting picturesque sites. During the return of Jehangire from his last visit to the valley (A.D. 1627) he died on the road near Rajaorie, whence his body was conveyed to Lahore, and there buried. His widow, Noor Jehán Begum, took up her residence at Lahore after Jehangire's death, where she employed herself for the remaining twenty years of her life in constructing a magnificent mausoleum for her late lord and emperor. The tombs of both are to be seen there at the present day, across the River Ravee at Shahdera.

In 1627 Shah Jehán succeeded to the empire of Delhi, and soon afterwards visited the valley, accompanied by many poets and savants; indeed, of all the emperors of Delhi Shah Jehán appears most to have affected the strains of poets and musicians, and as they and the courtiers increased in the land, the hermits (rishees) and devotees—for which Cashmere had been so celebrated—receded like game before the hunter, into the most dreary solitudes, and were in danger of becoming extinct amidst the discouragements of this festive court, until they again recovered under the subsequent reign of the orthodox Aurungzéb, who, in fact, about the year 1657 deposed his father, Shah Jehán, and imprisoned him for life in the fort of Agra (A.D. 1658). He had, during his reign, invaded Thibet, which he annexed to the Soobhadarie of Cashmere. Aurungzéb, being confirmed on the throne (A.D. 1663), appointed as usual a Soobadar for the Province of Cashmere, but soon after commenced a progress to visit the valley in person; and here we fortunately possess the graphic pages of Bernier,* who accompanied Aurungzéb as state physician. These give us a lively picture of the state and magnificence of an imperial progress. According to him the emperor's cortége set out from Delhi on the 6th of December, 1663, at three p.m., that hour having been pronounced auspicious by the court astrologers. It consisted of 35,000 horse and 10,000 foot, seventy pieces of heavy cannon,

* This celebrated man—surnamed the Handsome Philosopher—died at Paris, 1688, of extreme mortification at a satire. He was the friend of Ninon de L'Enclos, Racine, Boileau, and other wits of the age.

and fifty or sixty light field pieces—or as it was called "stirrup" artillery. Roshenara Begum—the emperor's sister-wife—accompanied the camp, and the physician enlarges on the spectacle of her stately train of elephants on the line of march. The army arrived at Lahore 25th February, and crossed the Pir Pinjal in April (A.D. 1664). During the passage an accident occurred, several of the elephants having fallen over the precipices, and several ladies of the royal zenána were killed on the spot. The emperor remained three months in Cashmere, nor does it appear that he ever afterwards visited that country till his death in the year 1181 H., at the age of 91. It is amusing to observe the extravagant praises which our orthodox historian, Mahomed Azim, whom I have chiefly followed about this period (A.D. 1706), confers upon Aurungzéb, whom he infinitely prefers to the noble and enlightened Akbar, of whom he complains *that he treated all his subjects alike!* not favoring the Mahomedans above the Hindoos! Was ever a nobler involuntary tribute paid to a ruler by a would-be disparager!

After a civil war between his sons, Aurungzéb was succeeded by his son Baháder Shah, who, however, died in the year A.D. 1712 at the age of 71, leaving the throne to his son Firókshere, whose mother was a Cashmerie. His elder brother, Jehander Shah, had gained possession for a few days, and made the son of Anatoola Khan—the Governor of Cashmere—his Wuzzeer. Firókshere, therefore, on gaining the mastery, put his brother to death, and imprisoned the latter forty days. However, on the return of the latter's father—Anatoola Khan—from Mecca, he released him, and reappointed Anatoola Khan governor. This governor held the subadarie for upwards of ten years. He did not govern in person, but sent various naibs (deputies) who were unequal to their position, and several rebellions broke out in the valley. The practice of appointing naibs seems now to have fairly come into fashion among the great nobles of the Mogul court, who mostly looked on their appointments solely as a vehicle of extorting money from their respective governments. We may conjecture that the condition of a province thus governed was not generally happy. Cashmere, in fact, at this period, seems to have been the prey of every intrigue, and latterly the arena on which was played out the game of empire by the nobles, respectively in

the interest of the Delhi court or of "Nádir Shah," who at this period was preparing to invade India.

A.D. 1736.—The invasion of Hindosthán by Nádir Shah now, in fact, occurs, but we need not follow it further than as it affects the province whose history is our subject. A great battle at Paniput, near Kurnaul, ensued (1739), in which many Cashmere nobles—officers of the Delhi Emperor, Mahomed Shah—were slain, and Delhi was subsequently sacked by the soldiers of Nádir Shah. After due submission to the conqueror, Mahomed Shah was reinstated on the throne, and thus Cashmere still remained a province of the Mogul Empire.

A.D. 1740.—Abul Burkut, a native chief, had been the Governor of Cashmere in the interest of Mahomed Shah during Nádir's conquest, whose subadar (Fakr-ood-dowlah) had been turned out by the Cashmeries—who objected to an emperor of the "Shiah" sect—and killed. He now threw off his allegiance, and sought alliances amongst the surrounding tribes, with whose aid he put down all present opposition to his power. He succeeded in holding out till the year 1745, when he was induced to surrender, and present himself at court.

Cashmere has now, since the beginning of the century, exhibited the spectacle of a province governed by the creatures of an absent ruler, himself the courtier of the emperor, who, in his turn—owing to the declension of the Mogul power—was generally a mere puppet in the hands of others. The condition of a province thus misgoverned by a slave in the fourth degree, we cannot suppose to have been happy: nor, observing this, can it excite surprise that the various naibs or deputies should have taken advantage of the state of things, and endeavoured to render themselves more or less independent. In fact, about this time, we find most of the governors of Cashmere—in common with those of the other provinces of the tottering Mogul throne—little short of independent rulers.

A.D. 1747.—In the year Hijree 1160, Nádir Shah was assassinated in his tent in Persia, and his successor, Ahmud Shah Abdálle,* having expressed some views as to Cashmere, a party

* He assumed the title of Doordowran—Pearl of the Age—corrupted into "Dooranee." He must not be confounded with his rival of the same name, *Ahmud Shah*, the Mogul Emperor of Delhi.

of native nobles secretly invited him to take possession. The Mogul governor, however, obtained a clue to this intrigue; whereupon they openly rebelled, and set up a governor of their own. Both the rival governors, however, came to grief, and the nobles wrote to the Emperor, Mahomed Shah, at Delhi, to appoint a new one; but about this time Mahomed Shah was succeeded by his son, Ahmud Shah, of Delhi.

A.D. 1752.—Meer Ahmed Mokeem, the new governor, was attacked and driven away by Abul Kassim, a son of Abul Burkut: the former, however, presented himself to Ahmud Shah Abdállie at Lahore, and obtained the assistance of a force under Abdoola Khan, with which he marched towards Cashmere. The Mogul governor fled at his approach, and the victorious Abdoola Khan, setting aside his powerless ally, seized the country, and during the six months he remained, plundered and extorted a crore of rupees (£1,000,000 sterling) from the unhappy valley, already exhausted by pestilence and famine, with which he presented himself before his master, Ahmud Shah, having left Rajah Sookh Jewan as his mooktear or deputy-governor. Cashmere thus passed from the sway of the Mogul throne—under that of the Dooránees—and we may accordingly here close that portion of its history.

The general history of India about this period, were it our theme, would exhibit events of tenfold more importance than the local records of the province of Cashmere. We should find defeat and disaster closing round the sinking Mogul throne; its provinces lost or overrun; its soobadars in rebellion; and the battle of Plassey in 1757 restoring the British power, destined, by the close of the century, to supplant the Mogul as the paramount power of Hindostán. The Mahrattas would be found closely following the steps of Ahmud Shah, and plundering Delhi in the year 1758, and thereby incurring the hostility of Ahmud Shah Abdállie. The field of battle selected was nearly the same as that on which occurred the great battle between Nádir Shah and Mahomed Shah, wherein the latter lost his throne. This sanguinary battle of Paniput occurred on the 14th of January, A.D. 1761, and ended in the total defeat of the Mahratta army, whose power was thus effectually broken, and a new puppet

emperor, Shah Alúm, set up by the conqueror on the throne of Delhi. This unfortunate potentate maintained a precarious tenure of power, during the vicissitudes of which he was blinded and imprisoned, and finally became a pensioner of the British Government in 1803. With him may be said to end the history of the Mogul empire.

PART IV.

Cashmere under the Dooránee Governors.

A.D. 1753.—We must now revert to the year 1753, when Abdoola Khan, the first Dooránee Governor, appointed Rajah Sookh Jewan as his mooktear (deputy), and departed from Cashmere. No sooner, however, was his back turned than a general impatience at Dooránee rule manifested itself. Rajah Sookh Jewan, placing himself at the head of this popular movement, began to form a confederacy amongst the surrounding hill tribes, and to entertain soldiery, which gradually swelled into an army of forty thousand. Thus backed, he considered himself powerful enough to resist Ahmud Shah, and seems to have aimed at rendering his country independent, and himself its king. Ahmud Shah Abdállie, however, on his return to Lahore, determined on subduing the refractory province, and chastising the leader of the insurrection. He accordingly entered into an alliance with Runjeet Dehu, of Jummoo (1754), guided by whose advice and aid, he despatched an army under Noorooddeen Khan, to invade Cashmere. Sookh Jewan collected his allies, and advanced to meet him at the head of fifty thousand men: he was, however, deserted by his nobles, was captured, and blinded by the successful Noorooddeen, who sent him in chains before the Emperor, Ahmud Shah, under whose horse, and those of his courtiers, the unfortunate rajah was trampled to death.

From this period—during which Cashmere was ruled by governors appointed by the Dooránee Kings of Kabul—the valley was the prey of intrigue, plunder, and rebellion. Most of the governors, encouraged by the feeble character of Ahmud Shah's successors, attempted to set up for themselves, till reduced to order by more powerful aspirants than themselves; and, in fact, the whole kingdom was convulsed by the rival claims of the

Sudoozaie and Barukzai factions; the former of whom—by an act of ruthless vigour about the year 1796—succeeded in killing and dispersing the rival clan of Barukzai, few of whom escaped the slaughter: but amongst these were three of the most vigorous representatives of the Barukzaies—Futteh Khan, Dost Mahomed (afterwards King of Kabul), and Azim Khan, afterwards Ruler of Cashmere.

In 1801 Shah Zeman, King of Kabul, invaded India, and had penetrated as far as Lahore, when the intelligence reached him that his own brother, Mahomed Shah, of Herat, together with the fugitive Futteh Khan Barukzai, had invaded Kabul in his absence. He accordingly returned precipitately, abandoning men and guns on the road. On his return to Kabul the unfortunate Zeman Shah was deserted by his nobles, seized, blinded, and imprisoned. His Wuzzeer, Wuffadar Khan—by whose power he had been sustained so long—was put to death, and the Barukzai family obtained a complete ascendancy. During this period, however, two of the Sudoozai family—Atta Mahomed, Governor of Cashmere, and Jehandad Khan, Governor of Attock—still held out in the interests of their family, and defied the Barukzaies.

On the retreat of Shah Zeman from Lahore in the year A.D. 1801, *Runjeet Sing*, chief of one of the missals or clans of the Sikh confederacy, had risen rapidly into importance, and had consolidated a nation, whose elements he found existing in the Punjaub in a disjointed form. Steadily advancing in power, he had, in fact, by this time (1801) achieved a place amongst the number of the princes of India, and was even deemed an ally worthy of the British Government. Thinking him, therefore, a fit coadjutor, Futteh Khan Barukzai—eldest brother of Dost Mahomed—feeling himself unequal to the conquest of Cashmere thus fortified by the Sudoozai brothers, proceeded to Lahore towards the end of 1812, and entered into a treaty for a subsidiary force for the invasion of the valley, for which it was stipulated Runjeet Sing was to receive eight lakhs of rupees (£80,000) annually. Mokim Chund was accordingly sent by Runjeet, in command of a force of twelve thousand men (1813); which contingent, acting in concert with the army of Futteh Khan, commenced an invasion of Cashmere. Atta Mahomed,

the Sudoozai governor of Cashmere, drew out his forces for battle, but being deserted by some of his officers, and suspecting treachery in others, he shut himself up in the *Shergurrie*, whilst his brother held out the Harrie Parvat, two strongholds in the city of Srinugger; however, the enemy agreed to listen to terms, and, after an interview, Atta Mahomed—with his family and treasure—was allowed to depart peaceably for Peshawer, and thus Futteh Khan gained possession of the country. He shortly after set out to besiege Attock, in which fort Jehander Khan, brother of the late governor, still held out against him. No sooner, however, did he approach Attock than Jehander Khan, who had previously sold the fort to Runjeet Sing, fled, and joined the Sikhs, who refused to surrender that important stronghold. Enraged at this breach of good faith on the part of his ally, Futteh Khan now refused to fulfil the other stipulated terms of agreement, withheld the payment of the eight lakhs to Runjeet Sing, and declared war. On leaving Cashmere, however, he had dismissed his ally, Mokim Chund—Runjeet's general—with the first instalment of the eight lakhs; and the latter, on his departure from Cashmere, had released and taken with him to Lahore the imprisoned Shah Shooja, Prince of Kabul, whom, however, Runjeet Sing detained as a prisoner in honourable captivity. Shah Shooja, at this time, had in his possession the celebrated Koh-i-noor diamond: old Runjeet knew this, and put pressure on the unfortunate Shah Shooja till he gave it up. He was then allowed to escape to the British territory (A.D. 1814).

Shah Shooja—who has thus passed across our stage of action—here disappears from view as an actor in Cashmere politics. His subsequent career, however, is well known to the Indian historian. He was made use of as the political puppet set up against Dost Mahomed, ruler of Kabul, by the so-called Tripartite Treaty, of which the British Government was prime mover, and was thus the unfortunate *causa belli* which led to our misfortunes in Affghanisthán. Happily it is not within the scope of this sketch to more than thus remotely allude to those events.

A.D. 1814.—To resume: Runjeet Sing, on the pretext of the non-fulfilment of treaty on the part of Futteh Shah in withholding payment of the eight lakhs stipulated for, now at the head

of a considerable army, invaded Cashmere in person. The Sikh army arrived at Rajaorie on the 11th of June, 1814, and equipped itself for hill warfare before attempting to force the passes of the Pir Pinjal.

The Rajah of Poonch (Rahoola Khan) had openly joined Azim Khan, the new governor of Cashmere—brother of Futteh Khan—and Uggar Khan, Rajah of Rajaorie, had every disposition to do likewise had not his country been already occupied by the enemy: as it was, he beguiled them by false intelligence and treacherous guides, and was thus, perhaps, more serviceable to the Cashmere party than if he had openly joined them. It was determined that Runjeet Sing in person should lead the principal army by the Poonch road towards Tosi Maidan, whilst a diversion should be made by Barumgulla. This last, under Ram Dyal, gained the post of Barumgulla, but it was not till the middle of July that a general advance was made. On the 13th of that month, however, Runjeet marched from Poonch and reached Tosi Maidan on the 18th, where he found Mahomed Azim Khan and the Cashmere army ready to receive him. For once old Runjeet appears to have lost his head, and his hesitation in attacking on this occasion seems to have led to the disasters which followed. His army being discouraged by the delay in attacking the enemy, lost ground, and was eventually forced into a precipitate retreat to Poonch, with the loss of its baggage. Runjeet here quitted the camp and hurried to Lahore. Meanwhile, Ram Dyal having forced the Pir Pinjal, and defeated the Cashmere force which attacked him at Heerpore, advanced as far as Shupeyon, the first town in the valley, and all had been well had Runjeet Sing's force succeeded; but Ram Dyal's detachment was now surrounded, and only saved from utter destruction through the friendship of Azim Khan for Mokim Chund, the grandfather of Ram Dyal its commander. His force was allowed to retire, and the victorious Azim Khan then resumed the quiet government of Cashmere, which was this year desolated by a severe famine, and several severe winters about this time added to the miseries of the people.

The Sikhs being thus repulsed, the Governor, Azim Khan, began now to oppress the Hindoos, whom he suspected—probably not without reason—of a disposition favourable to the Sikhs. At

length—after six years of rule, during which he had amassed two crores of rupees (£2,000,000 sterling), extorted from the unhappy country—he left his brother, Jubbur Khan, as his deputy, and proceeded to Kabul, to the assistance of his eldest brother, Futteh Khan, at that time a prisoner in the hands of the Sudoozaies. He arrived, however, too late to prevent that high-spirited chief from being foully assassinated in the presence of (and by order of) the Shah. It does not fall to our province to trace the future career of Azim Khan, who, without doubt, had ably held and defended Cashmere. He subsequently became ruler of Kabul, till, misunderstandings occurring betwixt himself and his younger brother, Dost Mahomed Khan—whose force of character he appears never to have fully recognised—he allowed, by his want of prompt action at a critical time, the golden moments of opportunity to pass, and he died, defeated, of a broken heart in 1822.

A.D. 1818.—We must, however, revert to our more immediate subject—Cashmere. Jubbur Khan being left as naib (or deputy) evinced every disposition to govern well, and carried on the government with mercy and equity for the space of six months. But the wrath of the Punjaub Lion (Runjeet Sing) although baffled, had been aroused. Since his unsuccessful invasion of Cashmere in the year 1814 he had occupied himself in repairing the losses sustained by his arms, and in punishing the hill rajahs and other allies of Azim Khan this side the Pir Pinjal, to whom he mainly attributed his repulse. At length—in the spring of A.D. 1819—encouraged by his recent successes against Mooltan, and instigated by Dewan Misr Chand and other advisers, he collected an army "*as numerous as ants and locusts*" (lit.), and invaded Cashmere a second time. Taught by former reverses, Runjeet Sing now adopted every precaution to ensure success. He divided his army into three divisions; the *advance* under Misr Chand, the *support* under Prince Khurruk Sing, and the *reserve* under Runjeet himself.

By the middle of June the Dewan had occupied Rajaorie, Poonch, and all the hills this side the Pir Pinjal, and on the 23rd, by a simultaneous attack, carried the positions of the rajahs of those two states, who covered the passes. At the same time Prince Khurruk Sing, with the support, occupied Poonch and

Rajaorie. Meantime the Cashmere Governor, Jubbur Khan, made some show of resistance; he advanced in person as far as Heerpore, and sent forward troops to close the pass, but his arrangements for defence were ill concerted, as he allowed Dewan Misr Chand to turn his position by a flank march, and to take up a favourable position in his rear at Deopore. There, however, he engaged the enemy with five thousand men on the 5th July, but was wounded and defeated after a feeble action, and fled with his Pathans by the Baramoola pass towards the river Indus. By this time Runjeet Sing, with the reserve, had reached Rajaorie, but did not proceed to view his conquest, of which, indeed, he appears to have entertained a superstitious dread, and never visited in person. Dewan Misr Chand, therefore, advanced and occupied the city and country of Cashmere, which thus—after a lapse of nearly five centuries—again fell under the sway of a quasi-Hindoo sovereign in 1819.

PART V.

Cashmere under the Sikhs.

A.D. 1819.—The Sikh army, under Dewan Misr Chand, having thus occupied Cashmere, Motee Ram, son of the late Dewan Mokim Chund, was appointed governor of the valley by Runjeet Sing. We now also obtain a glimpse of a character destined to play no slight or unimportant part in the history of Cashmere. During May, Sirdar *Golaub Sing* seized Uggar Khan, the rebellious Rajah of Rajaorie, and for this service obtained the Jageer of Jummoo, and title of Rajah. This chief will be found ultimately gaining possession of the entire of Cashmere.

In A.D. 1825 Dewan Keerpa Ram was governor, in whose time occurred the great earthquake, which laid every house in the city low. During the *three months* of its continuance the shocks at first were not less than an hundred per diem, after which they gradually diminished. The inhabitants lived entirely in tents. This governor was very fond of display, but was, nevertheless, a good ruler. At length he excited the jealousy of Rajah Dhian Sing, the all-powerful minister of Runjeet, who brought about his recall in 1830. The order summoning the governor to appear at the Lahore durbar, and give an account of

his stewardship, took him entirely by surprise: it arrived during a nocturnal fête, which he was enjoying with his suite, at the "Lank" island in the city lake (locally called the "dhull,") which he had illuminated for the occasion. This sudden disgrace, arriving thus in the hour of revelry, greatly disconcerted the unfortunate Keerpa Ram, who, nevertheless, obeyed, and proceeded to Lahore, where, on arrival, he was imprisoned for a short time on the plea of embezzling the public money. Subsequently, his own and his father Motee Ram's estates being confiscated to make good the pretended deficit, he was released, and soon after resorted to that usual refuge of Punjaub functionaries, a pilgrimage to Hurdwar, where his subsequent poverty was the best argument for his innocence of the peculation attributed to him.

A.D. 1831.—Prince Shere Sing (afterwards maharajah) soon afterwards assumed the government of Cashmere, and appointed Bisaka Sing his dewan, who attended to the affairs of the country whilst the prince took his pleasure in field sports, to which he was much addicted. The prince, himself, was an easy ruler, but neglected his charge, and allowed his dewan to extort money and plunder the revenue. A great famine at this time also added to the miseries of the people, thousands of whom died, and many fled the country to Hindosthán and the Punjaub. Their wretched condition attracted the notice of Runjeet Sing, who forthwith despatched Kooshiál Sing—with a council of other chiefs having full powers—to collect the revenue, and watch Shere Sing and his dewan. Kooshiál Sing, on arrival (1832), accordingly assumed control of the finances from the dewan, but Prince Shere Sing remained in the country as before, following his favourite pursuits. Kooshiál Sing, fully aware that a cash remittance was the most effectual method of convincing his master (old Runjeet) of his fitness for the commission entrusted to him, presently extorted twenty lakhs of rupees (£200,000) from the already impoverished country: he departed after six months, laden with spoil, and Colonel Meean Sing was selected by the maharajah, on account of his humane character, as a fit governor for the unhappy valley (1833). That officer accordingly proceeded towards Cashmere, but finding that Prince Shere Sing had not yet seen fit to surrender his government, halted at Baramoola a month. At length that royal personage leisurely set out on his return to

Lahore, after having misruled the country for upwards of three years. Meean Sing then assumed the government, and set himself to work to repair the country desolated by famine and oppression.

Meean Sing seems to have been a kind and just man, who prevented his soldiers from oppressing the people; a condition of things almost inseparable, as it would seem, from the military occupation of a tributary country by Asiatic soldiery. His measures were successful, and he was raised to the rank of general in 1836 as a mark of acknowledgment of his services.

A.D. 1838.—This year great floods—to which the Cashmere valley has in all ages been subject—occurred, which forced the inhabitants to take to their boats. I may here mention that a considerable portion of the inhabitants of the Cashmere valley lead a semi-aquatic existence; many families reside entirely in their boats, whose registered number—of boats paying tax—in the time of Akbar, as related in the "Ayeen Akbarie," exceeded three thousand; and it is further related that in the time of the Shah Hamedan there were five thousand seven hundred boats on the lakes and rivers of Cashmere.

A.D. 1839.—The following year the "Lion of the Punjaub," Runjeet Sing, died, and was succeeded by the imbecile Khurruk Sing, who followed his father ten months after. Noo Nehal Sing, Runjeet's grandson, was also killed—whether accidently or otherwise has never been satisfactorily proved—by the fall of a gateway at Lahore. Upon this a state of anarchy ensued amongst the rival Sikh sirdars—a graphic picture of which has been pourtrayed by other hands—during all which struggles for power, however, Meean Sing remained quiet in his government. At length he fell in a mutiny of his troops by the hand of one Jemadar Telluck Sing. This mutiny was occasioned by that usual grievance of Asiatic armies—arrears of pay, and also probably by the restrictions placed on the plundering habits of the soldiery. Telluck Sing having demanded payment of arrears for his regiment, drew his tulwar (sword), and calling on Meean Sing to "go aloft," that being the slang for death amongst the Sikhs, killed him on the spot. Thus perished the well meaning Meean Sing. Intemperance and sensuality had, however, by this time gone far to impair the impulses of humanity and

justice with which he had commenced his career, and in consequence of his gross appetites his person had attained a most unwieldly and unseemly bulk. Telluck Sing then sacked the treasury, and put himself at the head of the rebellion. Meantime Golaum Mohy-ood-deen, a Mahomedan, had been despatched by Maharajah Shere Sing—now ruler of Lahore—as governor, to relieve Meean Sing, but on arriving at Shupeyon in progress to join his appointment, finding that the Sherghurrie—the regal residence of Cashmere—was in the possession of the rebels, he halted and wrote for assistance. Rajah Golaub Sing of Jummoo, and other sirdars, were now sent to put down the mutineers, which they succeeded in effecting after several engagements, in which the rebels were nearly all slain.

A.D. 1824.—Golaum Mohy-ood-deen was then installed as Governor of Cashmere. During the summer of this year Golaub Sing remained a month in the valley engaged in collecting and forwarding supplies for his troops, employed at this time under the famous Zorawar Sing, in reducing Thibet, on whose trade in shawl-wool, etc., this merchant prince had early set his eye. Soon after this the governor met with a repulse at Ghilgit, which encouraged several of the hostile tributary rajahs to rebel. Combining their forces, they pressed the governor so hard that he was fain to apply for assistance from Lahore. His son, Sheikh Emam-oo-deen, was accordingly despatched with an army of fifteen thousand men to his assistance by the new ruler of Lahore —Maharajah Heera Sing—who had succeeded to the guddie (throne), 1843. On the approach of this overwhelming reinforcement the rebels dispersed, and the sheikh went to pay his respects to his father, the governor, who associated him in the government. At length Golaum Mohy-ood-deen, being in an infirm state of health, left his son, Sheikh Emam-oo-deen, as governor, and proceeded to Lahore, to pay his respects at court. He was, however, taken ill on the road, returned to Cashmere, and there died, after ruling the country five years, 1845. In the time of Mohy-ood-deen the cholera created great havoc amongst the inhabitants, no less than twenty-three thousand of whom are stated to have died in the city of Srinugger alone.

An interval of anarchy at Lahore occurs at this period, until at length the undisciplined arrogance of the Sikh soldiery led

them to invade the British territory across the Sutlej, in December, 1845. The campaign of 1845-6 on the Sutlej ensued, terminating in the defeat of the Sikh armies at the battles of Moodkhee, Férozeshah, Alliwál, and Sobráon, and the military occupation of Lahore by the British army in February, 1846, succeeded by a treaty and the establishment of Dhulleep Sing, a child of eight, on the throne of the Punjaub, with Lall Sing as minister of the queen regent, Cashmere being made over to Rajah Golaub Sing, of Jummoo, for a *consideration* of something under a million sterling—say £750,000.

We need not enter on the intrigues of that period; sufficient to say, that on the approach of Golaub Sing's general to take possession of Cashmere, the Governor—Sheikh Emam-oo-deen—acting under secret instructions from the Lahore durbar, refused to surrender his trust, and, collecting his followers, succeeded in beating back Golaub Sing's troops. He had even formed ambitious designs for a Mahomedan confederacy, to defy alike the Sikhs and the British. His resources, however, were manifestly inadequate to such a project, and on a British force advancing to Jummoo, he was induced to surrender. Maharajah Golaub Sing, of Jummoo, thus became independent ruler of Cashmere and the Kohistan—hill country—of the Punjaub in A.D. 1847.

The sketch of history, of which this is an abridgment, here ends. The History of Cashmere subsequent to this period presents but few incidents, and is too recent to be regarded from the standpoint of historical investigation. Supported by the British Government, and much influenced by the wise counsels of Sir Henry Lawrence—the Resident of Lahore—and succeeding governors of the Punjaub, Maharajah Golaub Sing, by prudence and adherence to his treaty obligations, established his dynasty on the throne of Cashmere. In the perilous year 1857 he remained loyal, and even furnished a contingent, whose *moral* support at the seige of Delhi was considerable. He died soon after, leaving the kingdom to his eldest son, the late Maharajah Runbeer Sing, who, also—guided by prudence, and following the traditions of his family—continued the wise policy of his predecessor.

We may assume the present ruler of Cashmere to be on the

whole tolerably well affected towards his feudal suzerain the British Government. *His interests demand it!* But it must be confessed that in view to our approaching relations—trade and otherwise—with Central Asia, and with Russia in the background, the existence of an army on our flank, twenty thousand strong, is a fact that should not be overlooked. The reader of these pages will have seen that Cashmere—and why not North-west India?—*has been, in ancient times, invaded by the routes of Yassin*,* from Budakhshan, *and Ghilgit, as also from Kashgar and Yarkund*, by Leh, and over the Kara Korum range,—routes by no means so inaccessible to the passage of barbarous hordes of Kirghiz, and other Asiatic nomads, as is generally supposed. At anyrate, the threat of such a thing in the event of war, might assuredly be resorted to by an astute enemy, with a view of disturbing our political equanimity, and of locking up the European garrison of India.

This route we are now opening out for trade, and let it not be forgotten that *where trade can flow war can follow!* and some might even confess doubts whether the policy we are inaugurating in that quarter may not, at anyrate, be premature, until the army and state of Cashmere be absolutely at our disposal for defensive purposes. To this end, amongst the first steps would appear to be the appointment of a *permanent* Resident at the court of Cashmere (Srinugger), with, perhaps, a few officers to organize a system of frontier defences in imperial interests; or even—in view of eventualities—the formation of a British contingent. Let me not be mistaken; as before said, our treaty obligations bind us. I would not, therefore, seek to weaken, but rather to confirm and strengthen the Cashmere State, whose chief—far from a jealous exclusiveness—should seek to draw closer his relations with the British.

Holding in view that pressure on the *flank* of a rival or enemy may be considered the surest means of checking his advance, it

* About A.D. 1539, Mirza Hyder and Syud Khan of Kashgar invaded Cashmere by the route of Ladak and the Sinde valley of Lar Pergunnah; and again in 1557 a nephew of the above Mirza Hyder invaded Cashmere with an army of twelve thousand Kashgurries; and earlier, we read of armies of Moguls and others advancing from Budakshan by the line of Yassin and Ghilgit, over the Barogil Pass.

would seem, then, that strong governments and armies in Persia, Affghanisthán, and Cashmere are amongst the true means of checking further advances of the great northern power, a colossus which, *if it fall not to pieces from its own bulk*, must always affect the politics of India, and in times of war may threaten, or seriously influence, the destinies of the eastern world, not to mention Europe. In contemplation of events such as these speculations appear to suggest, it may be that *Cashmere* is destined to play a great part in the future history of our Indian empire. At this stage of its history a Roman politician would doubtless exclaim with Scipio: "*Delenda est, delenda est!*—Cashmere *must* be occupied up to the Indus." Our more honest policy, unless compelled to other measures by hostile events, will probably be *Confirmanda est!* Strengthen it, and render it the great northern bulwark of our Indian empire, of which, indeed, it is a feudatory though outlying province. The great river *Indus*, in its entire course, then would become the northern boundary of British India.

Many reasons might be adduced why this noble country, lying *on our flank*, should be occupied by us! It bounds our frontier to the Indus—that ancient and natural boundary of Hindosthán! It would form a vast depôt of supplies for our advancing armies, and it forms, in fact, the great north-west bastion of India. A good score of reasons—moral, political, and military—might be given for its becoming "all red." As long, however, as the present chief, adheres to his treaty obligations, it is difficult to see how any pretext for its absorption into the British imperial system can be brought about.

The Cashmere army—recruited as it is from Dógras, the maharajah's tribe—appears to me the most vulnerable point. Asiatic armies have not always been loyal to the chiefs who (neglect to) pay them! but who, nevertheless, must always be held responsible for their acts! Hitherto, it must be confessed that this army has been loyal to its chief, and not unfriendly to ourselves. Nevertheless, the History of Cashmere exhibits at least one mutiny of the troops forming its garrison. Hostile invasions, also, from more than one quarter have been recorded; *sometimes with the concurrence of the Cashmere Government!* Is there any chance of such a contingency in the future! It is an important question.

We have seen that the routes from the north and north-west —though presenting fearful obstacles—are by no means so impervious to Asiatic armies as has been supposed; and we may be quite sure that, in time of war in Europe—though no invasion occurred—pressure in the form of threatened invasion might be brought to bear in that quarter by our great northern rival, a colossus whose development eastwards since the Crimean war is all the more vigorously directed towards India and the East!

I do not say but that Cashmere, under its present well affected chief, might not, with political management, be made a valuable bulwark and auxiliary even in its present form, slightly modified; and my remarks do not point to any arbitrary straining of the present relations. The whole question is an open one; and in this case expediency and political good faith may possibly be made to work together to the mutual advantage of both countries.*

* These remarks were written twenty-five years ago. The situation is now (1885) somewhat changed; but I would still regard Cashmere as a strong strategic point, and advocate its incorporation within our imperial military system.



APPENDIX II.—"MARTUND."

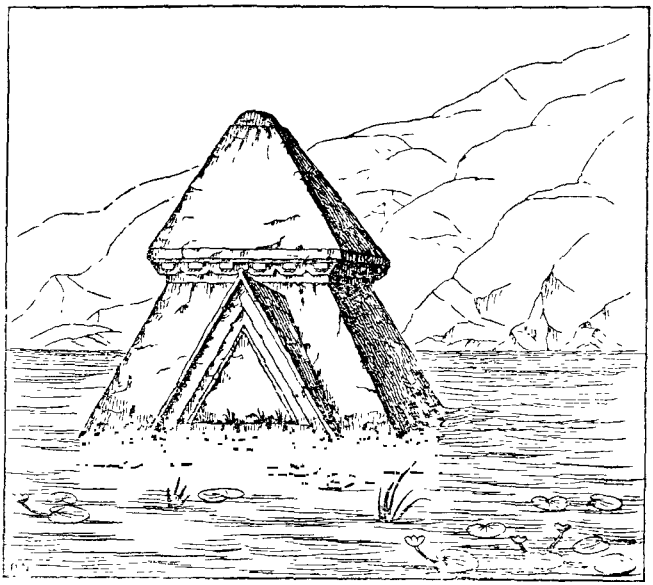
Pages 14 and 92.

THIS noble ruin has been cursorily alluded to in Chapters II. and VIII., and has often been described by travellers. For details, Cunningham's learned essay on the Architecture of Cashmere should be consulted. Here it may be briefly stated that the present Temple—with its cloisters and precincts—was built (or at least restored) at dates between 520—720 A.D., by Ranaditya and Lalitaditya; and the site was probably occupied by a temple of a date long anterior to the present interesting ruin. The central chamber once contained a figure of the Sun God in his chariot, which was destroyed by the Mahomedans. It contained also a bust of the Hindoo Triad—Brahma, the Creator, at *morn;* Vishnú, the Preserver, at *noon;* and Siva, the Destroyer, at *even;* such also being a symbol of the Sun—the "mystic orb triform" of the Vedic hymn to Súrya (the Sun), translated by Sir W. Jones, which emblem appears in a niche over the doorway. Cunningham concludes his notice of this temple in the following words:—

"I can almost fancy that the creation of this 'Sun Temple' "was suggested by the magnificent sunny prospect which its "position commands. It overlooks the finest view in Cashmere, "and, perhaps, in the known world. Beneath it lies the Para- "dise of the East, with its sacred streams and cedarn glens, its "brown orchards and green fields surrounded on all sides by "vast snowy mountains, whose lofty peaks seem to smile upon "the beautiful valley below. Such is the daily prospect from "this happy spot, but there are occasional scenes, which for sub- "lime magnificence, can scarcely be equalled, and certainly can- "not be surpassed; thus when the blue sky was completely "shrouded by heavy masses of clouds, which spanned the valley "from side to side, I once saw the evening sun burst suddenly "forth through the Baramoola Pass. The vast "extent of the scene makes it sublime, for this magnificent view "of Kashmir is no pretty peep into a half-mile glen, but the full "display of a valley sixty miles in breadth and upwards of a "hundred miles in length, the whole of which lies beneath the "ken of the 'wonderful Martund.'"

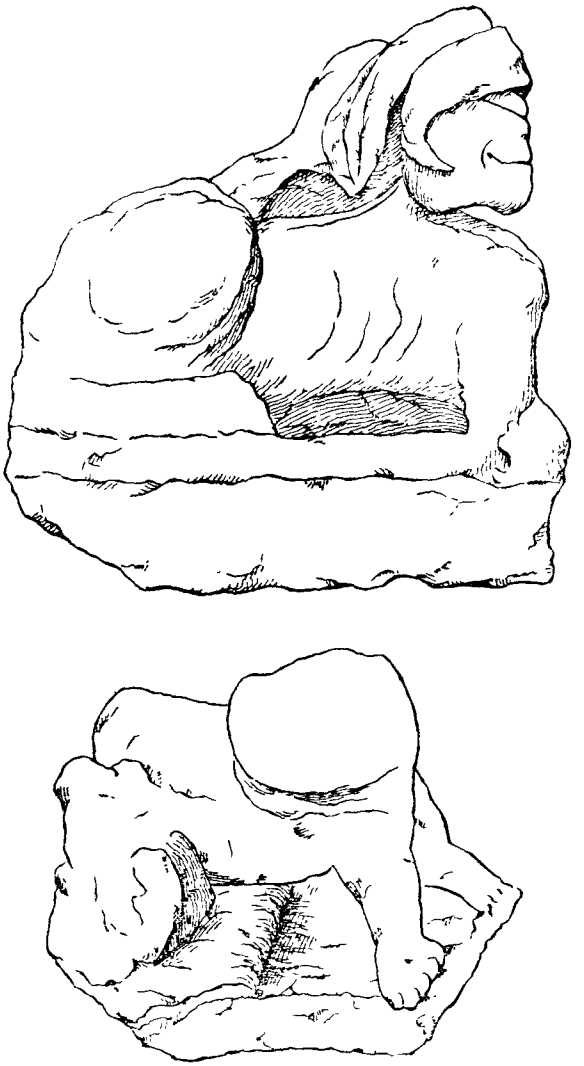
APPENDIX III.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL.

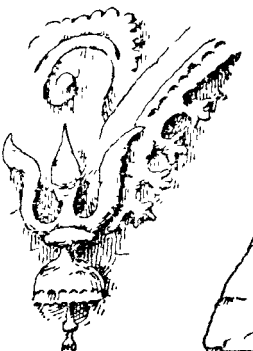


No. 58—*Example of a Submerged Temple in the Manasbul Lake, Cashmere. Chap. IV., page 46.*

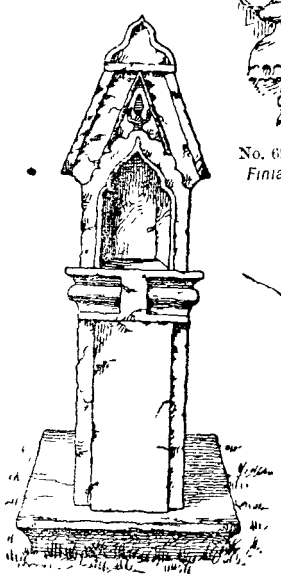
[This temple may be regarded as typical of Cashmere architecture, and closely assimilates to those still found extant at Pandrethun, Pathun, Pyâch, and elsewhere.] See page 164.



Nos. 59 and 60—*Lion Figures from the Mosque of Zein-ul-aboodeen, Cashmere*
(An example of Hindoo Ruins utilized in Mahomedan Architecture)
Chap. IX, page 101.



No. 62—*Bell-shaped Finial, Toolamoola.*



No. 61—*Mahomedan Gravestone at the Mosque of Zein-ul-aboodeen.*

No. 63—*Stone Pillar used as a milestone, near Pathun.*

TEMPLES, &c.

(1). *Pandrethun*, a temple dedicated to Siva—*not* a Boodhist temple as sometimes supposed—being so near to the modern capitol, Srinugger (two miles), it is one most frequently visited. Its name is a corruption of the Sanskrit word "Purána-"Disthána (old capitol). It was built by Partha about A.D. 920. It is about twenty-two feet square, with a height of forty-four feet, and stands in the middle of a pond or tank one hundred and twenty-five feet square. It escaped destruction when Abhimanya set fire to his capitol, which reduced the other limestone buildings to quicklime. Between this point and Pampûr lie some remarkable fragments, amongst them a monolithic pillar which must have been thirty-six feet in height, its lower portion supported by huge female figures, with long plaited tresses like the Greek. The largest fragment weighs twenty-eight tons, and contains three hundred and seventy-five cubic feet. This symbol (evidently the Phallic emblem of the Greeks) was probably erected by Provarasenna about A.D. 410.

(2). *Pathun* signifies a "road"—*not* a "town." There are two temples on the high road, about thirty-three feet and twenty-four feet square, with respective heights of sixty-seven and forty-eight feet. These temples were built about A.D. 900, by Sankrapora.

(3). *Pyâch*, a small temple containing some exquisite carving, situate at a village and pergunnah of the same name, which signifies "clear water," was built by Raja Nar or Nand, about A.D. 490. Dedicated to Siva.

There are many other temples throughout the valley, but as the above have been cited as examples at page 161, their elements are here given.

SECTION II.

THE KOHISTHAN OF THE PUNJAUB.

INTRODUCTORY.

By the term Kôhisthán is meant all those mountains of the lower ranges, subtending the Western arm of the Himalayas, called the Pir Pinjal, which shuts in the Valley of Cashmere, and which extends from the Indus to the Chenâb (Ascesines), and the further ranges across that river to the Sutlej. The subject may thus be conveniently divided into the two parts indicated.

(1)—The Highlands of the Sind-Saugor and Jetcha Döabs, including Pakli, Dhumtore, the Hazáras, Chách, the Chibhál; with notices of Yoosuphzai and the Salt ranges.

(2)—The Highlands of the Rechna, Bári, and Jullundar Döabs, including Kishtewar, Budrawar, Barmáwar (Chumba), the Kangra Valley, Kûlû, and the group of associated hill principalities—Mandi, Sookhét, Nadaun, etc., west of the Sutlej. (See "Highlands of India," Vol. I., pages 55-6.)

The Highlands of the Sind-Saugor Döab, above indicated, nearly coincide with the limits of *Potowar*, the ancient Gakhar principality, embraced by the Indus and Jhelum, forming a broken plateau, bounded on the north by the mountains of Hazára and south by the Salt range; in which Döab also occur Pharwalla, Dhangullie, and Rhótas, three of the Gakhar strongholds, which will be further adverted to in the course of this section.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

THE HIGHLANDS OF THE SIND-SAUGOR DOAB.

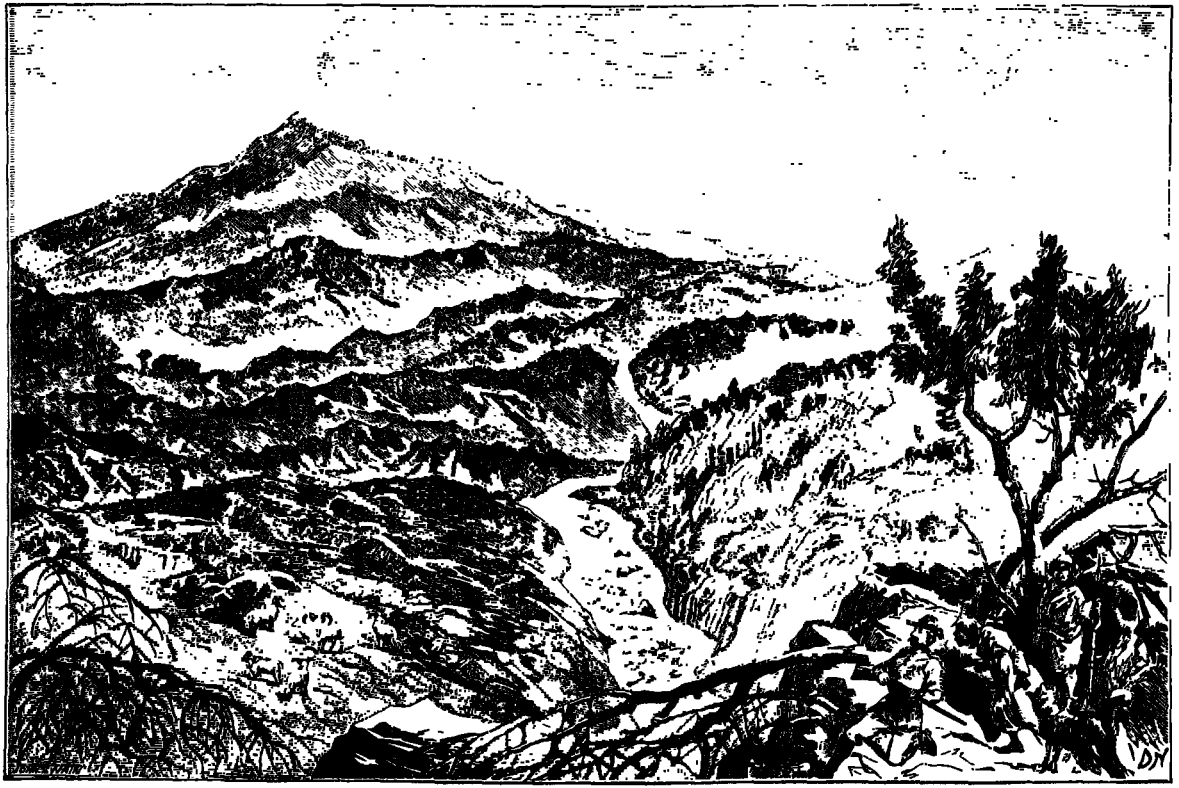
Introductory—Military Expeditions and Rides along the north-west frontier—Valley of the Kurrum—The Hazáras—Along the Indus—Gundgurh—Legends—Rawulpindi, Murrie, and the adjacent Hills—Ooryal Shooting in the Salt Range—Anecdotes—Marches across the Sind-Saugor Döab—Hailstorms—Locusts—Abbottabad & Eastern Hazára—Dhumtore—Coins.

THE natural features of a country are often best disclosed by military expeditions as well as shooting trips, and as the author has had the advantage of participating in at least two such expeditions during five years' service on this frontier, he is thus enabled to recall experiences which—as heretofore in the case of Section "Cashmere"—are, perhaps, most conveniently introduced in the form of a narrative of personal travel.

At the close of the Punjaub campaign several long marches across the Punjaub fell to my lot, which with subsequent service in the Western Döabs, afforded considerable experience of the regions under notice.

During this period, and after, the author was twice quartered in garrison at Rawulpindi, and upwards of two years at Peshawer, so that many opportunities of visiting points of interest in their vicinity were afforded. Having comparative leisure during a portion of the time, he freely availed himself of the opportunity to roam the country on horseback.

The occasional ride across to Kohât in the Derajhât, or on duties of inspection round the north-west frontier



XIII.—*OORYAL SHOOTING IN THE SALT RANGE.*

fortresses—Shub-Kudr, Michni, Aboozai—the bleak camp of Chamkannie (close under Cherát), to which the artillery moved out each season for practice; several expeditions into the mountains against rebellious tribes such as the Kábúl-Khéyl Wuzzeeries, as also against those troublesome fanatics, the Wahábees of Sitána, are referable to this period, and could not fail to present materials bearing on this particular section of the Highlands of the Western Punjaub.

Not devoid of pleasurable excitement were these outings, mingled with such pursuits as hawking in the rolling plains of Yoosuphzai and the Derajhát; hunting up archæological relics in the wilds of Hazára, even into the skirts of Cashmere, varied by the occasional chase of a wolf or a chinkára (ravine deer or gazelle*), on the plains of Chách, or stalk of an ooryal in the salt ranges of the Jetcha or Sind-Saugor Döabs, or a cast for a mahaseer in the Hurrôh, the Sirun, or the Dor!

The experiences thus acquired will be availed of in the following brief attempt to put before the reader a few salient features of those districts: but first I must crave leave to assume the personal form of narrative, wherein —chiefly following the order of Vol. I.—my attempt will be to introduce a few elements of the picturesque, as exhibited in the natural scenery, together with notices of the wild game to be found along those marches; and in this I am beholden to several friends, who have kindly come forward to supplement my own rather slender experiences in that way.

The nooks and corners of these rough districts of the "Land of the five rivers," though sometimes—nay, gener-

* I used to hunt those beautiful creatures on horseback—rifle in hand —but must confess I never shot one that way, though I have cut off young antelope from the herd, by riding them, in other parts of the Punjaub.

ally—rugged and inhospitable, are yet not without a certain beauty of their own, especially to an eye appreciative of varied types of the "sublime and beautiful."

Apart from more extended excursions, during which I certainly went over a good deal of wild country, it was my daily habit to mount my horse towards the cool of each unemployed afternoon, and to ride out free and far towards the setting sun; a pause to see him sink, a glance around at the darkening landscape, and then a gallop back to camp as fast as ground permitted, to dress for mess; such was my "habit of life" in those days of my "Quarter of a Century in the Punjaub!"



No. 64—*Sunset in the Salt range*

I will first recount a military experience.

In December, 1859, my valued friend and brother officer, Captain (Dick) Mecham, was murdered by robbers whilst travelling on the Derajhát frontier, and a force was organized to avenge him on the tribes who were harbouring the murderers. I had volunteered to accompany this force, which was assembling under that distinguished officer, Sir Neville Chamberlain. After some attempt to do duty with the cavalry of the Guides, then under command of Colonel—now Sir Harry—Lumsden, I joined No. 1 Punjaub Frontier Battery, with which I served throughout the expedition. The force assembled at Kohât in December, 1859, and consisted of some six or seven thousand frontier troops with thirty British officers. Little shot was flying on that occasion, but I was glad to have an opportunity to serve in a highland

expedition under so able a commander as Sir Neville. The experience of rough marching was considerable, and rather startling at times. My immediate commander, Captain—now Major-General—J. R. Sladen, certainly did not spare his horses, or shrink from ground I should have previously considered impracticable for "stirrup" artillery! The enemy made a sort of stand in the upper ranges, but neither the field artillery nor cavalry could follow them further than a march or two beyond the Kurrum, though they occupied the valley whilst the infantry and mountain guns chased the enemy as far as Speen-wán and Jooni in the higher ranges of the "Suliemán" or "Pushtoo" hills. We—the mounted branch—occupied the "Valley of the Kurrum," but I had the satisfaction of being present at the burning of Zungi Shah's (the murderer's) village or stronghold—where his family was seized—but he himself, for the time, escaped to other sections of the tribe of Wuzzeeries (Mahsoods), and a second expedition had to go out after him. I am glad to add that the ruffian was ultimately caught and hanged for the murder of my poor friend.



No. 65—*On the Kurrum.*

It was on this occasion that the slight experience of those Trans-Indus valleys alluded to in Section XVI. of "Highlands of India," was acquired. The remarks on the topographical aspects of the valleys of Kurrum, Khóst, and Dáwár, need not be recapitulated, but instead an extract from my journal may, perhaps, interest (see

Appendix I.), as more fully bearing on the picturesque aspects and natural scenery of the region embraced by the outer or Eastern "Suliemáns" and the *Pushtoo* hills, the dividing ridge between India (Alba) and Kábúl, a tract which, though generally rugged, is not without fertility and picturesqueness at certain points. The clear stream of the Kurrum flowing down the valley, at places sparkling round rocky bluffs, anon calmly widening into fertilizing channels as it meanders between banks fringed with alder bushes and willows amidst patches of alluvial land, on which a few villages and water mills dot the landscape; a pool or eddy suggestive of mahaseer; rugged uplands bounding the valley, rising into mountains of considerable elevation on both sides; here and there a solitary forest tree, perhaps a semul (cotton tree), standing forth from the normal flat, a landmark to the wayfarer; now and then a ridge crowned, may be, by a group of wild, fanatical, blue-clad, shield-backed Wuzzeeries watching the Feringhee foe, perhaps brandishing their tulwars (swords) in the sun; the white tents of the British and the dark-brown huts of the allies; whilst scattered along the riverain plateaux strings of camels, a few elephants, and the glittering phalanx of the troops winding up the hillside in column, out of the valley, to the attack, or re-crossing the river after the return from



No. 66—*VALLEY OF THE KURRUM*
Camp at Shewa; Troops crossing the valley.

the assault; such are elements of the picturesque which might be made much of by the military artist. I, myself, was only enabled to make one or two fugitive sketches of these suggestive scenes, chiefly, if I mistake not, from horseback.

Such is a reminiscence of this remote valley in the years 1859-60.

Here also it may, perhaps, be well to introduce another military experience in the Hazára district—namely, our military demonstration to Derbund and Umb, on the Indus, in 1863, as illustrative of the picturesque aspects of Upper Hazára, another march of the same Indus frontier.

During the autumn of that year, the Jadouns and their associated tribesmen at Kubbul, opposite Torbéla, on the Indus, urged also by those persistent enemies of the British Government, the fanatics of Sitána across the river, began a system of menace and coercion of our subjects at Hurriepore and elsewhere in Hazára, whom they would kidnap, sew up in mussocks (leather water-skins), and so tow across the Indus. If the hapless ones survived this ordeal then a heavy ransom was inflicted. Their aggressions had become so intolerable that a force had to go out to protect the frontier. On the 9th of October, 1863, a force—of which my battery formed a component part—marched for that purpose, but as the details are purely military it may suffice to add them in an appendix, confining myself in this place to the picturesque aspect of the district alluded to.*

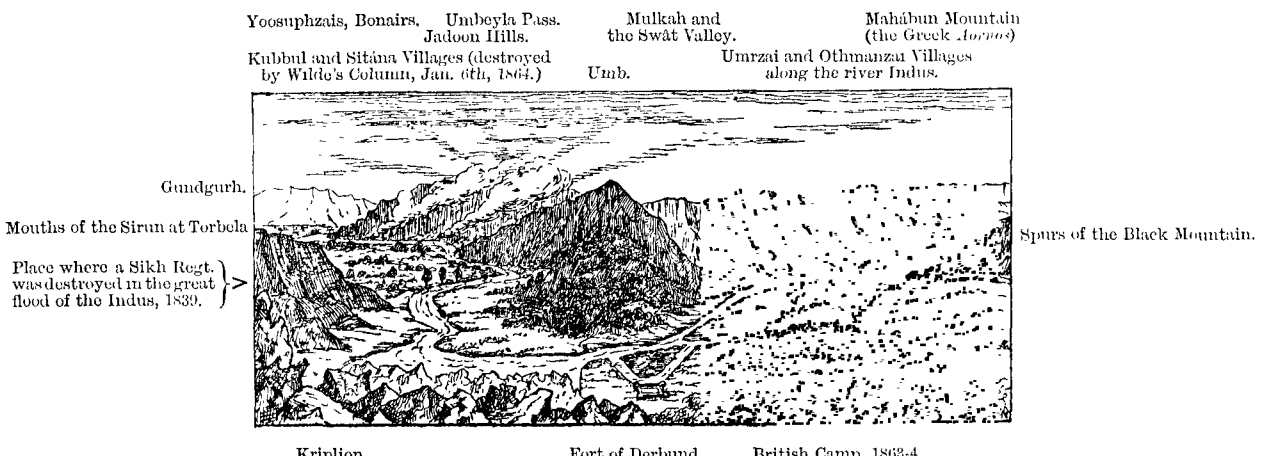
The "picturesque"—of which this volume professes to treat—was chiefly represented by the great north river Indus or Abu-Sín (Father of Waters), emerging from the dark mountains of Dardosthán, thence roaring over its

* See Appendix II.

winding and rocky bed along the tortuous valley, towards Torbéla and the Chách, enclosed by dark gneiss and sandstone rocks, towering into the plutonic hills of syenite—the upper ranges. The grand gorge from which the Indus emerges, is bounded on one side by the "Black Mountain," on the other by Mahábun—the Aornos of the Greeks—looming as far down as "Gundgurh," the celebrated "Mountain of Thunder." On either side of the great river, villages of wild tribes, such as Umrzais, Othmanzais, and Jadoons, are perched on the river terraces and stony plateaux across the river; an occasional strip of fertility in the re-entering alluvial bends and lateral glens of the great river, varied by reaches of rock and sand immediately on the river shores; the mountains on each side rising into bleak eminences and plateaux, generally stony, but occasionally crowned with sparse fir, and not without a rugged picturesqueness, presenting, however, a type of inhospitable mountain so different from the glorious forest-clad Himalayas of India proper!

I have mentioned "Gundgurh," which terminates this group; and, indeed, any picture of Hazára would be incomplete without some reference to that extraordinary block of mountain, which extends for about thirty miles down the left bank of the Indus, and then juts into the plain, forming the north-west buttress of the Chách.

"This is one of the most remarkable mountains in the world. It is a rock of black clay slate, capped with limestone, about thirty miles in length, and rising to about 4,500 feet above the sea. It is generally inaccessible on the eastern face, but three considerable fissures run into the mountain by a gradual ascent, until they have climbed about half the entire altitude. The north-east corner of the mountain is accessible. Being isolated by valleys, and not scarped with precipices on the western face, Gundgurh might at first view appear easy of conquest, but the fact has been proved to be far otherwise.



No. 67—*PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE INDUS FOR A DISTANCE OF 25 MILES*
(Taken from the mountain above Derbund.) *see also Appendix II.*

Its main strength is undoubtedly in the valour of its inhabitants; but this is assisted by local peculiarities. The northern portion of the mountain is a table upon which, and in the ravines, dwell about four thousand inhabitants of the Mushwáni tribe, one of the bravest races in the world. The remainder of the mountain is a long sharp ridge, of which the spurs only, which descend westwards towards the Indus, are inhabited. The ridge itself is rugged, and wholly destitute of water. Thus the northern portion, called Srikôt, is a natural fortress, victualled and garrisoned, and its extent being inconsiderable, the inhabitants can see almost from their dwellings the movement of an enemy beneath, and can muster rapidly at any threatened point to meet the danger.

All the ascents to the mountain are extremely steep and rugged. The mountain is filled with a thorny jungle, mixed with scattered rocks, behind which sharpshooters find secure cover. The deep Indus, without a boat, is close at hand, beyond which the inhabitants can retire upon inflated hides if hard pressed. The opposite, or western, border of the river, is occupied by warlike independent tribes closely allied to those of the mountain. These tribes readily afford shelter to fugitives, and as readily come forward themselves to aid in the defence of Gundgurh.

A soldier who considers these facts, will not marvel at the fame this mountain has acquired in the Punjaub. It is one of the few points at which Nádir Shah failed, being here signally defeated; and in six battles it maintained its fame as a virgin fortress, the last being the more bloody and disastrous defeat of Hurrie Sing, the hero of the Sikhs at Nara."

It may be added, that it was on this mountain that the distinguished *James Abbott*—to whom I am indebted for the above extract—took his stand in 1848-49, during the Punjaub War, having a hostile army of seventeen thousand Sikhs at Hurriepore on one flank, and another of twelve thousand Patháns at Attock on the other. Here he held his own, supported by his brave mountaineers, during the entire Punjaub War.

An occasional tiger is found on this mountain: my friend, General James Abbott, informs me he shot two on Gundgurh during the above period.

To follow up the above description of Gund or "*Gunj*"-ghur—the Mountain of Thunder—it may be added that a legend* relates that within its hollow bowels "Russaloo," the heroic son of Salivahána—a sort of Punjaubi Rustum—is fabled to have shut the Ráchas Tera, after having slain his three brothers, the Ráchusses Pehoon, Pagrputt, and Chindia. It was, in fact, into this mountain that the Hero "Russaloo" chased the Giant Tera, who is supposed at the present day to be shut up within its caverns. Occasionally he endeavours to escape, but at view of Russaloo's bow hanging at the entrance, he returns into the bowels of the rock with terrific roar.

"Back to the darkest gloom he turns his steps with hideous roar,
"Which rocks the mountain to its base, and thrills the affrighted shore."

It is a curious fact that mysterious rumblings—not attributable to earthquake or thunder—have, at times, emanated from this mountain; but of late—since the great cataclysm of the Indus in 1839—these sounds have altogether or nearly ceased. James Abbott thus accounts for this mysterious circumstance—

I account for this sound, and its cessation, in the following manner,—*Gundgurh* is the last mountain in the long deep trough of the Indus. Sounds uttered in narrow passes of that trough are multiplied like the human voice in a speaking trumpet. The last wave of sound is reflected from Gundgurh, the last mountain of the chain. It seems to people of the plain to be the utterance of the mountain itself. About one hundred and fifty miles above Gundgurh the Indus cleaves the snowy Caucasus, being scarped on either hand by gigantic cliffs,—large masses of these cliffs plunging into the deep stream created a wave of sound, which was borne onward by the conducting agency of the mountains on either hand, and eventually came to the plains reflected from Gundgurh. But about A.D. 1839 an enormous mass of the over-

* For a detail of this legend, see Appendix at end of this section.

hanging cliff fell into the river channel so as to dam up the river for months, until the overflow of the accumulated waters burst the dam and deluged the entire valley, carrying away alike the rock, the forest, and the very soil. It is easy to suppose that such a fall would bear with it all the crumbling masses of the cliff, and leave a clear and solid scarp, which for many years would not shed any considerable mass into the river.

To the above lucid explanation of this mysterious afflatus of Gundgurh, I may note that nearly opposite Derbund a spot was pointed out to me where an entire regiment of Sikhs—having camped on an alluvial strip of land closely under the mountains abutting on the river—were swept away into the river and destroyed by this flood. I have put a mark on the sketch where this catastrophe occurred. The effects of this great cataclysm were both felt and heard as the rumbling from an earthquake for many hundred miles down the river. At Attock, lower down, many buildings, and, of course, many boats, were swept away. The stream of the Kabul river was rolled back as far as Naoshera, where some of the buildings were swamped; but this phenomenon has, in a less degree, since occurred, in floods of the Indus, which will frequently rise forty or sixty feet in a few hours. Trees were shown me on whose tops men had taken refuge for several days, till the flood subsided.



No 68—*THE KABUL RIVER JOINING THE INDUS AT ATTOCK.*
(Low water.)

One or two sketches I was able to make may aid to supplement this rather meagre outline; an extract from my journal of those days, including a "day's duck shooting on the upper Indus," may further aid the picture I could wish to reproduce of this wild and weather-beaten country side, inhabited as it is, also, by clans as rugged and untamed as the wild stony hills amidst the solitudes of which they dwell. Still, not without traits of heroism and honour are many of these wild tribes, and even high elements of attachment and capacity of cohesion were these wild people found to possess, as educed by the mild but firm patriarchal sway of Major (now General) James Abbott, their first European ruler.*

One morning I rode down the left bank of the Indus from Derbund, under the shadow of Gundgurh, past Torbela. There, amidst the boulders of the Indus, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of a brother officer, Captain (now Sir) Frederick Roberts, who was crossing into Yoosuphzai to Tōpi as Quarter-Master General of the field force then assembling. In company with another distinguished (cavalry) officer, Colonel J.W. —whose regiment was at Torbela—we enjoyed, on the river shore, a frugal repast. I had afterwards to ride back to Torbela, where—being hospitably entertained for the night by the officer left in charge of the camp—we next day enjoyed a glorious day's duck shooting at the mouths of the Sirun, a sketch of which I am privileged to reproduce from the "Eastern Hunters," the work of a valued brother.† I quote my own words—

The variety of duck to be found in India is certainly very great. But I think in no country have I found it more so than in that

* See Miscellaneous Notes, end of Section II.

† Captain J. T. Newall, late Asst.G.G.'s Agent Rajpootana States.

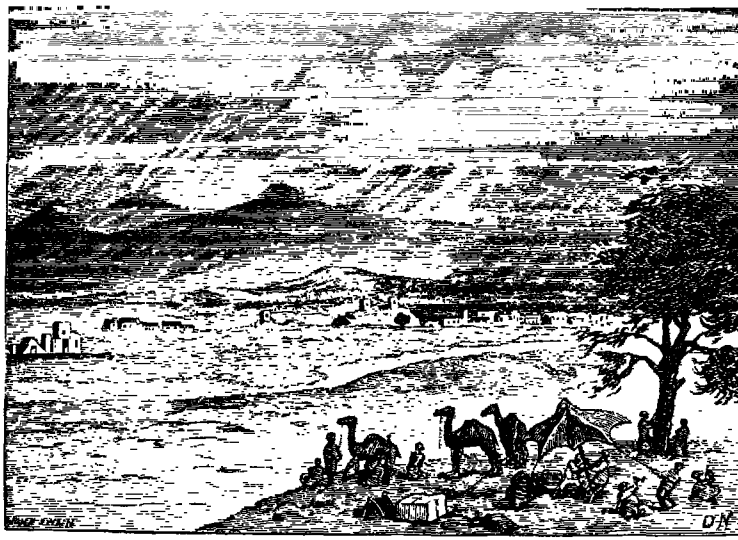
of the Upper Indus and its tributaries. I recollect five being shot off a small pool near Attock, each one of a different species; and I myself had once a most enjoyable morning's duck shooting during the Umbeyla campaign at Torbela, at the mouth of the Sirun, in the Upper Hazára country. On that occasion, out of eight couple bagged, seven different species were found, including, I remember, a splendid specimen of the great mountain mallard. The day was a very tempestous one. A heavy gale was roaring down the river from the wild gorges above Umb and the mountains of Derbund, where our camp lay during the winter of 1863-4, and flights of duck and teal were blown about in all directions. One incident of the day's sport worth commemorating was a successful right and left shot: I brought down a teal far up to windward with one barrel, say at an angle of forty-five degrees, when, turning to aim at another—which I also killed—the first in falling struck the brim of my hat, and dropped dead at my feet just as I had pulled the second trigger. Once scattered, the ducks went down the river before the wind, and then a very remarkable sight presented itself. They all seemed to rally, and forming one long line—stretching from bank to bank, right across the river, there some hundred yards broad—worked their flight slowly up on their return. The wind was so strong that their progress was but slow, certainly not much faster than a man could walk, and I was enabled to mount my horse and gallop towards them near enough to get a raking shot, had the animal I rode been steady enough to have allowed me to aim. The little Arab, however, had been excited by a long gallop across the sands from the mouth of the Sirun, close opposite to the fort and village of Kubbul, on the opposite bank of the river. This was still held by a few of the enemy, the remnant of the Sitána fanatics, at that time engaged with the force under Sir N. Chamberlain in the Umbeyla pass across the Indus. Sitána itself was distant scarcely three miles up the river, and altogether, shooting under the very nose of the enemy, added somewhat to the zest of one of the pleasantest days' wild fowl shooting I ever had. It came on to rain, occasionally mixed with bitter sleet, in the afternoon, and I was glad to accomplish the sixteen miles back into camp at Derbund before nightfall.

Proceeding, in consecutive order, we have now to con-

sider the Murrie* Hills (7457), together with Dhumtore, Abbottabad (4166), and the Highlands of the *Eastern* Hazáras.

Rawulpindi, the chief military station of the district, may, perhaps, conveniently be made the central starting point from which to conduct the reader to such points as it is desired to introduce.

Many a time, whilst quartered at Rawulpindi, has the author, riding out from the station in the early dawn before "gunfire," and carrying the cool of the morning with him as he advanced up the hill, arrived on the terre-plein of the "Mall" at Murrie before nine a.m., and found himself an hour later sitting comfortably at breakfast with his hospitable old friend, W.O., Commandant of the depôt there. Very enjoyable were such morning rides,—often also made in company of another



No. 69.- *RAWULPINDI IN 1849.*

* Should be *Marhi*. Following the alliteration current in his youth, the author would, as in the case of Cashmere (Kásmír), still continue to spell the word as in the text.

excellent friend, J.W., carried out on five horses each. We were used to consider ourselves well started if on the road clear of the station before the morning gun fired. Soon after reaching our first relay of horses at Báracow, twelve miles off, one enters the hills saluted by the hoarse crow of the francolin partridge; then up the ravine, fringed with oleanders, into the spurs wooded with "*pinus longifolia*," from amidst which the cuckoo's wild note resounds from the pine-clad slopes—a home-like sound, and one so suggestive of spring and early summer! again, as one passed along some wooded grove the "*cushat dove, with note of joy and peace and love*," would greet one. All nature seemed to breathe an air more pure and sweet the farther one advanced into the higher levels. A last change of horses at Trét, and then we ride merrily on to the great brewery at the foot of the last steep ascent into Murrie. Here the hospitable agent often had a glass of ale to offer the occasional traveller. Up the zigzag, past the Lawrence Asylum, we soon arrive at the "Observatory," on the terre-plein of Murrie hill station, whence a panorama of mountain scenery bursts on our vision not easily to be forgotten.

At Báracow—alluded to as the first stage of this little journey—there is a treacherous hill stream, often scarcely a foot deep, but after rain a thundering torrent, down which horse and man—and even mail-carts—have been rolled: more than one traveller has there met his end. The stream enlarges into a deep and remarkable pool below the native village of Báracow, where I have seen a shoal of large mahaseer fish sailing about on the top of the water, their heads and dorsal fins plainly visible above the surface.

A ride along the foot of these hills is very remarkable, and leads one into most wild and weird nooks and

recesses. Ravines cut by torrents *below*, rather than ridges *above*, the level of the country, characterize this region of the Punjaub. This is the land of the Gakhars. To the left lies Noorpore, where a fine old Gakhar chief—a pensioner of government—used formerly to reside; one whose wrecked fortunes had been saved by that able and humane ruler of Hazára already mentioned (General Abbott), whose rule of that large province reads like a romance of the best times of Eastern story. Called unto that war-tormented province as Boundary Commissioner, in five years Abbott reduced it to a state of peace and plenty; and with unlimited sway over tribes previously cut-throats and robbers, he had occasion to exercise his prerogative of capital punishment only once during his patriarchal, wise, and beneficent regime.

On the south-east of Báracow, up the ravines of the Sewán river, the old Gakhar stronghold of "Pharwalla"* (Perhola) is found, some miles from this point, on a spur of the lower hills, in a wild country flanked by broken and desolate ravines, and more than one morass girdles in the broken bluff on which the ruined fort is built.

It is an extraordinary fact that "Ram Chunder," the Hero of the Rámáyána, is stated in *Punjaub* tradition to have been born at Perhola—or Pharwalla, as it is now called—and is fabled thence to have wandered south to Rajgurh, ploughing a gigantic furrow from the west point of the Kurungli mountain, which is to this day called Rama Hullána = Ráma's furrow, being, in fact, a vast cleft or chasm between two parallel strata of sandstone.†

* This fort was destroyed by Baber in 1523. For an historical note on Pharwalla and the Gakhars, I refer the reader to "The Highlands of India," Vol. I., page 43; to which, however, I add some additional particulars from General Abbott's Notes on the subject. See Appendix.

† General James Abbott, in the Notes to his excellent treatise on *The Ballads and Legends of the Punjaub*, mentions this, and founds upon it

A regiment—H.M.'s 51st—at Rawulpindi, used to hunt this wild, broken country with a pack of foxhounds. They could scarcely be always followed on horseback, but often has the author viewed from the crests of the precipitous bluffs or "kudds," the pack running their game across a country, I suppose, almost unparalleled in fox-hunting annals. If I recollect rightly, the quarry was usually a jackal; nor do I recall at this moment ever meeting a fox in my numerous rides about the wild country adjacent; but wolves, jackals, hares, gazelles, abound throughout the district, with peafowl, francolin and grey (cinereous) partridges in the lower hills, and I am informed that goorul (chamois) are found in the slopes of the lower Himalayas adjacent to this district, but I never saw one.

I myself enjoyed but little sport in the immediate vicinity of Rawulpindi, where my military duties were of

and other collateral hints, a suggestion that Ram Chunder was a native of Hazára, whose ancient name was *Oodiana*. He adds,—"The singular "disappearance from history of the Kingdom of Aodia after the death "of Rama may well cause doubt whether the modern Oude can be his "birthplace; but the author of the Rámáyána (Valmiki), may have in "ignorance adopted the Aodia of his day. The Hindoos object that "Ram Chunder was from Aodia or Oude, but the ancient name of Hazára "and its northern mountains was Oodiana." Abbott further notes that Oodinagri was the ancient name of Lahore, and that a city of the same name existed on the Jhelum near the modern city. It has to be added, however, that a Raja Ram Chunder was eighth in descent of the Solar line of Soorujbun Rajpoots, and flourished about the second century. A.D. This Oodipore (Mewar) family of Rajpoots, derive from Nour-shirwan (the just), who reigned in Persia 543 A.D. A Scythian origin has been assigned to the *Rahtore* Rajpoots by Tod, as derived from Aswa (a horse), but Abbott suggests that Iswa (lord) of the Yavan or Greeks may be an equally probable origin. Ram Iswa = "Rameses" (or Osiris). Coins bearing his effigy are found all over the Sind-Saugor Doab—his physiognomy like the Goojjur tribe, the oldest in Hazára—is a Greek type of face. The above facts point to a most interesting question, but although highly suggestive, the legends which cluster round the Doabs of the *Ganges* and holy streams of *Ooterakhund* are, to my thinking, too strong per contra evidence to be resisted.

too engrossing a nature to admit of much search for game; I must, therefore, trust to a friendly pen for some records of sport in this district; and I am privileged to make use of a friend's* journal on the subject of "Goorul Shooting" near Rawulpindi, who says:—

"In 1854 the 66th went to Rawulpindi, where there is capital shooting and fishing to be had. In the first range of hills towards Murrie—the windows of which beautiful place can be seen from Pindi flashing sometimes in the evening sun—is a village called Noorpore. On every hill above Noorpore are a great number of goorul, the Indian chamois. They give very difficult, exciting sport, always being in precipitous, dangerous ground, or in the neighbourhood of it. They are very wary as a rule, though, if surprised sleeping in the middle of the day by a person with sufficient good nerve to go into the horrible ground they lay up in, they may be easily killed by wire cartridges of large shot. We used, however, to look for them early in the morning and late in the evening on the grass slopes above the precipices, where they often gave us beautiful rifle shots from above. Our tent was under a large tree at Noorpore, and we generally had a small guard of Goorkhas with us, whose great delight was watching for and slaying with slugs the great fat wild hogs in the jungle at the foot of the hills. One set of them had a little white dog, trained to attract the herd of wild pigs to where his masters sat concealed at one end of the field, generally two hours or so after dusk. The pigs followed him in a body, and when within five or six yards of the Goorkhas got a volley of slugs or bullets cut into four, that almost invariably converted some of them into pork. Small game, too, swarmed round Noorpore, and the tree over our tents was, at times, festooned with goorul, pigs' heads and hams, peacocks, hares, and partridges. There were also one or two tigers near Noorpore, but we never came across them. One, however, was shot over water by Palliser. Leopards were numerous."

In the winter bears are found hybernating in the woods round Murrie. Well do I recollect how my gallant

* Major-General Sir Campbell Ross, K.C.B.

friend, W.O., whose house stood on a spur at the very edge of the forest, thick with trees rooted down on the sloping mountain side, whose tops were often close to his very doors, once fired a pistol into a cavity of a tree in which was a hybernating bear! The result was, I fancy, rather unexpected! Bruin proved to be "all there," and very much "at home," and bolting out scattered his enemies like chaff before the wind.

Mahaseer fish are found in all the hill streams hereabouts. Wild fowl abound; and an occasional tiger is sometimes to be met with in the thick scrub which, in places, clothes the spurs subtending the higher ranges.

Not without a wild beauty of their own are these jagged and barren ravines of the Sind-Saugor Döab; and the bleak and inhospitable salt-ranges which intersect them. This is the haunt of the ooryal, or true wild sheep of the Punjaub! Why should I not here relate my stalk of the patriarchal ram in that block of mountains which culminate in the Neela Tákú (blue peak) of the Jhelum salt range? The incident happened during one of my occasional outings at this period. I present a sketch of the ground made on the spot.* I approached within fifty yards by close stalking, perhaps too near for an effective shot, as the bullet went high of its mark, and simply cut the old fellow's horns, knocking him down, however. For several minutes he lay as though dead, but on our approach to pick him up he suddenly revived, and starting up, commenced running round and round us in circles, till a shepherd's dog—who had accompanied us with his master as guide—got on his track, and, as I afterwards heard, ultimately pulled him down; but the natives concealed his capture from me at the time, and I never got his horns. He was said to be the patriarch

* See further on.

of the "Neela Tákú" (blue peak) of the salt range on the Jhelum.

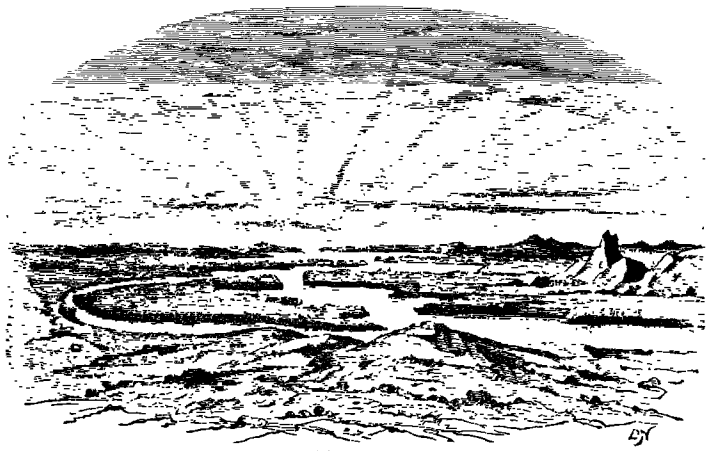
A friend* has favored me with some notes on ooryal shooting in the hills below Attock, and in the vicinity of Shaikh Bodeen in the Derajhát, which appear to me so interesting that I avail myself of his kind permission to introduce them as an annexe, my own experiences in ooryal shooting being so scanty.

Another friend, who had exceptional opportunities of shooting ooryal in the mountains about Attock, tells me he shot no less than five hundred and eighty during the four years he lived in garrison there, in the early years of our occupation—killing seven in one day—and that he has seen a herd of twenty-five ooryal swim across the Indus at the point where the railway bridge now crosses the river. He further tells me that the smaller "mark-hore" are found near Shaikh Bodeen, and that he once found a magnificent head of one that had got jammed in an acacia tree, which they sometimes ascend to browse. It seems a strange freak for a four-footed beast, but the fact is undoubted; and in this instance the shank of the fore leg was actually found still fixed in a cleft of the tree in which the animal had caught himself, so to perish miserably of hunger. This friend tells me that in his experience he never heard the *bleat* of the ooryal, whereas in my own very slight experience I have clearly done so, proving the ooryal to be a true *sheep*.

To resume my own narrative.—I had been at Rawulpindi before—as early as 1849, just after the Punjaub campaign—and I shall not easily forget our return down march from that station to Ferozepore with the old 4-2 B.H.A. in January, 1850. We went by the "Bukrála"

* Colonel F. R. DeBudé, R.A. See end of this chapter.

pass, along the old paved Sikh road to the Jhelum, passing the Mánikyálla tope, erroneously supposed by some to be *the tomb of Bucephalus!* As we descended the pass, I recollect one of the locking chains of a wagon team broke on the steepest pitch of the pass, and nothing could have saved the team from going over the "kudd" but the presence of mind of the náik (native corporal) who rode the near leader; instead of pulling up and trying to check his team, as nine out of ten N.C.O.'s would have done in his case, he gave the order to "gallop," and went down at full gallop, swinging round the right angle near the bottom of the pass in most masterly style, and brought his team safe down the very steep incline. Had he acted otherwise, all would have been rolled over, to a moral. After crossing the Jhelum again, on ascending the Kúri pass, one team of stud-breds (weedy beasts) regularly funked the hill, and for want of pluck to put their shoulders to their work, shut up on the ascent, and the whole gun-carriage—horses, troopers and all—were rolled back, and went over the side of the "kudd," falling some sixty or eighty feet. Marvellous to relate, not a



No. 70—*SUNSET ON THE JHELUM.*

man or horse was killed, or even seriously hurt. These are two, amongst many, incidents of that fine cold weather march across the Punjaub I recall at the moment. What cheery recollections are conjured up by the mention of a "cold weather march" in the old times of the Punjaub! A volume might be written by any old soldier of those days, which could not fail to be most interesting. The trumpet sounding the advance at sunrise—the bright, crisp air of morning as we faced the march—the glittering peaks of the Pinjal on one's left,—the umber-browns and drabs of the opens between the spurs, fading into the purple of the distant plains on our right—the bright green fields at intervals around the sparse villages—the occasional trot to warm the cattle—the halt midway for coffee—the *gallop* up the occasional inclines in the style of the old Bengal Horse Artillery—the arrival on our "ground" with appetites ravenous for breakfast—these, and other incidents of the road, call up many a memory of good old stirring times one would not willingly let die.

The next time I passed along this Döab—myself in command of a field battery—it had become easy for us by the construction of a fine level road, even beyond Rawulpindi, as far as Peshawer on the extreme north-west frontier across the Indus. As I am relating anecdotes of marching, I may as well relate an incident of this march. It was in March, 1861, that old No. 19, L.F. Battery—afterwards F., 19 R.A.—marched, under my command, from Peshawer, in course of relief to Rawulpindi. The troop of horse artillery destined to relieve us did not arrive on the expected date, and it was not till two days' later that I at length got my route; marching out, we met the horse artillery on the first camp out. Dining together that evening, I heard the particulars of the cause of delay from the officers of the troop. It

appears they had concluded their march from Akora to Nowshera without any noteworthy incident. They had arrived at their ground, and had "unhooked" their teams, when the most unprecedented hail-storm I ever heard of burst over them, the hail beating the gunners to earth, notwithstanding their leather helmets; all the horses, save one, got loose; mad with fear, some swam the Kabul river, closely adjacent to camp, others ran into the sand hills under the Khattock hills, but the majority galloped back on their tracks on the road to Akora, whence they had marched that morning, and did not pull up for miles. Fortunately a Highland regiment was quartered at Nowshera, the men of which—notwithstanding that no sign of hail had there appeared, though only two miles distant, inferred that some catastrophe had occurred, and turned out to catch them. Thus they were during the day all recovered, but the battery had to halt two days to refit, as the harness and gear was nearly cut to pieces. I mention this as the most extraordinary case of the kind I ever heard of. *It was told me* that sixteen natives were killed by the hail in the native town near camp, and on the third day after the hailstones fell some were brought into my camp on arrival at Nowshera, and they *were then the size of large walnuts;* rough and jagged. Those I saw had been preserved, lying in a cleft of the nullah, and as the temperature had scarcely fallen below freezing point since they fell, had retained their pristine dimensions.

With a knowledge of the above facts—as the weather continued very unsettled, and the "goles" or whirlwinds, with hail, continued to appear traversing the country on all sides—I had to take the greatest precaution to avoid them. At length, at Janee-ki-sang, the last march before arriving at Rawulpindi, we caught it fearfully; such a night in camp I scarcely ever remember. In the morn-

ing the tents were drenched, and too wet to carry; but as the next was our last march into Rawulpindi, I determined to move off about noon, and leave the camp to come on next day. I had not been on the march half-an-hour when I saw I had risked too much. The storms began to threaten; and, although I halted for several to pass ahead—also trotted on to evade several goles or squalls which crossed our track from the salt range on our right to the lower Himalayan spurs on our left—I was at length caught. I had just time to dismount, cloak up, and put two men to hold on to each pair of horses, when the storm burst on us. The place where we halted was amidst deep ravines, and I feared the restiveness of the horses. Luckily, however, the hail-stones were of the ordinary pea-size dimensions, and although I have seen a troop of horses maddened by even that, still, on this occasion, ours stood as quiet as mice, and that danger was averted; but the lightning flashing out of the dark squall was really alarming, and if ever a field battery had a chance of being blown up, I suppose old No. 19 had on that occasion. After seeing all taut, I recollect standing at the head of the battery awaiting the result, as each flash lightened close around us over the battery, I recall my feeling just as in a general action one sees the distant flash of the enemy's guns, knowing well that in a second or two his round shot or shell will be through your column, just so was the expectancy on this occasion; and I certainly felt relieved when the squall had passed without further damage than a thorough wetting to all. The road sides and ravines all around us were running red—the colour of the soil of the country generally—with torrents, the result of the rain-storm. We remounted, and resumed our march into cantonments at Ráwulpindi, where, arriving near sunset, they were aston-

ished to find us so wetted and weather-beaten, for, though only some six or eight miles distant, not a drop of hail or rain had fallen there. I mention these anecdotes as illustrative of the very partial, though severe, hail storms which in some seasons visit the north-west Döabs of the Upper Punjaub.

Storms of "locusts" also sometimes occur, and are a strange phenomenon of these regions. Millions are destroyed both in their flight, and also when the eggs have been deposited,* it becomes the duty of the magistrate to offer reward for destruction of the eggs, and I wish I had the statistics of the result in the Rawulpindi division in 1861-62 to quote. I have myself, on several occasions, ridden through a swarm of locusts whilst in flight; and, on one occasion, my horse and I were nearly stopped by them, the horse plunging and biting at them furiously. The swarms seemed to gravitate towards the snows, where they ultimately perish. I have seen the Himalayan forests, for miles, cleared of leaves, and with insects hanging on the trees by millions, lethargic and moribund, though at midday a few would take flight in the sunshine.

The site of this phenomenon was in the mountains between Murrie and Abbottabad, a tract which contains some noble pine-clad plateaux, where British soldiers—including artillerymen with their mountain guns—have made their summer residence, and there located themselves in huts constructed by their own labour. Leading up, by easy gradients, to these sites, excellent roads have been constructed. These British troops have thus played the part of pioneers, and to see their healthy, sun-browned faces, as contrasted with the washed out appearance of

* It may not be generally known that the "locust egg" is the ultimate unit in computing the weight of the diamond, and it enters, I believe, into the concrete of the carat.

their comrades in the plains was really cheering, and suggestive of the good that might accrue to the British army in India from a more thorough recognition and encouragement of industrial avocations in the hills. Why not try a local system of "reserves" in the mountain districts, combined with *industrial* depôts of convalescents!

Emerging from these upland forests, where the pure mountain wind "soughs" through fir trees, and where at night the silence is broken only by the distant note of the bell bird—a species of whippoorwhil—in the woodlands, the traveller, at the distance of about twenty miles from Murrie, begins to descend towards the lower levels of Dhumtore and Eastern Hazára. Here the cantonment of Abbottabad—selected by the distinguished James Abbott, already mentioned—is remarkable. The station is garrisoned altogether by native troops, amidst which is a Goorkha colony. It is not much over 4000 feet above the sea, but being free from jungle, and situated amidst rolling grassy hills, is extremely healthy and free from malaria, and a fine exercising ground for troops. Here may the stalwart soldiers of our "frontier force" be seen to advantage—troops fit to take their place in line of battle with British soldiers against any foe. This station is on the military road from Cashmere to Attock, and so occupies an important strategic site. The charming little hill station of Tandiáni, 8845 feet—twelve miles distant—forms a delightful sanitarium for the British officers' families who may find the summer temperature of Abbottabad oppressive. It has already been mentioned in Vol. I.

In winter the snow sometimes lies several inches deep on the parade ground here. The author, once riding across from Derbund during the winter of 1863-64, to inspect two guns of his field battery, which were there on detachment during the Sitána disturbances that year,

found them standing in a snow-field several inches deep on the parade-ground at Abbottabad.

This country is full of archæological interest:—relics of the Indo-Bactrian and Bactro-Greek kingdoms are exhumed. Many excavations have been made by experts, and interesting coins discovered, fixing dates and attesting history. Valuable historical data and relics are thus acquired often amongst the débris of the mounds and tumuli so frequent in this district, amongst them the celebrated Manikyála-tope, by some erroneously attributed as the tomb of Bucephalus. It is, I believe, simply a "Bhoodist Dagôba." Some years ago a foreign officer in the service of the Sikh Durbar (Allard, I think) descended the well which leads into the centre of the mound or tumulus, and raised the stone from the central chamber, but was but poorly rewarded, as, I believe, only a few Indo-Scythian or Bactrian coins, were found in it. Whilst on the subject of coins, I may mention that imitation coins—especially of the rare and expensive sorts—are most skillfully manufactured by the natives of these parts, but they may be detected by carefully inspecting the edges, which, in the spurious one, will be found badly welded together, having been cast in two hemispheres, and welded together into the coin. Near Hussan Abdal mounds, from which interesting coins were taken, have been discovered, chiefly towards ancient Dhumtore.



No. 71—*HUSSAN ABDAL, PUNJAUB.*

ANNEXE TO CHAPTER 1., SECTION II.

OORYAL SHOOTING.

Page 185.

THE INDUS IN FLOOD.

TALKING of Ooryal. Have you ever been down the Indus in June? If you have you are not likely to have forgotten it. I have never heard or read any description which does justice to the savage grandeur of the "Father of Waters," as it cuts its tortuous way through a hundred miles of rock from Attock, till it breaks out into an apparent ocean—its shores on the horizon—at Kala-Bagh. In June the rains have not commenced, but hundreds of miles of mountain have poured their snows by innumerable channels into the ancient river, and the rush of its mighty volume between its narrowed banks of granite, and the roar and foam of its maddened waters, are things to see, hear, and remember; and if you take boat at Mokhud, as I did, you will encounter sensations—sometimes pleasant and sometimes not—the memory of which "you will not willingly let die."

The boats have to be constructed of especial strength, and the boatmen have spent their lives at the work, and yet fatal accidents are common enough. You find your ideas of steering, too, upset. Of course your steersman, with eye of hawk and nerve of steel, ought to keep the boat's head straight to the current, but he doesn't; one moment you are gazing through the front door of your thatched cabin at the rocks in front, the next you are looking at the same rocks out of your right window, and the next instant you get a capital view of the right bank out of your left window, while your door gives you a charming glimpse of the rock you have just been whirled off by a push of the stout bamboo in the hands of one of those animated statues, your boatmen, whose stalwart forms—constantly thrown into picturesque attitudes—glisten with spray in the bright sunlight like burnished copper. But now in front, to the right—to the left—there are rocks. Your boat is rushing straight for the jagged, black teeth

behind which rise the rugged hills. There is no outlet! Are we dashing on to destruction? Does the river disappear into some mighty cavity, through caverns measureless to man, down into a sunless sea? (Fancy emerging into the blazing sunlight after such a voyage of pitchy darkness!) No,—a startling, sudden turn opens a fresh reach; we swing round a rock, and are borne swiftly, but safely, along as before. But note the gorgeous colouring everywhere. The rocks you rush by, and the cliffs above them, are black as ebony, white as marble, or brilliant red or orange, varied with the yellow sand and bright green bushes at the mouths of the numerous ravines, which, in the rains, pour their muddy streams—the drainage of the flat plains above them —into the Indus.

And this brings me to the ooryal, but not to the ooryal shooting; *that* was reserved for a later day. Though plenty of water pours through the ravines, and lodges in the hollows of the rocks after the rains have commenced, there is none at all, and the whole country is parched, during the dry weather, and the river is the only resource of all animal life; and thus it was I was delighted with the sight of over a hundred ooryal in one spot at the mouth of a gorge, some with their square looking heads bent down and horns reflected in the water were drinking, others were standing behind in clumps, and more were coming with slow and stately steps down the sides of the ravine. To have shot one would have been a useless cruelty, for it was impossible to stop and obtain the body. The sight was calculated to raise the enthusiasm of a shikari, and I determined that if there was any ooryal shooting to be got near the station I was bound for, I would "try for it."

SHEIKH BODEEN.

About thirty-five miles north-west of the frontier station of Dera Ismael Khan (affectionately known as Derah Dismal) and twenty-five west of the nearest point of the Indus lies Sheikh Bodeen Sír, the highest point of a remarkable range of hills bordering one side of the fertile plains of Murrie. The Sír is 4516 feet above the level of the sea, and nearly 4000 above the burning plains at its feet. I am assured on good authority that "this hill is of limestone and sandstone, and on the highest point is the sanitarium for this frontier. The rock is stratified, and

contains marine fossils, and, perhaps, the bones of miocene animals." I may add, from personal observation, that I have known it to contain the bones of animals of the present geological era, and this is how I made the discovery.

A ride of over thirty miles of flat, hot, and dusty plain, brings you to the mouth of a narrow, rugged pass. The sides are composed of rounded boulders let into hard clay, which has assumed a thousand fantastic forms, culminating at top into needle points and knife edges. These rocks are unpleasant climbing, as the boulder your foot has just left slips away, leaving an impression smooth as that of a boy's marble in wet sand. Eventually you arrive at the crest of Sheikh Bodeen, which is not a peak, but a plain broken by ravines, where stands the Sanitarium, which, in my time, consisted of one large "mess-house," and a neat little cottage built by the commissioner. The mess-house was the common property of all the officers of Dera Ismael, and has held many a jolly party, happy at escaping for a few days from the stifling heat and dust of the cantonment into the comparative coolness and pleasant breezes of the hill.

The first thing was to get a good shikari, so I sent for "Summund Khan," a gaunt mountaineer with a rugged not unkindly face, piercing black eyes, very dirty scull cap surmounted by a brown rag of a turban, the characteristic long blue skirt of the frontier tribesmen reaching almost to the ankles, and sandals on his feet. The frontier force know that costume well. How often have skirmishers toiled up a rugged hill—receiving an occasional shot, but seeing nobody—till, as they neared the boulder-strewn crest, breathless and separated from each other by rocks, the whole summit has suddenly burst into life, the air resounding with cries of "Ullah, Ullah!" a torrent of black forms—bare-headed, with glaring eyes and flashing swords—leaping from rock to rock, and in an instant slashing right and left, dealing death and destruction, and not to be stopped till lower down they meet the bayonets of the supports and the grape of the mountain guns, when broken—like the spray of their own mountain torrents—they disperse and vanish as rapidly as they had appeared.

SUMMUND.

When I said to Summund "I will give you five rupees for

every ooryal I shoot," he looked at me gravely, then raised a warning finger, shook his head slowly from side to side, and told me in very bad Hindostanee that I ought not to talk like that. Perhaps he doubted my sanity or my ability to keep so lavish a promise, or the existence of so much money in the world! The fact is, Summund belonged to an innocent race, who do not understand the value of money, or perhaps it would be better to say who did not appreciate money at its true value; at least, I think that you may say that of people who do not hesitate to knife a poor woman sleeping on her string cot on the top of her mud hut for the sake of the eighteen pennyworth of jewelry on her! I don't mean to say that Summund Khan would quite have gone to that length with, say, his own mother; but I can't help suspecting it might have gone hard with one of his "wife's relations" (as Artemus Ward has it), had that lady been reposing with two rupees' worth of jewelry on her, and had Summund been in difficulties about his rent, and had "anything happened" he would have been considered to have acted as became the father of a family, not only by his own tribe, but by every clan between the Kyber and the Bolan, and a very long way on both sides.

When we started, each of us with a double rifle, Summund made straight from the mess-house for Dera Ismael, as the crow flies, and a few hundred yards brought us to the edge of a precipice of at least 3000 feet sheer, whence a magnificent view of the river, the Derajhát, and the Sulieman range, spread out below us. I was particularly struck with the fact that the brown, dry, parched plains appeared at this height above them diversified with many colours, and presented the appearance of a prettily painted map. Our way lay along a crest across slabs of rock sloping inwards, *i.e.*—away from the precipice—and I particularly remember one with an especially white and glistening marble surface, which I felt might have seriously interfered with sport had it sloped the other way. After half-an-hour of this work I began to doubt the existence of ooryal, when Summund took a turn down a slab which brought us to a ravine, evidently the bed of a roaring torrent at times, though now perfectly dry. The water had formed a succession of perfectly smooth cups hollowed out of the rock, and we descended rapidly from one to another of these, till reaching a point where the ravine took a rapid turn, Sum-

mund beckoned me to his side. Looking cautiously over the edge, I saw that the ravine opened out a little below us into a tiny valley—amphitheatre shaped—in which other ravines met. A miniature lake occupied the centre, with bushes and small trees around it, and along the sides of the ravine. A hopeful place, certainly, for ooryal, or anything else with life in that land of drought. Dazzled with the glare I saw nothing at first, but, following the direction of Summund's finger, I presently descried a fine old ooryal browsing under a tree. Half hidden by the trunk was another just beyond. I saw no more. Now, a down shot is, as every shikari knows, a difficult one; there is little more than the top of the animal's back to aim at, and a hair's breadth in "the elevation" sends your bullet just over, or just under, the right place. I laid for the old one. What happened to him the smoke of my rifle prevented my seeing at first, but the result was startling in another way, for the report started the valley into life! it appeared swarming for a moment as though the very boulders had turned into ooryal, rattling down this ravine and up that, down this hollow, and over that crest!—ooryal everywhere; and in half a minute all had disappeared and left the valley as silent as death—till Summund grunted, then the echoes woke again. Three separate grunts of satisfaction—hollow, sonorous, but yet conveying to the imagination the chink of silver, of say, five rupees' worth of silver per grunt. Four times had my rifle rung out, and three ooryal lay dead. The old one was a pot, but the others were runners; and I don't believe I missed the fourth either; only old Summund was in such a hurry to "hullâl" those knocked over, that he did not care to let his eyes dwell long enough on my last shot: a fine young buck poised for an instant on a knife-edge against the sky; he plunged over as I fired—*dead* I say; and as it is twenty-six years ago, and nobody is likely to deny it, I shall continue to say—dead.

Summund's face was a picture when he got the rupees. "Ullah," he said with guttural thankfulness, and you could see he was adding internally, "see what a provision of fools the Beneficent has prepared for true believers!" but suddenly a startled, grave, and anxious expression came over him, and the rupees were wrapt in a rag, and huddled away into the darkest recesses of his clothes. He remembered his dearest friends and relations.

What would his life be worth if they only suspected one third of the truth?

Of all the aggravating things that can happen to a shikari—well, never mind it; it is a long time ago, and yet it rankles when I think of it!—But just fancy it happening to yourself. A dear friend of mine—we were fellow subs in one of the most famous troops of horse artillery the world has ever seen, the old Bengal H.A.—appeared by a curious coincidence of circumstances at my side on the top of Sheikh Bodeen.

Old Summund had taken a totally different direction this time. He had sent men down various valleys around to look up ooryal, and we were standing on a level plain, sloping down on all sides without a rock, tree, or bush to give us cover, when suddenly a group of ooryal twenty strong appeared from below, and made straight for us. They appeared perfectly dazed; seemed to have their attention entirely taken up with something alarming behind them, and took not the least notice of our group crouched motionless on the earth. My friend and I were sitting squeezed against each other, as close to the ground as possible, with guns cocked. Nearer and nearer came the doomed herd. Fifty yards, thirty, twenty,—surely they must see us now. "Don't fire; don't fire," I kept saying. Then, as they passed within ten yards,—"Now, give it them, old man." Bang, bang, went his rifle; and over went two ooryal, dead; click, click, went my locks. I had made up my mind to drop at least two with each barrel, and now—well, the fact is *I had forgotten to load!* My comrade remarked a curious muffled sound proceeding from the rocks several times that day, and strangely enough, from the direction I happened to be in; a sort of language—no, it wasn't Pushtoo from the shikaries, nor Hindostanee from the servant; more like English. The sounds wern't strong, but the English—if it was English—was certainly strong. Wonder what it was!

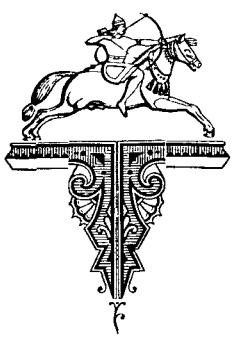
The road from the frontier station of Kohât to Rawulpindi crosses the Indus at Kooshal Ghur Ghât. The crossing is generally slow work for a battery or regiment, and Jhund, six or eight miles from the left bank, is considered a sufficient march for the day. On one such occasion I explored a mass of ravines

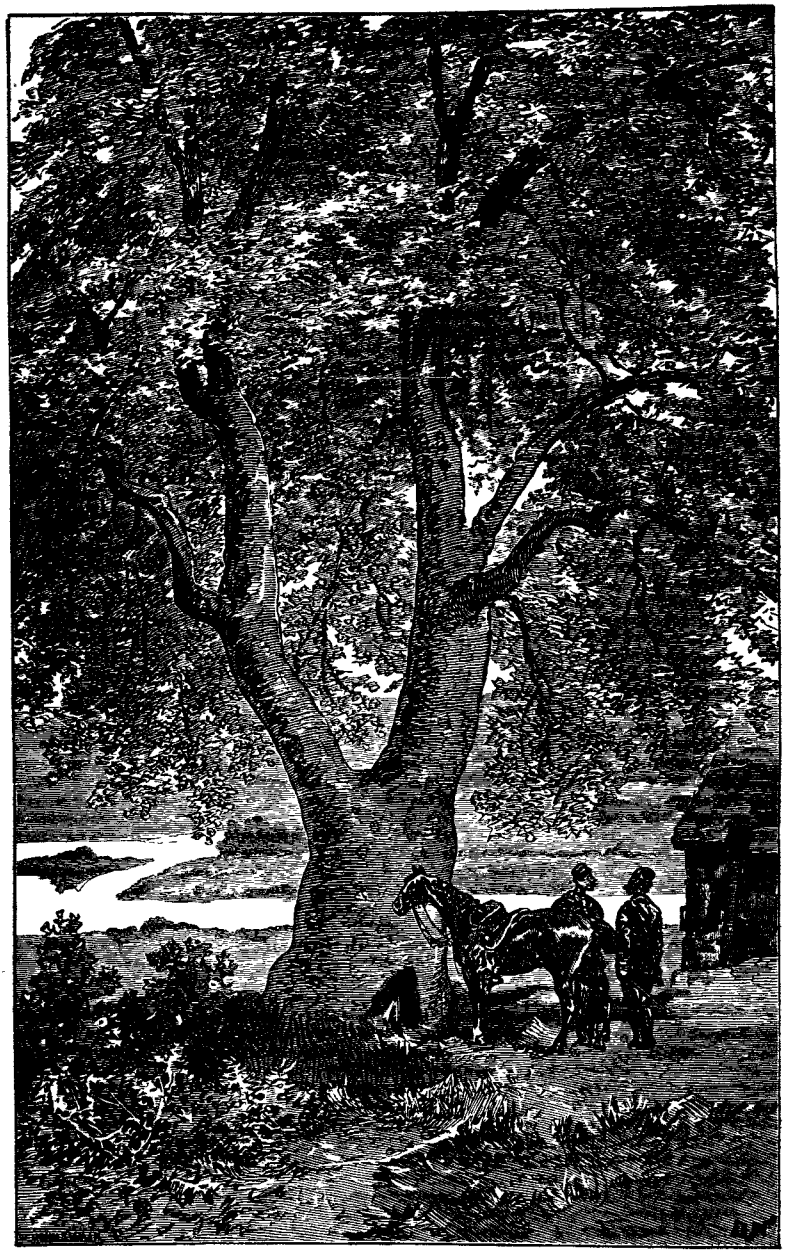
which run into the Indus parallel to the Jhund road. I had no shikaries, and only an orderly with me, and my gun was a repeating rifle of American manufacture, which carried seven charges in its stock, and with the working of which I was indifferently acquainted. It was a splendid opportunity for testing my own qualities as a stalker. If I could work myself scientifically within shooting distance of a herd of ooryal, I felt I should rise considerably in my own opinion as a shikari. I prudently resolved, however, in any case, to keep my opinion to myself. The fact is failure was much more likely than success.

The main ravine looked down upon from the elevated plateau at the Jhund side presented, apparently, an inextricable network of smaller ravines, each with its pinnacles and knife edges of rock, all so like one another that once you descended into them it was very difficult to keep a predetermined course for projecting points, and remarkable points of rock lost all individuality once you were among them; and, moreover, from the bed of the ravine these forms presented a totally different aspect from what they offered from above. The winds too, were, baffling; each gully appeared to have a particular, private, and especial wind of its own laid on, any one of which might traitorously carry information to the game. Also, although the walking was easy enough, footsteps would resound, tread you never so lightly, and rocks crumble and roll away under your boots. Fortunately I made the discovery that ooryal were little disturbed by falling stones, as they perpetually dislodge stones themselves while feeding. It is much easier to move noiselessly in these sandals. My difficulties commenced as soon as I reached the bottom. I could recognise no point I had marked; however, I knew the general direction, and shortly I was able to make out a part of the semicircular range above mentioned. I determined on giving it a wide berth; working round, and, if possible, ascending it from the opposite side. This I was able to effect; and, unfortunately, only too well. I was absolutely on the flat top before I knew it. I advanced cautiously to the edge, but not with all the precaution I should have used, and, consequently, when I peered over the edge, I found an ooryal looking straight up in my face at a distance of five yards. Before I could level he gave the alarm, and there was a rush of four ooryal to one part of the cliff, whence a

descent quite practicable for ooryal commenced. In two bounds they were behind a rock. My shot struck the rock just as the last ooryal rushed past the dangerous point, and when I next saw them they were two hundred yards off, at the bottom of the ravine. At three hundred yards one of my shots struck one of them, either in the shoulder or fore leg, for it limped off. I had spoiled all by a little precipitation at the last moment; but I had still the consolation of knowing that I had worked up to the ooryal in a fairly satisfactory way.*

* The above interesting note on "Ooryal Shooting" was written for the author by his old friend and comrade, Colonel F. R. DeBudé, R.A., but by some unauthorized means it found its way into "*Land and Water*," and appeared in that publication.





XIV.—*SIR WALTER GILBERT'S TREE, NAOSHERA,*
where he drew rein and halted in his pursuit of the Afghan cavalry after the Battle of Goojerat, 1849.

[Here the road crosses the Kabul river to Hoti Murdan in Yoosuphzai. This tree was nearly submerged in the great flood of the Indus in 1839, and twenty natives took refuge in its branches for thirty hours. It has since been cut down.]

CHAPTER 2.

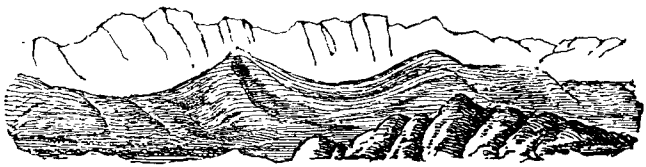
Kohât to Peshawer—Ride along the Momund frontier to Michni, Aboozai, and Shubkudr—Archæological Anecdotes—Hawking in Yoosuphzai & the Derajhât—Gazelle Hunting in the plains of Châch—Wolf Hunting—Anecdotes—Mahaseer at Aboozai, and in the rivers Indus, Dor, Sirun, and Hurrôh—Fairy-land—Ethnological.

BEFORE leaving the north-west frontier it seems expedient to put forth a few words connecting the Trans-Indus valleys, noticed on page 171, with the Hazára country alluded to in the preceding chapter.

I will take up the narrative from the return of the Kurrum expedition, and interpolate a short frontier experience to lead up to the marches of Derbund and Upper Hazára, to which the reader was there (page 171) so abruptly transported.

Returning to Kohât about the middle of January, 1860, I found myself hospitably entertained for a few days by my friend, Captain M——, in whose garden—at that frontier station—I recall the clear English-like brook, along the banks of which a pair of woodcocks used to be flushed nearly every season, and from whose house several hawking parties were arranged. They are detailed further on, together with some "Notes on Hawking," kindly thrown together at my request by my friend and brother officer, Captain M——.

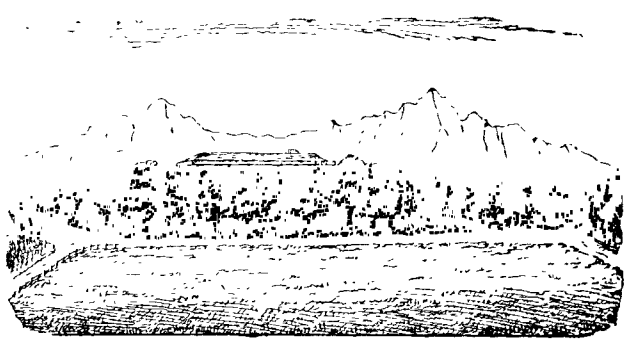
At length, one fine morning, we ride away from Kohât back to Peshawer, across the kôtal between Cherât—described in Vol. I.—and the Afreedie hills. Here we *gallop*, as, although not ordinarily dangerous, passing



No. 72—*THE PUSHTOO RANGE.*

English travellers *have* been fired on by the said Afreedies at long ranges, and even waylaid. Arrived at Peshawer, I find myself, after a short interval, ordered on duty of inspection round the three frontier fortresses — Michni, Aboozai, and Shubkudr.

Off we ride one fine crisp morning, with two sowars (troopers) on the Michni road, crossing the main branch of the Kabul river a few miles from Peshawer, whose willow-fringed rivulets we had left behind at daybreak,— the Tartara mountain looming on our left. After tiffin and inspection at the little frontier fort, in the early afternoon, we resume our ride along the Momund frontier towards Aboozai, which we are bound to reach before nightfall. Rounding one spur, where the road passes close to the Momund frontier, my orderly closes up and says, "Sahib! please Allah, here we should gallop, as these



No. 73—*THE TARTARA MOUNTAIN, FROM PESHAWER.*

"sugs (dogs) of Momunds may chupaow at any moment; who knows?" I take the hint, and, touching "Blue Peter" with the spur, away we go at full gallop across the country of Yusoophzai to Aboozai, where I make the pleasant acquaintance of the commandant, who presses me to stay two or three days with him in his remote fort.

The commandant at the fortress of Aboozai had established the best relations with the neighbouring Pathán chief, with whom he would exchange friendly letters. Thus a *modus vivendi* was arrived at between them. Nevertheless, occasionally the Momunds would turn out and fire long shots at his posts, who would return the fire, and so a sort of general action, at perhaps half-a-mile range, would go on, and nobody the worse, for I could not hear that anyone was ever hit, and the whole thing was a sort of make-believe warfare.* Here, on this branch of the Kabul river, on another occasion, I hit on the time of emigration of the mahaseer fish; millions of them were passing down stream towards the Indus, where they remain in deep water during winter. Mahaseer of, I suppose, near a hundred pounds in weight, are seen rolling about in the Indus at Attock and elsewhere during the cold season.

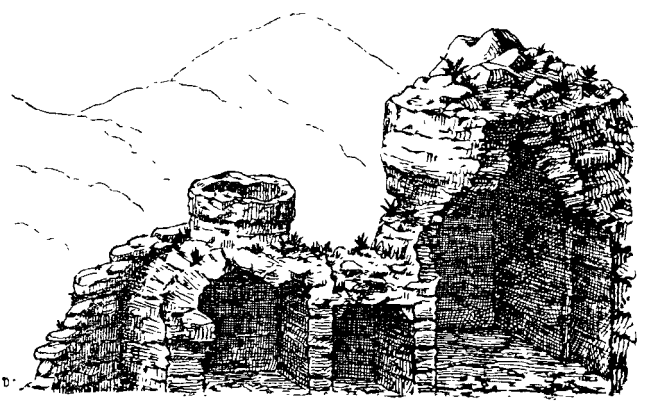
On leaving Aboozai we return by Shubkudr fort, around which there is one of the deepest snipe jheels I ever met, even dangerous, too, for it is no uncommon thing to fall into a hole up to the armpits whilst shooting it. I myself did so. This is the only place in India, except Cashmere, where I have heard of the "Will o'the Wisp!"

* It was either here or at Peshawer, in the good old lawless days, that a couple of Afreedies or Momunds would advance on a picket at night, each holding the end of a long rope, between which strands of lighted slow match were tied, giving the appearance of the approach of a strong band of the enemy to attack: after creating sufficient alarm the men at the ends would throw down the rope and run away! This practical joke appeared to us a refreshing incident in frontier warfare.

The Emperor Baber, in his memoirs, mentions the hippopotamos as still existing in the marshes of the Kabul river in his day.

At Shubkudr a singular episode occurred to a friend, who, like myself, was on half-yearly duties of inspection at this frontier fort. Having to test the ammunition, he, unwittingly, fired the signal gun of the fortress three times, and sent up a blue light, on which all the frontier pickets and guards came galloping in to the fort for protection, believing an inroad of Momunds, in force, must have occurred. The result was a good laugh, and much swearing in Pushtoo!

This brings me into the Yoosuphzai valley, which I wish to introduce, and to which I have alluded on two or three previous occasions as an arena of Archæology and "Hawking." The whole country is full of interest, and even to this date Alexander's route through it to the Indus, and beyond that river to the Jhelum may be traced by a careful and knowledgeful explorer. The author, whilst quartered in this district for several years, had opportunities of carrying out, in a mild way, a few such explorations. Amongst other sites, "*Takt-i-bhai*,"



No 74—A CORNER OF TAKT-I-BHAI

in Yoosuphzai, as well as the other points mentioned in Chap. 1 were visited. A sketch of a corner of Takt-i-bhai is given, made whilst engaged in field sports, which I always contrived to make subsidiary to, or consonant with, graver pursuits. Whilst hunting chinkára (gazelle) on the plains of Campbellpore, or fishing in the Sirun or the Hurrôh near Hussan Abdál, I have been led to wander into the adjacent Dhoond ranges; or, again, in stalking the ooryal in the eastern spurs of the salt range, have been led to Rhotás and Dhangulie—other old strongholds of the Gakhars, of which wild clan a sketch is given elsewhere. Wild desolation characterises these reaches of the Upper Punjaub. This range is comprised within the Sind-Saugor Döab—the ancient *Potowar*—which may be regarded as the nidus or native seat of the Gakhars, the representative of whom—an old chief, a pensioner residing near Rawulpindi—was well known to the author as early as 1849. He was a descendant of Sultan Sahrang, the great Gakhar chief of the sixteenth century.*

I have mentioned Takt-i-bhai—apparently a ruined city of the ancient Gandaridæ—and I cannot here refrain from giving an anecdote (apropos of coins) which may amuse my readers, as it certainly did the author and several friends who were present. We had been hunting in the Yoosuphzai country, and about midday went up to Takt-i-bhai to eat our tiffin (lunch), and look round the ruins. Now one of our party—a distinguished officer of Highlanders—was *mad on coins*, and as I happened to have a few curious pice and other copper coins, collected in my rides about the country, I contrived, as I went round, to deposit a few in crevices and under stones of these remarkable ruins. We brought

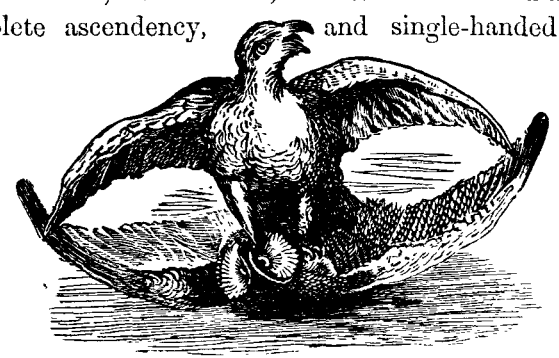
* See Appendix.

our friend round, and commenced search, when it was arranged that he should be the first to find. To see his zeal and eagerness to pounce on the supposed treasure was really refreshing; and so much did I sympathise with his joy on finding them, that I had not the heart to disillusion him. I delayed doing so from time to time, until at length at the Guides' mess the same night he produced his treasure for inspection; even then I had not the heart to undeceive the worthy gentleman, though I thought I caught a twinkle in Colonel Lumsden's eye, who evidently —as he stated—thought he had seen similar coins in the bazaar of Hôti-Murdán. One or two of them, however, were rather rare samples of the country pice, and I kept my secret for months. At length, at my friend's own hospitable mess, I disclosed to him, over the wine, the imposture I had played on him. I humbly begged his pardon, and he took it marvellously well, affecting to laugh, but I could see that it was a sore subject, and I was heartily sorry I had allowed the joke to go so far.

I have mentioned hawking in Yoosuphzai and the Derajhát. My experience of this sport has not been very great, but I have on several occasions been out with the falcons, both the Baz (peregrine) and Chirrig hawks.

At Hôti-Murdân, in Yoosuphzai, the Guides kept Persian hounds, which would follow the chinkára (ravine deer) when struck by the hawk. I have not seen this myself, but I believe fine runs were sometimes seen in Colonel—now Sir Harry—Lumsden's time, with whom I was once out: on this occasion finding no deer, the hawks were flown at bustard, and these, also, being scarce, the "chirrigs" were allowed to keep their eye and wing in by flying at an *owl!* whereby resulted one of the most amusing combats I have anywhere seen. The owl being started, immediately commenced gyrating upwards

by circular sweeps, gaining a higher plane at each revolution; and the hawks (there were two) being flown in pursuit, adopted exactly similar tactics, each trying to get above the other. At length one of the hawks having, by great exertion, gained an upper plane above the owl, made his coup and struck at the owl. A miss! The owl, turning on his back, claws up, as the hawk swooped on him, managed to dodge him, the hawk descending with such velocity as not to be able to recover himself before closely approaching the earth. However, he then began to again gyrate in the ascent for another attack. The second hawk then made his coup and missed, enacting the same programme as his comrade. It then became most exciting to see the three birds gyrating upwards, their planes of orbit intersecting each other at different altitudes till nearly out of sight in the sky. At last one of the hawks managed to make good his coup, and striking the owl, both birds fell to the earth together like a stone, from an altitude of many hundred yards. On riding up to the point we found the little hawk standing in the attitude of a conqueror on the owl's body, whose head he had twisted off, and held in his claw. The hawk was by far the smaller and less powerful bird; nevertheless, the little warrior had a most complete ascendency, and single-handed had



No. 75—*FALCON AND OWL.*

vanquished his enemy, the *fainéant* owl—a most interesting sight to witness!

The "oobára," or bustard florican, is the most common quarry for hawking in the Derajhát, and I have had many runs after them. They will sometimes fly a mile before overtaken, and then the oobára's means of defence are on a par with those of the *skunk* of North America. He squats and voids a viscous discharge over the victorious hawk, whose feathers are found clotted as though with bird lime from the "fowl" discharge.

Other game is also often struck, such as hares, quail, partridges, etc.; and I recollect during the expedition of 1859-60, against the Kabul-Kheyl Wuzzeeries, we had a baz (peregrine?) in our camp, who—shooting being interdicted along the march—kept our table well supplied with game in the Meerunzai and Kurrum valleys. Once I recollect seeing him strike a jackal (evidently in mistake for a hare), when, his claws being deeply imbedded in the fur, he nearly fell a victim, as I suppose had we not ridden up and released him, the jackal might have turned on him, and probably got the better of the combat. It would have been an interesting fight to see, but a baz is too valuable a bird to have his life risked thus, being worth, perhaps, ₹100 = £10, when trained; so the jackal was chased off the field. I believe that in Persia the gerfalcon and black eagle are trained for hunting, and will strike very heavy game,—including even man.*

I have allowed myself to dwell on these reminiscences of sport as illustrative of life in the further doáb of the Punjaub in the good old times, when my military duties

* I supplement these reminiscences of hawking by a paper on "Hawking in India," and training falcons, kindly furnished by a friend (M.-Genl. George Maister) the owner, if I mistake not, of the bird alluded to in the text, perhaps a *goshawk*. See Annexe to this chapter.

led me there. Small game also abound. The Siáh-seen (or black-breasted ground partridge) is a small bird I have shot amidst the ravines under Cherât, the sanitary resort of Peshawer. I do not recollect having seen antelope (black buck) in the upper Punjaub, though I have chased them, rifle in hand, in the sandy reaches and scrub of the Bári Döab, near Haruppa and elsewhere, along the old Mooltan road.

I have on one or two occasions hunted gazelle on horseback on the plains of Chách between Attock and the Hurrôh, in which stream, also, fine mahaseer are to be found, as well as in the Indus at Attock, where I have seen specimens of, I suppose, at least eighty or a hundred pounds weight, rolling about close to the ferry boat. In the Hurrôh, also, are some fine fish. My friend, Leonard B——., once hooked a large fish, which, after floating about on the top of the water like a log, finally sank like a stone to the bottom, and there sulked. As he resisted all mild persuasions, in the form of stones, to move him from under the rocks, L.B. had to send down a native with a stick to stir him up. The native came up quite frightened at his size. Nevertheless, L.B. got him at last, and he proved to weigh thirty-two pounds only.

I have myself occasionally fished the Hurrôh, the Dor, and the Sirun but with very poor success. I have also had a nice day's fishing at a fountain and stream at old Dhumtore, catching with the fly a lot of mahaseer fry, the largest about the size of a small dace. On the waters of these streams one occasionally may observe specimens of the larger grebe, their long snake-like necks craning over the rocks in mid-stream.

I have both seen and chased wolves on horseback in the sandy ravines between Chamkannie and the Kohât road, not far from the Cherât hills. As I am on the sub-

ject, I will give two anecdotes, both of which I know to be true, and in one of which I myself took part.

During one of my long rides I fell in with a sporting sort of Pathán on the Kohât road, who was proceeding along the track on horseback, with greyhounds. We exchanged salutes, and entered into conversation, during which he related the following anecdote:—

"Sahib," said he, "you see that bridge over the ravine; "well! close there, in the khét, a man who was at work "saw a wolf go into a hollow in the earth above the "bank of the ravine,—there, where I point. He crept "after it, and throwing himself upon the wolf, caught it "by the ears, and captured it, binding it with his plough "rope and bringing it to the village here."

I laughed, and expressed surprise; when he pressed me to go with him into the village and see the wolf. I accordingly accompanied him, and sure enough he actually showed me a wolf shut up in an empty house in the village.

He went on to say, "More, sahib! if you like to ride "this way, rather earlier, to-morrow, I will show you the "wife or mate of this wolf, who hangs about in the same "ravine, and then, please Allah! we will chase him."

I agreed to this also; and on the morrow, having armed myself with a boar-spear—revolvers we always carried as our usual side-arm at Peshawer, in those days—I joined my Pathán friend at the bridge; we proceeded into the ravine in search of the wolf. My friend was "got up" extensively for the occasion; was mounted, and armed with a spear, and hounds with him. Sure enough, we had not gone five hundred yards up the ravine before we started the wolf. Tally ho! With couched spears we went along the sandy bottom at racing pace after him, and really seemed almost as though we might close on him, when he also took to earth, and ran into a cleft in the bank at

the exact spot where his mate had been "caught." We thought we had him, and dismounted; my friend taking up a position at the entrance, and I on top of the bank at the supposed exit, whilst the dogs went in after him; but he either sulked, or the hole had extensive ramifications, as after an hour's work we failed to get him out, and came to the conclusion that the other wolf had mistaken the entrance to the cave and got into a shallow crevice or cul-de-sác, from which he had been unable to extricate himself when the native labourer captured him. The whole thing struck me as a singular episode in wolf economics. These were grey or Siberian wolves.

Now for another anecdote on wolves, in which, however, the quadruped was the aggressor. During the artillery practice season of 1860-1, whilst in camp at Chamkannie,—a company of H.M.'s 7th Fusiliers was attached to our camp as escort. One night one of the sentries of that regiment was attacked by a wolf, who closed in on him, and on being charged dodged the bayonet and got within his guard, so that he had to shout for help. The next sentry came up at the double, and between them they despatched the wolf, whose skin I purchased from the man next morning. This, also, was a she wolf. The dog wolf hung about our camp for several days, and one morning a young officer, riding out of camp early, came upon him. The wolf, on "*his hurdies*," sat on the road side cooly regarding him, and would not budge on the officer's approach. Unfortunately he had no revolver with him—as nearly always was the custom, even on "off-duty" rides in those days—so the wolf escaped. These, also, were of the Siberian variety, who are often seen in the north-west Punjaub during winter; and, in the present instance, were no doubt famished and desperate with hunger.

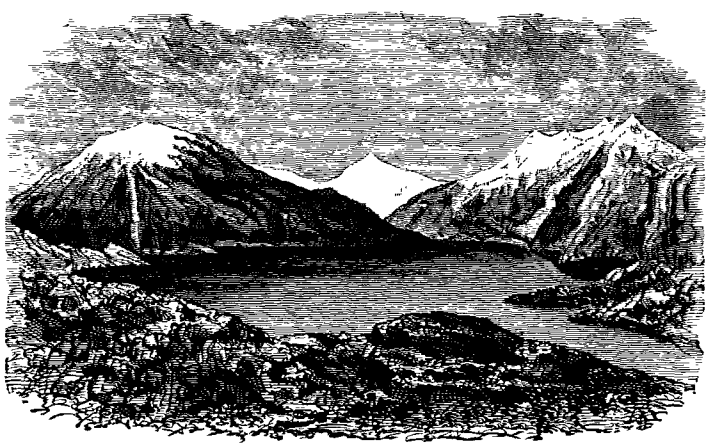
Still another anecdote on wolves, and I will leave the subject. A friend of mine was riding in the jungle near Meerut, in the north-west provinces, when he heard fearful screams proceeding from a field he passed. On approaching, he encountered a strange sight, and paused to view it before interfering. A wretched half-clad native was squatted on the ground huddled up in his "kupra" (clothing), whilst a wolf, of the Indian black variety, was gradually drawing on him in circles—closer and closer by degrees—and no doubt would have ultimately closed in and attacked the man had he not been chased off by my friend, who pursued him for several miles. It is, however, a rare occurrence for a wolf to attack man, and no doubt, in this instance, the beast was emboldened by the cowardly attitude of the man.

I have often pursued a wolf alone, rifle in hand, on horseback, but cannot say I ever got near enough, except in the case I have mentioned, for a sure shot, though occasionally sending a parting salute after the rascal at two hundred yards' distance or so: galloping at the top speed of my gallant bay "Xenophon," I seemed never to approach nearer the gaunt beast "loping off" at a swinging amble, which he no doubt imperceptibly quickened so as to keep the pursuer at the same safe distance behind.

With reference to the term "Chibhál," which includes the upper hill country embraced by the rivers Chenâb and Jhelum, some description has been attempted in Sec. I. (Cashmere). The country is traversed by all the routes to the Cashmere valley therein mentioned. It is essentially the country of the "Chibs" (or Sibæ) many of whom are Mahomedans. The chief principalities of this region are those of *Poonch* and *Rajaorie*, subtending the Rutton Pir.

Jummoo was the stronghold, and is still the lower capitol of the Dogras, the dominant class of this region, to which the Maharajah of Cashmere belongs, and this is also believed to be a Chib tribe.

The author once came straight down from the Kûri pass *viâ* Būdil to Aknoor, an important fort on the Chenâb, thereby traversing the heart of the country called "Kurshall,"—a wild tangle of mountain and ravine flanked by precipitous cliffs, covered chiefly with *pinus longifolia*—with other coniters—as one approaches the slopes of the Pinjal. The Banihal pass was, in the days I write of, kept "dark" by the mahajarah, and was supposed to be his private road into Cashmere: the road runs through Peristhán—literally *fairyland*—and its features may be fairly indicated by that epithet; though, indeed, the whole country of Cashmere merits the appellation. All these points are included within the *Chibhál.* The ethnological groups to be found west of the Jhelum need not here be further dwelt on than as involved in the sketch of the Hazára country, already placed before the reader (page 173).



No. 76—*LAKE HEAD OF RIVER NAINSOOKH, KARGHAN.*

I have scarcely cared to lead my reader into the Dardū country or upper Karghan Valley, where, however, intensely interesting features are presented, and grand forests are encountered, above which the snow peaks of the Duráwer mountains pierce the deep blue sky.

The illustration (No. 76) of "The Head-waters Lake of the Nainsookh River," which drains this valley, is, however, given as illustrative of the sub-nivean watershed of these hills, further into which, however, it is not here proposed to take the reader.

The country from Iskardo to Derbund—along the Indus—is still almost unknown to Europeans. It presents a fine field for research. Within it is included that grand mountain *Nanga-Parbut* (26,629 feet), which towers above the whole border chain of mountains, and stands forth bold and solitary, the sentinel of Cashmere towards the north. This country was the cradle of the great clan of Chukk or Chák, so often referred to in the Historical Sketch of Cashmere, as rulers of the country.*

This must, I think, conclude the slight sketch of the Highlands of the Sind-Saugor and Yecha Döabs.

Across the Chenâb, we arrive in the country of Kishtewar and Boodrawar, which districts belong to Part II. of the "Highlands of the Punjaub," and are, therefore, reserved for the next chapter.

* See pages 137—40.

ANNEXE TO CHAPTER 2—SECTION II.

HAWKING IN INDIA.

I WILL endeavour to give a rough detail of some reminiscences of the sport of Hawking in the Punjaub, where I was stationed for some years, and for several winters I followed this very exhilarating sport. To commence with, I will give an account of the hawk used in hawking the hubara *(Otis Macqueenii)*. It is the Cherugh of India, or Saker, *(Falco Sacer)*. It is a migratory bird, breeding in Affghanistan, and appears in India only in the winter months. The birds generally used are caught by the natives, when they first come down to the plains, in a very simple manner. In the months of September and October the hawk catchers are on the look out for these hawks, which are to be seen sailing high up in the sky. The men are prepared for them, and have at hand a common kite *(Milvus govinda)* to let loose for a quarry. He has been prepared by having had his eyes partly closed, by running a thread through the under eye lids and tied together over his crown, so as to leave a very small portion of the eye uncovered, by which means, the kite being only able to see upwards, makes him ascend. He has had a piece of red cloth tied up into a ball with several horsehair nooses attached to it, tied to his feet. The kite being let loose, and struggling upwards, is soon caught sight of by the wild cherugh, who, seeing, as he fancies, some good meat in the kite's possession, swoops down to capture it. Down he comes, and strikes the kite, and is generally caught by one of the nooses, and then the two come wheeling down to the ground. The hawk, when caught, is subjected to a course of training. His eyes are sewn up in the same way the kite's were; only they are entirely closed. In a day or two, when he becomes a little tame, the threads are cut and he is hooded. All this time he is never allowed to sleep, which is managed by his being always kept on the hand, and by his trainer continually moving his hand round, the hawk has to keep changing his

foothold to keep his balance, and so is effectually prevented going to sleep. The trainer has a comrade who takes charge of the bird when he wants to rest or eat his meals, and continues the course of keeping him awake. This treatment soon tames the wild bird, and he becomes quite gentle, and allows himself to be stroked with the hand, and to have his hood removed and put on again without making any resistance. He soon begins to know his trainer's voice, and when he is fed the meal is given with a "koo-i-i," so that very soon the hawk, hearing this cry, connects it with the idea of food. After a few days a cord is tied to his jesses, and another step in his training is commenced.

One man with a piece of meat stands two or three yards from the trainer and gives the "koo-i-i." The hawk pricks up his head, and is on the look out for his food. The hood is then removed and the "koo-i-i" again sounded. The hawk hearing this, and seeing meat on the man's fist, flies towards him, and is rewarded with a tasty morsel. This is continued every day, and the distance of the food from the trainer increased, until he is considered far enough advanced to fly at and kill his own food. If he is intended to fly at hubara a white fowl is selected, and taken about fifty yards' off: the cry given, the hawk unhooded, the fowl thrown down with a string to his legs, and the hawk released, which flies straight at the fowl; sometimes he strikes him at once, other times only sits down by him; if so, he is tempted to attack the fowl by its being moved towards him. The fowl is then killed and the hawk fed on the fowl, which he much appreciates. This is generally the last touch of training. He is then taken out, and if an hubara can be found, and the trainer can manage to get near enough to it so as to throw the hawk well on to the hubara when it rises, and he strikes it without a long chase, and is fed with it, he is considered a made bird, and fit for work. I have had hawks that were fit for hawking fourteen days after they were first caught.

The next thing is to be on the look out for the arrival of hubara, which generally make their appearance in October. They mostly come in flocks. I have seen as many as ten or twelve in a flock. The hawks being ready trained, I used to send the hawkmen out into the district to find out where hubara were to be seen, and after a day or two one man would return with infor-

mation favourable or otherwise. If birds had arrived, they would mark them down, and mention the place to meet. The news was soon given out—a party made up—horses, greyhounds, guns, and some troopers sent off at once, we following in an hour or two. With as little delay as possible a line is formed to scour the plains. Horsemen were placed about a hundred yards apart, with a hawkman, or man with a brace of greyhounds between each horseman. There were generally five or six men with hawks, and three or four brace of greyhounds, four or five English officers, with five or six native officers and troopers, so that the line was about a mile in length. If the information was good, we generally soon found the hubara near where they had been last seen. An hubara rises; the hawkman nearest it throws off his bird, and away we go. If the hubara has a long start, he will give a long straight flight, and you have to go as hard as legs can carry you. You must keep your eye on the birds, and not look where your horse is going, or you will lose sight of them, consequently numerous spills occur. Sometimes, with only a short start, the flight is a series of zigzags and twists and turns, and I have sat stationary on a rising knoll, and they have circled round more than once. At last the cherugh strikes the hubara, and they come down to the ground together, and are at once secured by one of the party, the cherugh taken on fist, and the hubara, after being killed, has the liver or some delicate morsel taken from it and given to the hawk. Unless the chase has been a very long one the trainer is in a few minutes up to the kill, these men being very long-winded and quick runners. I do not intend to give the idea that every flight ends in a kill, far from it. If the hubara has a long start, he sometimes gets clean away, and the hawk tires of following and comes back again to his trainer. In the case of a cherugh that has been kept through the year and moulted in confinement this is frequently the case; the bird knows well where he has had his food every day for months past, and he will only fly after an hubara just as far as he pleases, and if the quarry is further ahead than he likes, he invariably leaves the chase. This being the case, cherughs are seldom kept for more than one season.

Whilst this chase has been going on the troopers and the rest of the line have remained on the spot where they were left, for the reason that where one hubara is found there are generally

more, we, therefore, after a kill or escape of quarry, return to the line and continue our beat. Perhaps we turn out a hare, a brace of greyhounds are let slip, and we have a gallop after them. Thus the sport continues, until it is thought time to make for home.

I had a wild donkey *(Equus onager)* or ghurkhur, which was brought to me when stationed at Asnee, near the Scinde border; it became very tame, and was always loose and running about my compound or the horse lines. Whenever he saw the hawking party going out he invariably accompanied it, and enjoyed the day's sport as much as anyone. When we started an hubara he galloped with us and went through the run, and when he thought he had had enough he would toss up his head and gallop straight home. Poor Futtoo came to an untimely end after I left the frontier. One cold night he laid down on a bed of hot ashes, where the native horsekeepers had been sitting round a fire, and got dreadfully burnt, which ended in his death.

Sometimes the hubara will alight on the ground after flying a short distance and raise his crest and spread out his tail like a turkey cock, thinking that he will thus frighten his pursuer. I have often ridden up to one in this attitude, and had to crack my whip at him several times before he would take to flight again.

One part of the country we used to hunt was much intersected with ravines, which were almost impassable; consequently, when an hubara flew across these he generally got away, a road down into the ravines being difficult to find. The hawk would follow and often kill the hubara, and having lost sight of the chase, both hawk and hubara were lost. The hawk having killed the hubara he helped himself to the breast, and having satisfied his appetite, would not take wing for hours. Next day he would go in search of food again, and finding some peaceful fowls at a village would swoop down and kill one; the owner of the fowl would then catch him on his quarry, and bring the hawk back into cantonment, when a reward of one or two rupees would satisfy the villager, and he would be on the look out again for more slaughter of his fowls. We often lost hawks, though, in this way, and never recovered them. Frequently we failed to find hubara, and then we would shoot a few partridges, or some grouse, for want of nobler game.

At Hôti Murdán the Guide corps used to keep hawks trained to hunt chinkara or ravine deer. They were trained in Affghan-

istan, and from the time they were taken from the nest were fed between the horns of a deer; consequently they associated the head of a deer with their dinner. When a deer was viewed, the hawk and a brace of greyhounds were let loose: the hawk flew straight at the deer and attempted to alight on his head, flapping his wings over the deer's eyes. The poor deer, utterly dumbfoundered, soon lost all idea of running away, while the greyhounds come up and pull him down. The hawk and hounds perfectly understand one another, and the hawk will wait patiently until the deer is killed, when he gets his tit bit.

The cherugh is also trained to kill kites *(Milvus govinda)*. A kite is seen sailing quietly over a village; the cherugh is let loose, and seeing the kite makes straight for him. The other, seeing it coming, begins to mount in a series of gyrations. Up and up they go, till the two birds appear like specks in the sky: at last the cherugh is seen to have the best of it, and is above the kite: he makes a swoop and strikes the kite, but not effectively, as the kite turns over and receives the stroke on his claws. The two birds again begin to mount; the hawk, perhaps, draws away from the kite, not to leave him, but to gain a superior height. He then resumes the chase, and down again he swoops, and this time strikes well home—the two are clutched together—and with wings expanded and in wheeling circles they come to the ground together.

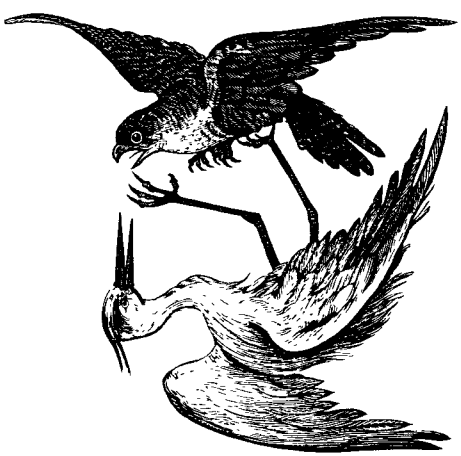
The shaheen *(Falco perigrinator)* is also used for hawking partridges and wild ducks. These birds are trained to "wait on," as it is called. They are let loose, and fly about all round the trainer's head; he, with a stick and dog, beats the bushes on his way, and when he rises the game he gives his "holloo," and the bird on the wing immediately sights the game and swoops down on them. They are not always caught; the partridges seeing the hawk coming, almost tumble down to the ground, hide in any bush or hole at hand, and without the aid of a dog they are very difficult to find. They also "wait on" when a man with a gun seeing wild ducks in a stream wishes to bag some. The ducks will not fly as long as the hawk is hovering over them, and you get your shots at the ducks on the water; then they rise, and the hawk will generally secure one of the number.

The goshawk, or baz, is also another hawk much used. I had

one for some years, and he never went out without earning his dinner. Sometimes two or three brace of partridge and a hare, would be his bag. Now and then he would kill an hubara, but being a short winged hawk, he required to be near the hubara when let loose or he had no chance of killing. He killed hares in good style; he flew right at them and settled himself with one foot round the neck and the other on the back, and would bring the hare up in a few yards.

The sparrowhawk is also used for hawking quail. It is thrown from the palm of the right hand. When the quarry rises, or approaches sufficiently near, the hawk is thrown like a dart, with much force, at it, and usually kills after a twenty or thirty yards flight. It is poor sport, but good for the pot. A good sparrow hawk will kill twenty-five quail in a morning.

[The above note on Hawking was kindly written for me by my friend M.-Genl. George Maister.]



No 77—*HAWK STRIKING HERON*

APPENDIX 1.

Extract from journal of the Expedition against the Kabul Kheyl Wuzzeeries of the "Kurrum Field Force," under Brigadier-General Sir Neville Chamberlain, 1859-60.

12th Dec.—Joined the K.F.F. as a volunteer.

15th ,, Marched to Raisan, seventeen miles; stony hills and narrow.

16th ,, Marched to Pogue, *viâ* Hangu, sixteen miles; narrow defiles in places.*

17th Dec.—Marched to Storazaie, eleven miles; enemy firing into camp.

18th ,, Marched to Gunderáwa, ten miles; fine open valleys between hills.

19th ,, Marched to Tulle, on the river Kurrum; a very stony, difficult road for guns; crossed the Kurrum into Dost Mahomed's territory.

20th ,, Enemy on hills, three koss in front.

21st ,, Halted; went fishing in the Kurrum, caught several mahaseer.

* It was here that my gallant friend W. O——,* also a volunteer, rode into camp with my horses. How well I recollect his arrival in camp! He had, knowing my eagerness to go on this service, obtained my leave from Sir Sydney Cotton, then commanding at Peshawer. He, himself, had no baggage whatever for this little campaign beyond the clothes he stood in, but those clothes comprised about five coats, and in each coat five pockets; each pocket containing some useful item of war. I see him now handing me my leave from one, my watch (which had been left at a watchmaker's) from another; and, finally, pulling out a bag of one hundred and fifty rupees from one of his boots! "There, old fellow! now go in and win!" said W.O. Never since have I forgotten his friendly comradeship on that occasion. Besides his native merit as a soldier, W. O. had been trained in the school of old Charley Napier, whose "towel and bit of soap," as the ideal of a soldier's kit, has passed into a proverb. I myself, since those days have survived to serve in a military station in England where *pockets* are tabooed, and regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of slovenliness; I have actually not had the means of taking money in pocket to my own orderly room! Fancy, also, a sergeant of artillery not being allowed pockets even in "marching order" in which to carry a "squad book!" Such is but dandy soldiering.

* Now General William Olpherts, C.B., V.C.

22nd Dec.—Marched five miles into the mountains, and encamped in a basin near Gunderáwa; skirmish with enemy, two guides killed.

23rd „ Marched back into the valley of the Kurrum, and down the river eight miles; a very difficult, rough march. Encamped at "Shewa," the enemy's chief village: destroyed it. General and infantry still out. In command of No. 1 P.F. Battery, Captain S. being on general's staff.

24th „ General's force returned from mountains, driving in five thousand head of sheep and a few cattle. Heavy rain. Christmas eve; six sheep distributed to every company. Scene of butchery in camp.

25th „ Grand Christmas dinner in artillery camp.

26th „ Went fishing. Joined a reconnoitring party, under Chamberlain, towards Jooni or Kafir-Kôt. Burned Jungi Shah's village. Returned to camp by sunset.

28th „ Parties out skirmishing with Wuzzeeries. Six or eight killed. Three hundred cattle taken.

29th „ General's force marched to "Speen Wân." Rest of camp marched to Billund Kheyl.

From 30th December, 1859, to 8th January, 1860, in the valley of the Kurrum.

On 8th January, marched to Thul: general's force joined in on march. Then marched back *viâ* Gunderáwa, Storazaie, Pogue, and Kohât, where the force broke up on 15th January, 1860.

APPENDIX 2.

Extract from journal of the "Expedition to Derbund," against the Sitâna fanatics, and in aid of the Khan of Umb.

9th October, 1863,—marched from Rawulpindi in command of F. 19, R.A. (with field force H.M. 51st Regiment, and 13th Bengal Cavalry and 3rd Sikhs joined at Derbund.) A somewhat difficult march over the hills of Hazára *viâ* Tupleh, Torbela, etc. On the watershed the horses came almost to a standstill, but no casualties. Enemy firing at long ranges across river. Had to

put the guns in boats the last three miles, sending the teams over the rocks. Arrived at Derbund on 17th.

19th—Rode six miles up the river: saluted with two shots by the Hussanzaies. Nearly hit.*

From 20th October to the end of the year, remained at Derbund. Occasionally, chiefly on Fridays, threatened by the enemy; who, however, were mostly drawn off across the river to attack General Chamberlain's force, fighting so hard in the Umbeyla pass. *We* were, as the crow flies, actually nearer Mulkah—the

* In explanation of this very curt extract, I may say that we—a party of six—were standing on a rock jutting into the Indus, and gazing into the dark and mysterious gorge of the river, where it emerges from the Dardo Mountains, when we observed a few Hussanzaies strolling down to the other bank of the river, here about eighty yards across. Suddenly Colonel (now Sir R.) Bright asked: "Cox! are those natives armed?" "No," said Cox. "I have had my eye on them; they are not." It afterwards transpired, however, that they *were* armed, and had their matchlocks concealed behind their backs, and as soon as the last of the party was mounted and moving off up the rocky path on our bank, they commenced fire. I had been sketching, and happened to be late to mount. My orderly sowar being the very last. I that day rode a white Arab (old 'Lottery'), and whether his colour made him a target I cannot say, but of the three bullets fired, two struck the side of the bank in the angle formed by my own and my horse's back. No doubt the shots were well aimed, but we were moving on at the time, and so escaped!

I may as well complete this little episode, the *denouement* of which, however, having to ride across to Hurripore and back next day on duty, I missed. It seems that Colonel Cox—our political agent in camp—in consequence of the above conduct on the part of a neutral tribe, called on them to declare themselves. The riding party of the preceding day — myself excepted — rode out to high ground overlooking the site of yesterday's adventure, when a curious sight was presented. Cox's letter was produced before a large circle of the tribes collected on the plateau opposite. Each chief on arriving sticking up his spear and taking up his position with his followers in the circle. The letter was read and debated on, and resulted in *war* being declared against us. Even then our "political" would not let us take the initiative. We could easily have destroyed, in half an hour's shelling, all the villages on the plateau across the river, but we were restrained by stringent orders, much to our subsequent regret, as this mean tribe of Pathâns, to whom the safe custody of the fanatics' wives and families had been confided by the enemy whilst the fight was going on below, when fortune went against the unfortunate fanatics, looted every pice and every poor bit of trinket from the hapless ones, and sent them up the river in slavery amongst the wild independent tribes living along the upper Indus toward Gilgit.

objective of the expedition—than the force fighting so desperately to get to it, but the rolling Indus intervened. Many wild rides and scrambles about the hills, even as far as the "Black Mountain," had I during this interval; and I took the opportunity of teaching my battery the "art of war," and they wanted nothing but the opportunity of distinction. Every man of the battery could ride, and ride well. I used to work them as a troop of cavalry, instead of the humdrum riding drill, for which, indeed, there was no facility; I used to lead them on pleasant rides about the country, often along the sandy reaches of the great river, and put the battery through imaginary scenes of service, and try to teach them warfare. I see my journal is full of such positions and reconnoitrings.

During Christmas we had some glorious duck shooting.

On 15th December heard heavy firing across river, and next day heard Chamberlain's force had taken Lalbundi.

On 26th the 51st were relieved by the 93rd Highlanders, at whose social mess I saw the old year out. On the 6th January I rode out towards Torbela, and saw the destruction of the Sitâna villages by Wilde's column, which had debouched from the Jadoon hills. On 19th commenced return march to Rawulpindi, where arrived 28th January, 1864.

APPENDIX 3.—COINS (page 205).

ACCORDING to Abbott—and I may corroborate it from personal observation—many coins of Agôthl, Agothkla (Agathocles), are found, as well as of Kadphises, these being of a Greek type. Figures of kings riding *astride* on the back of an elephant are found, some armed with a net or spear in rest, or with the ankoh or trident. In regard to the riders of the elephants, Abbott suggests that the tradition of a race of giants may have some foundation in fact; as this coin is common in Hazára and trans-Indus of the age coëval with Russaloo, the Hero of the ancient Punjaub, whom the bards delight to honour as *the* champion of old. He was coëval with the introduction of Boodhism into the Punjaub, and Abbott suggests that his wars with the giants (Râkus) may have typified the religious struggle between the Hindoo and Scytho-Greek races.

The coins of Kadphises are generally found in topes, and are rather of Greek than Asiatic type—rather Persian than Tartar—belong to the religion of Zertoosht (Zoroaster) rather than Boodha. Inscriptions in Greek of Hercules, Neptune, Europa (bull), Ceres (cornucopia), Helios, etc. The coins of Kadphises are of the first Scytho-Greek type, and point to Fire worship. The image is often shown with flames issuing from the helmet or shoulders: Toork or Balkh—the Land of Zoroaster—is often quoted. Figures, sometimes clubbed like Hercules, sometimes with ram's horns like Anubis, Annun RA or Aum Helios, and of a purely Greek type are also found.*

A few additional notes bearing on the History of the Sind-Saugor and Yecha Döabs—chiefly extracted from Abbott's masterly treatise on the Legends of the Punjaub—may here, perhaps, prove of interest to readers interested in the subject, as follows:—

The "Jusrut" family succeeded the Pandaus in the Punjaub.

Sëalkote founded by Salahya or Salivahana, father of Russaloo. He was of the Pooroowar family of Chandrabun Rajpoots.

The following is the fabled genealogy of Russaloo.

Brahm to Sálábyn (Sálivahána) two thousand years—

(1) Sálábyn, A.D., 81; (2) Russaloo, 171, son; (3) Hôdé, 216, son; and twenty-two kings are named down to Mahmood (of Ghuzni), a descendant of the Pooroowar dynasty of Chandrabun Rajpoots, who reigned at Sëalkote.

Russaloo's enemy, the "Râkus" (Râckshas Sanskrit)—Tera, and his brethren—had their haunt at *Gundghur* or *Alooli*, in Hazára, and incurred the vengeance of Russaloo by their depredations at Lahore, then called Oodinagri. They haunted the forest west of Lahore, and daily demanded a human victim, and Russaloo's battle with the monsters to avenge the cruel sacrifice is the favourite theme of the Punjaub bards.

The Rakus is said, also, to have haunted the Bullar tope, and Raja Srikup, Russaloo's other enemy, the Mánkyola tope, and another near Pukli. A religious or ethnical strife is probably symbolized.

* The above Note chiefly taken from Abbott's *Legends of the Punjaub.*

Russaloo dwelt at Mount Moorut, and thence daily rode to Dhumtore, in Hazára, to hunt, a distance of eighty miles, on his steed Bhôri Rakhi. His strength is ascribed to his continence and abstention from hair cutting. He was a Jutt Raju—a quasi Nazarite.

Kauf, the prison of the genii. There, in caverns, secured by the seal of Solomon, they await the day of judgment.

Mungla is a castle on a cliff overhanging the Jhelum, sacred to *Mars*. It looks down on the site of Alexander's victory over Porus.

Dhangulie, on the Jhelum, above Mungla—a long sandstone rock peninsulated by deep ravines—is the site of the palace of Sooltan Sahrung, last of the Gakhar Sooltans, previous to the division of their principality. After him the Gakhar principality was divided, and again subdivided, until, its strength sapped by these subdivisions, it was finally conquered by the Sikhs under Rajah Golaub Sing and Sirdar Hurrie Sing. Its few representatives—about twelve in number—were rescued from the prisons of Maharajah Golaub Sing, and pensioned.

Margulla is a slight pass at the tail of the limestone ridge west of Rawulpindi.

The Hurrôh, a small river, rises in the Dhoond country, and joins the Indus below Attock.

Potowar is the table-land between the Indus and Jhelum, enclosed by the mountains of Hazára, and south by the Salt Range.

The highest crest of Gundgurh—*Pirthan*—is 4,500 above sea.

Mount Bhaingra, an isolated limestone summit in Hazára, 8000 feet.

The Indus called "Abu-Sín;" "Father Sinde," by the borderers; but the Hindoos style him "Sinde Rama,"—Queen Sinde.

The Rachasses { Pehoon, slain on an island of the Indus.
Chindia falls into the Sutlej and is lost.
Pagrputt, enclosed in rock, is made to appear

by a charm obtained by Russaloo from *Beera*, the sister of the four giants—*Chindia*, *Pehoon*, *Pagrputt*, and *Tera*. This last is the survivor—his hand, however, chopped off—who is fabled to be imprisoned in the caverns of Gundgurh, and to bellow each time he retreats from the sight of Russaloo's bow hanging at its entrance.

APPENDIX 4.

Note on the Gakhars.

The Gakhars are supposed by Abbott to be descendants of Indo or Scytho Greeks. They were princes of "Potowar," which is the table-land between the Indus and the Jhelum; bounded north by the mountains of Upper Hazára, and south by the salt range; in fact, nearly corresponding with the Sind-Saugor Döab. They trace back to King Gohr, or his son Kyde (A.D. 655-70), King of Kyan, in Persia, who—being driven from his kingdom—conquered Thibet, and "grafted Islam upon the dwellings of owls, making a paradise for houris in every place of fear among the mountains of Dévs and Peris." The eleventh or twelfth descendant—Sooltan Khan or his son Kaub (A.D. 865-80)—reduced Cashmere, but Thibet was wrested from him by the Chinese: he married a beauty of the Chák tribe.

The ancient kingdom—except Cashmere—was lost in the time of the twenty-fourth Sooltan Roostum (1138), who was murdered in Kabul. Hazára and the Sind-Saugor Döab alone retained. Gakhar Shah, the twenty-ninth king (1243), was buried at Kabul, which, however, was then lost by the Gakhars. The thirtieth king—Báz Ali or Bijli Khan (1264) conquered Dhoond and Pakhli, and Sutli mountains, and was the first prince who dwelt at Dhangulie for security. Sahrung, forty-third prince (1537), dwelt at Dhangulie, where he sheltered the fugitive Emperor Humaioon, but was slain by Shere Shah in sight of his own palace, and his skin was then stuffed with chaff and exposed on the road side as a terror to the Gakhars.

Between 1553 and 1574 the Gakhar territory was split into two principalities—Pharwala and Dhangulie—between Laskuri, son of Adâm Khan, and Kummial Khan, son of Sahrung.

In 1763 Shah Khan, the Gakhar chief, was imprisoned by Golaub Sing: he died in prison, and his son, Rajah Hyatoola Khan—the fifty-sixth Gakhar King—was released from Jummoo prison by British interference, and holds a small jaghir in Hazára. This was the chief, if I mistake not, that I met at Noorpore near Rawulpindi, as long ago as the year 1849.

SECTION III.—(PART 2).

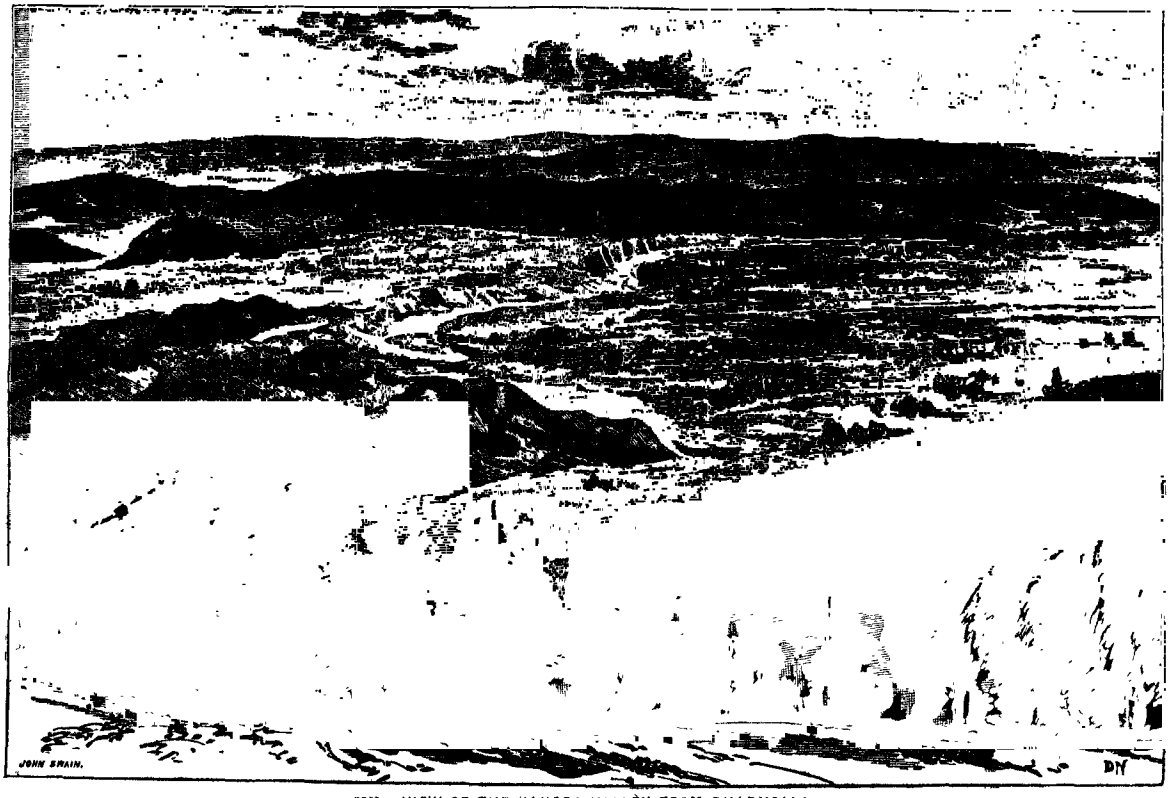
The Highlands of the Rechna, Bâri, and Jullunder Döabs, including Kishtewar, Boodrawár, Barmawár, Chumba, the Kangra Valley, and the group of associated Hill Principalities—[page 56, Vol. I., "Highlands of India"]—Kūlū, Lahoul, Zanskar, Spiti, and the Valley of the Sutlej.

CHAPTER 1.



No. 78—*Study of a Deodar.*

KISHTEWAR—the "land of timber-trees," the first district mentioned above—has been already alluded to in Section I., Chapter 10 of the present volume. The author, after grievous wanderings in Lahoul, Zanskar, and the valley of the Chándrabhâga, during which he was ill and more than half starved, at length debouched from the higher mountains into a comparatively civilized tract of country. On reaching Chilergarh, an old Sikh outpost about three marches from Kishtewár, I halted, but had there also failed to obtain supplies, and arrived at Kishtewár half starved. Marching through the forests of the Chándrabhâga, I at last, however, reached the fertile river plateau on which stands the town of Kishtewár, surrounded by fertile fields, and holding ample resources. Finding supplies, I halted to recruit my strength and view the neighbourhood, previous to crossing the Chenâb into Cashmere by the Meribul pass, as recorded in Chapter 10, Section I.



XV.—*VIEW OF THE KANGRA VALLEY FROM DHARMSALA.*

Little, however, need be said of the Kishtewár district, which partakes of the Alpine character of the Himalayas generally; and I find my notes on it very slight. Much timber is cut in the forests along the Chenâb, and floated down to the plains of the Punjaub; thus it keeps up its ancient fame as "*Kastawár*" = "abounding in timber."

The traveller who, from this point progresses down the river, which takes a bend at Kishtewár to the south-west, soon arrives at Doda, a considerable fort on the right bank of the river, whence a swing bridge leads into the marches of Boodrawár. From the river a road leads up



No. 89—VALLEY OF THE CHANDRABHAGA, PANGI.

the hills to the fort of Boodrawár, a fertile spot embowered in fruit trees. Should he progress further down stream, he skirts on his right the lovely region of Peristhán (fairyland), and on his left catches a peep into the Butôt valley; thence down stream soon takes him to Aknoor, a large fort on the old imperial road to Lahore, on which point the author has several times debouched on his way to and from Cashmere.*

From Boodrawár a difficult path leads across the Pudru-Dhar pass, over densely wooded mountains, and through wild gorges and the remarkable clefts of the Säah river to Chumba, a track diverging also to Bisooli on the river Rávi. Long wooded mountain spurs, radiating from the Himalayan axis, impinge on this road, and render travelling difficult: a lower track passes along the Butôt valley, where the country opens out into fine broad river terraces, forming fertile plateaux. This region, as it opens out with wide fields along the river Seul, is called the "Garden of Chumba."

Many pheasants, chiefly moonal, were shot in the hills hereabouts, by the author's people whom, on one occasion, he left behind in these mountains; but his own travels along these regions have been very limited: he has, however, more than once visited Jummoo, the maharajah of Cashmere's sub-Alpine capitol, already mentioned.

In the days I write of the orders of government were very strict for travellers in this particular section of Cashmere territory: it was believed that the maharajah was touchy on the point, and British officers were forbidden to linger, or even to pass along this particular track. On one occasion only did the author partially overcome

* The Chenâb (Assesines) is a classical stream; and, like the Jhelum, has witnessed many wars. Sealkot, Wuzzeerabad, Goojerat, Chunniot, and Mooltan, being all on or adjacent to its banks.

the restriction. Old Golaub Sing was currently reported to have several depôts of treasure at Rihursi and elsewhere along that line: his hiding tendency in that way had, in the time of the Sikhs, earned for him the appellation of the "Sona-ki-Kúkoor" (the golden hen) from his enemies, who, on one occasion, caught and squeezed the astute old gentleman till he disgorged several of his golden eggs. He is represented as, under this pressure, leading his captors about these hills from one little nest to another, till they at length released him, glad to escape with his life.

The "Banihal" is the only pass across the Pinjal leading into the Cashmere valley not actually traversed by the author: who, however, has been in its close vicinity on both sides of the Pinjal; nevertheless, he will now pass on into regions where he is really more at home, and which, to some extent, have been already described in the "Highlands of India." Chumba, with its temples, and Chogán (polo) ground has been already alluded to; Barmawár, the ancient seat of the raj, is higher up, on the Rávi, which valley contains magnificent Alpine scenery. I am permitted to supplement my own experiences by an extract from the vivid description of the scenery as depicted by a brother — the author of the "Eastern Hunters"—in whose company I visited the mountains of the Dhaola Dhar, but who had the further opportunity—denied to me—of crossing the Jôt or Kiársi pass from Dharmsala, into Barmawár, where he killed some game of various kinds—goorul, burrul, and bear.

We had ascended to some caves behind Rilloo—perhaps 12000 feet in elevation—and there dwelt two or three days, previous to our separation; he to cross the Jôt into Barmawár, I to return to military quarters at Hooshiapore, where he afterwards rejoined me a month later.

I am privileged to avail myself of his journal, which is before me. It abounds in picturesque sketches, both in pen and pencil, of the sublime scenery of those lofty valleys. I may also, perhaps, be able to reproduce a sketch or two of my own, made as long ago as the year 1848, when I first visited those mountains, and when the forests which clothed their sides were well nigh untrodden by Europeans. It was in the year 1853 that my brother and I visited the district. I recollect we obtained several specimens of moonal (Impeyan pheasant) behind Dharmsala, in fact we lived on them in our cave. It was July, and we found the cock birds—like graceless grass-widowers—packed and running about the grassy hill slopes below the snow, apparently chasing beetles, whilst their spouses were doing the domestic, and sitting on their nests in the deep forests. Of course we did not disturb them, but felt ourselves justified under the circumstances, in hunting the truant mates. If I recollect rightly, my brother tackled them with a pea rifle, whilst I took the flying shots as they went off down the "kudd."

"I had been staying at Hooshiapore, and thence paid a visit to the pretty small hill station of Dharmsala, near Kangra. This was my starting point for the mountain trip; and on the 28th July I crossed the pass with the object of penetrating the rarely visited Burmaor district, whence spring the sources of the Ravee, there called Rewa.

After staying in a cave for two or three days at the foot of the pass, but high above the region of trees, detained there by the incessant rain, I took a favourable opportunity and made good the ascent. I had with me, perhaps, about a dozen mountain men belonging to a tribe of hill Rajpoots, called Guddees, for of course, everything I had was obliged to be carried by coolies, the path being utterly impracticable for any beast of burden. A very active, good looking, and interesting race they are in general, and the women are very pretty, with, oh! such legs and ankles!

These are liberally displayed by the dress worn by both sexes—a sort of long loose tunic of woollen manufacture, gathered in at the waist, and descending to the knee or lower, at the option of the wearer. It is allowed to hang over the waist-girdle in baggy folds, in which they carry various marching necessaries. But if deemed desirable, these folds can be dispensed with, and the garment elongated so as to cover more of the legs. Free and facile play of the limbs is, however, necessary in mountain climbing. The men are jolly, lively fellows enough, but somewhat dirty, and of no account as shikaries. More than the body garment, even the head dress is distinguished for its peculiarity of shape, being also made of some woollen stuff, which is so arranged as to form a peak behind, such as I have never seen elsewhere. They—the men, I mean—wear their hair, too, in three or four uncut locks on each side, and pride themselves on the length of these tresses, just as English ladies would do.

I had a most difficult journey altogether, for the snow in the clefts of the mountains, which formed the usual road, was in many parts broken up, and we were obliged to find our way by the sides of the ravines, very often with but a bare footing, step after step being made with the greatest caution. In several instances we had to ascend the bare face of the sloping rock, in some parts precipitous. Sometimes a pine-stem, felled on the brink, was the only bridge over a roaring torrent; at other places a couple of long poles would be laid across, parallel to each other, and on these loose slabs of wood placed crossways, with many and extensive intervals, through which the water might be seen foaming and flashing far below. Over the Ravee itself, in what I may, for distinction's sake, call the more civilized portion of the valley, rope bridges were to be found.

I soon found it was impossible to get on with my shoes, so I procured a pair of foot coverings made of twisted goat's hair, the roughness of which, when bound on, gave a fine biting grip, and at the same time allowed easy play to the foot. The men used a sort of sandal formed of twisted straw, which they constructed in a few minutes, and threw away when worn out and the day's journey over.

I had with me a small rowtie, though I lived a good deal in caves in the upper parts of the mountains, and the rest of my kit

was reduced to the most extreme limits;—a pewter mug, cup and saucer, two or three plates, and a knife, fork, and spoon may seem to some an unnecessarily limited supply of table necessaries, but roughing it was essential on that trip, and I have always found that the less you have the less you want.

I wish I could give you an idea of the glorious scenery of that pass. All the lower slopes of the mountains—with a southern exposure towards Dharmsala—were either bare spurs of the most vivid green, varied with the colours of the rocks, or clothed with magnificent forests of oak and rhododendron. Those, again, to the north were clad in the more sombre garments of pine, cedar, and fir. Above the region of trees, where the widowed mountain was desolate and grand, till it culminated in peaks, precipices, and glaciers, the great seams and clefts of the range were mostly filled with snow, hiding the torrents which, somewhat lower, broke away and flashed roaring down the mountain. These gorges, however, were but mere intersections of the great upland slopes, which were strewn with huge boulders of granite—the débris from the peaks and precipices above—among which the most beautiful flowers, ferns, lichens, and grasses, in infinite variety, and including many much prized in England, gemmed the rich verdure, and mingled with masses of bracken and wild rhubarb, 'wasting their sweetness on the desert air.' Above all, the clouds beat up against the peaks, and were held there in check by the snow. It is only those who have seen such who can fully appreciate the ruggedness, the desolate, secluded wildness, and grandeur of the lone mountain scenery, unstained, uncontaminated by the feeble efforts of man; and showing, in all its vast and solitary glory, the all-powerful impress of the hand of Nature in her sternest mood. No sound to break the silence, save the dull murmur of some distant cascade, the wild cry of the moonal, some call from forests below, or the occasional crash of a fallen mass of rock.

Such is the great spur of the Himalayas which separates the Burmaor valley from the Punjaub. In front, and far beyond, towers in unsullied grandeur, to the height of five and twenty thousand feet, the lofty cone of "Manimäis," and other peaks of the range of perpetual snow, the accumulations of a thousand centuries. Away, behind, lie the lower hills of the Kôhisthân, connecting the mountains with the great Punjaub plain, the latter nearly hidden from view in the hazy mist of heat and distance.

Dwarfed into insignificance, and from that height undiscernible as elevations of considerable altitude, these hills are, themselves, full of a soft and gentle beauty, but one naturally wanting in the sublimity of the loftier Himalêh, or, to call the range by its more ancient and classical name,—Emodus or Himodhi, the latter meaning the receptacle of snow."

I will now refer to previous notes on the subject, and recount my own earlier experiences of these mountains. I record them as they occur in point of time.

Whilst in garrison at Lahore—during our early occupation of the Sikh capitol, 1847-8—the author, with a brother officer, having obtained a month's leave "between musters," as it was then termed, rode off from the artillery mess at Anar-kullie towards Umritsur, on the Jullunder road, after "tiffin" on the 1st April, 1847. We had two sowars (Sikhs) as escort, who, however, being natives of the western döabs of the Punjaub, were of little use as guides. The road between Lahore and Umritsur was, in those days, a mere sandy track from village to village. However, we got over near half of our ride of thirty-three miles tolerably well; then, as evening closed in, a heavy thunder storm, which had been threatening, burst upon us in full fury, and it was with difficulty we found our third relay of horses. Having, however, mounted to complete our journey, we were overtaken by night, which set in pitch dark. A renewal of the thunder storm, which laid the country under water, occurred. We lost our way, and our ride degenerated into a scramble across muddy fields from village to village. Well do I recall the stalwart figure of my companion, who led the van in full war paint—armed, in fact, cap-â-pied—the lightning seeming almost to flash on his steel scabbard, and how dreadfully annoyed he was at my laughter and endeavours to keep up our spirits amidst the drenching rain!

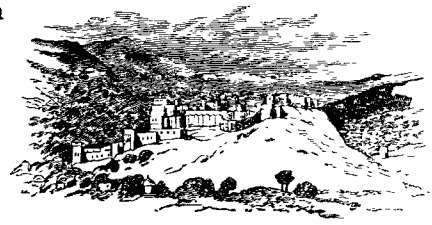
We were out half the night, but at length found ourselves suddenly arrived on the counterscarp or glacis of the deep ditch which surrounds the fortress of Govindghur; round this we circulated till we arrived at the guard-house at the gate of the fort, which was held by Sikh soldiers. These good fellows—so lately our enemies—cleared a room for us, cooked us a fowl, and generally enacted the rôle of welcome to the strangers.

Next day we visited the shrine and tank of the golden temple of Umritsur, where the Sikh holy book—the Gránth—is kept, and here we nearly came into collision with some fanatical "Akálie" (immortal), desperadoes whom my companion failed to conciliate by refusing to remove his long riding boots, as "Feringhees" were then expected to do. However, by bestowing a handsome "backsheesh" on the shrine, they were appeased.

After this, having three horses each, we rode across the Jullunder Döab to Hooshiapore, at that time devoid of troops, except that the afterwards distinguished W. O——, then a lieutenant of artillery, was there located, engaged in raising a company of Sikh artillery for the service of the Lahore durbar. He entertained us hospitably in his camp, pitched amidst the trees of a shady mangoe tope. Here we rested two days, and examined the locality. At this time the zenána of Sheikh Emam-oo-deen, the rebellious Governor of Cashmere, was established here, and as it was rumoured to contain some of the chiefest beauties of India, it was an object of curiosity to us youngsters. The ladies were, of course, "purdah nisheen"—secluded behind the curtain—but we did succeed in catching more than passing views of several of the beauties of the establishment.

From Hooshiapore we rode along the skirt of the mountains as far as Rooper, at which point the river

Sutlej debouches from the mountains of Kahloor. Here we entered the hills, and proceeding by Nalyghur and Maloun, arrived at Simla in due course.



No. 80—*Nalyghur.*

As this was my first experience of the Himalaya mountains let me try to recall the fresh impressions then experienced! How well I remember the exuberance of our spirits at the change of temperature as we ascended from the arid plains of the Punjaub to the temperate zone of mountain breezes amidst groves of oak and pine. Through these we passed, till we reached the rhododendron woods—then in full flower—which herald the approach to Simla—Queen of Indian Watering-places. The flush of *sunset* was on the gorgeous crimson blossoms as we rode into the station;—the wild flowers of spring studded the banks along the road;—rivulets of pure spring water at intervals gushed along the wayside from mossy fountains and fern-shaded pools, sometimes built up into small stone reservoirs—a rural shrine here and there appears, with, perhaps, a mountain maid drawing water or, may be, a mountain mother holding her infant's head under the cold stream in the belief that such is restorative and strengthening;—an occasional Sikh chief, with a small following and equipage, encountered as we emerged from the woods on to the high road, returning from paying his respects at the levée of the Governor General at Simla; jolly looking fellows these, many of them of huge stature, and in no wise downcast at their late defeat on the Sutlej! with these my companion, being a fine linguist, would converse in their own dialect,

in which he was the first officer who passed. Such were a few of the roadside pictures which greeted us along the road. At last Simla, at that time the gay resort of grass widows and idlers of the plains! Several writers have endeavoured to put before the public an idea of the life of the Simla of those days; but for my part I believe, generally, they give fallacious ideas, and a false picture of Anglo-Indian society. Loose morals and a disregard of the sanctity of the marriage knot, were the key note of many such writers, who touched on Indian society sketches; but I hold they were mostly libellous and misleading. There were many charming households and families possessing every domestic virtue and accomplishment to be found in the Simla of those days; and I, for one, deprecate the false impressions thus conveyed of the social life of our countrymen and countrywomen in the East.

After a short sojourn, I had to leave Simla on my return to Lahore, and on my ride down was fortunate in the companionship of my friend and schoolfellow "Hodson," who was then semi-officially employed under Sir Henry Lawrence (Resident of Lahore). This was, of course, years before he achieved the celebrity he afterwards gained at Delhi and elsewhere. In those days Hodson used to be my guest at the artillery mess at Lahore every Wednesday—a standing invitation! but he was, at that time, engaged in building the first rough school-room for the Lawrence Asylum on the hillside at Kussowlie, which has formed the nucleus of the now extensive buildings there. Mrs. (Lady G.) Lawrence had already taken charge of a flock of young children—the first batch ever collected (by myself!) for the asylum: they had just arrived from Lahore.

Well do I recollect, on my arrival at Kussowlie on this

occasion, finding that estimable lady tending her little flock in one of the small thatched native hospital sheds so as to set the thing going, she herself, an able co-efficient of her excellent brother-in-law, superintending all the active duties of matron for sweet charity's sake. The bright example of one such woman is sufficient to refute the calumnies formerly sought to be hurled at our dear countrywomen in India, alluded to above!

That great charitable institution was inaugurated, in the face of much opposition, by that noble philanthropist, Sir Henry Lawrence, and was thus, through the personal exertions of a few friends, set on foot.

I remained a day or two at Kussowlie in order humbly to aid the good work, by the reception of good old Sergeant O'Leary, who had conducted along the journey the children I had myself seen started from Lahore. During this time I lodged at the dâk (travellers') bungalow at Kussowlie, a favourite resting-place of mine, and one at which—during my subsequent occasional visits to Simla—I afterwards often made a point of stopping. Perched on a flowery slope of a spur of the first range, amidst the pine trees, it always seemed to me to offer a delightful *premier pas* to the traveller from the plains, and many a pleasant hour has the author enjoyed under its "soughing" fir-trees on his journeys to and from Himalayan retreats.

Soon afterwards, as I had to be back by "muster" on the first of May, I embarked on Palki, and committing myself to that oriental jog-trot, a *dauk* trip, journeyed down by regular night stages to my quarters at Lahore, where I resumed my duties as Adjutant of Artillery at that large station.

Again, after an interval of a year—in April, 1848—I started, one of a party of four, on leave "between mus-

ters"—for a trip to Kangra and the Kôhisthân of the Jullunder Döab. Travelling *viâ* Umritsur, where we lodged in one of the kiosks in the beautiful gardens, we arrived late in the afternoon of the second day at Buttála; here we lodged in the grand sporting palace of the late Maharajah Sher Sing. Before sunset we accidently observed that there were wild ducks on the extensive pond or tank close to the palace; so getting out our guns we endeavoured to circumvent them; two of us embarked on the boat, and each of the other two taking up a position on each side of the large tank, whose side was, perhaps, three hundred yards across, we succeeded, before dark, in bagging no less than sixteen ducks! the birds, had probably, not been disturbed for a long time, and declined to leave the water, and when put up, after wheeling overhead, would again plunge on to a far corner of the extensive surface before finally departing for safer waters.

Next day we pushed on to Kánwán, an extensive swamp, at one place enlarging into a lake containing an island on which the same sporting maharajah had another shooting-box. On the shores of this water we pitched camp, and occupied the next two days in exploring and shooting on this extraordinary and interesting creek of the Bëas river as it really is.



No. 81—*Kamwan, on the river Beas.*

In those days it could not have been much less than twelve miles in length, and contained extensive beds of reeds and flags extending inland on the western bank for

miles, amidst which, lanes were cut. One could just sit in the stern sheets of one of the small canoes or "dug-outs" there available, whilst the boatman who propelled it had also just space to use his paddle, and bring you up to the game. Warily creeping along under cover of the sedges, he would now and then accelerate his pace as he neared the game, and, finally, putting on a spurt, would cause the boat to dart out from under cover right into the midst of a vast flock of ducks, teal, etc., when it is no figure of speech to say that the flock rising would darken the air. I have seen an appreciable shadow cast on the water, as from a passing cloud, by the enormous crowd of wild fowl rising from this wonderful fen. Snipe were also abundant, and some of our party went after them.

Many neel-ghyie (blue cattle) also were roaming about, and we came quite close to them. I even mistook the first I saw for a donkey feeding, but being strictly preserved—and a notice to that effect having been put into our hands by the native authorities on our arrival—we were debarred shooting any. I rather think they are considered as "cows," and participate in the sacred character of cattle, in which the Sikh, following the Hindoo, concurs, contrary to the real tenets of his former religion. I say *former*, because the Sikh religion, as enunciated by Nánúk, the first Gūroo (or highpriest)—who was, in fact, born at Talwandi on this very river, the Bëas (or Hyphasis), about 1469—was a pure Deism. The "unity of God," and the "equality of man," being its two fundamental dogmas: but from want of spiritual guidance, the Sikhs have, of late years, relapsed towards the idolatry of the Hindoos, and have adopted many of their ceremonial customs.*

We might have got any amount of game at this point;

* See page 89.

whence, however, after two pleasant days, we departed towards the hills, whose outlines loomed very temptingly in the near distance. We rode on across the plains of Deenanugger, at that time a bare jungly plain, dotted, however, with villages surrounded by a few cactus hedges and other quickset fences, to Pathankote, a curious old ruined fort built by Shah Jehan to command the high road to Lahore, and the ferry over the Bëas between Jummoo and Kangra—the Nágakôt of old times. Here were said to abide large serpents or pythons, amidst the fast decaying ruins. Interesting, however, as are these localities, we pushed on *viâ* Rilloo, to Kangra, where we pitched camp, making it the head-quarters of our hill ramblings for, perhaps, a fortnight.

We were hospitably entertained by the 72nd Regiment Native Infantry and other troops there in garrison, and thoroughly enjoyed our new experience of these lovely hills. Dharmsala was then simply a clearing in the oak forest for the one house of the Commissioner, Mr. John (afterwards Lord) Lawrence. Hence we roamed along the lower wooded hills, towards Rilloo, Kôtilah, etc., and skirting the great Dháola Dhar range, enjoyed sundry hunts and beats after game. I do not recollect, however, that we obtained much at this time, but we saw a few wild pigs and kakur deer, one of which I remember actually brushed me as I sat motionless one sultry afternoon on the look out on a wooded spur near Rilloo.

Years afterwards (1870) I was walking one evening, about sunset, amidst the ruins of Kôtilah, a small fort of the most picturesque character, in that tangle of mountain, near Noorpore, when I was accosted by a strange figure, who announced himself as the custodian or tutelary bard of the place.

Bard—Salaam, Sahib! It is not safe for *Feringhees* to

be in these ruins after sunset: they are full of Jádoo (magic).

Traveller—I also am acquainted with magic.

Bard—Only twice-born Brahmins and Súrajbuns Rajpoots, like my rajah, are safe here!

Traveller—Indeed; listen Vibhu! I have only been born once, but my ancestor was Jáyôtis (the Planet Mars), and my laganputti (horoscope) is in the house of Brihispáti (Jupiter). Am I safe, oh Sage?

Bard (looking hard at traveller)—I had thought, great sir! that Feringhees had no sires, and were sons of the sea!

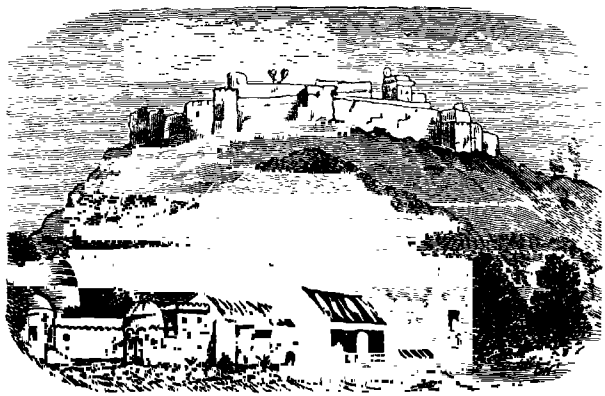
Traveller—Who knows! My grandsire was perhaps a lion or an elephant! oh bard! Feringhees have sharp swords. Their magic consists in wisdom, courage, and justice. If ever you hear children of the sun or moon say their magic is stronger than English, they lie! Remember to put that in your next chácah (poem), oh nephew of a bard! and for God's sake, great sir, keep your pluck up *(dil musbood rákho)*, or the Bhût-lōg (ghosts) will catch even you!

Bard (with profuse salaams)—Protector of the poor! I will do so. There is no danger here for an English Russaloo like his highness!

With this I gave the bard his "rooksut" (dismissal) and a British rupee. I may add that I have ever found "backsheesh" more mighty to the Vedic mind than any deity of the Hindoo Pantheon.

I can never forget, however, the fresh delight we took in our mountain walks, and the "new sensation" of exploring a wild and only half known country-side. I have made many journeys in this lovely district since that early period of my life, but not having kept journals, perhaps I may confuse some of the localities then visited;

but my impression is that it was on this occasion we made our return journey *viâ* "Jowálá-Mookhi," a sacred place, where naphtha springs and spontaneous fire are found. Of course there is a Giant here, whose breathing belched forth from below the mountain, causes these phenomena.



No. 82—*THE FORT AND VILLAGE OF HURRIEPORE.*

Our road conducted us across a mountain scarped into steps, as is not unusal in this region, to *Hurriepore*, our next stage, and so on to Mokerián, on the Bëas. Here I had to leave my horse "Rufus," who sank, poor fellow! from the effects of climbing and hard work in the hot sun of a Punjaub April; and so returning on our former track, *viâ* Deenanugger and Umritsur, we reached Lahore in time for the "muster" of the first of May, 1848, where I resumed my duties as Adjutant of the large artillery division there quartered, consisting of two troops of horse-artillery, two field batteries, a wing of a European battalion, and a company of golundauz (native artillery).

Those were stirring times, and this an important position for a young officer of not more than four years' standing; and I may almost say that these were about the most interesting and hopeful years in my career!

Yes! stirring times were approaching close; and before I again visited these lovely mountains I had been many months under canvas in the field, at the Siege of Mooltan and subsequent battles of the Punjaub War of 1848-9.

These were the days alluded to in the preamble of this volume, "when Abbott, of Khiva celebrity," was ruling Hazára with patriarchal sway—himself a host, but alone in a country as large as Wales—as mentioned in the part treating of that district; and when the gallant Edwardes, on the Derajhát frontier, having to face rebellion—collecting an army as he marched—drove the rebel Moolraj within his stronghold, Mooltan, and held him there until our arrival in support.

The times brought one in contact with characters who afterwards achieved celebrity:—Sir Henry Lawrence, Resident of Lahore; Brigadier (afterwards Sir Colin) Campbell,* who obtained his first line command in the Lahore of those days; and Major Robert Napier of the Engineers, now Lord Napier of Magdala, may be mentioned as amongst our leading officials in Lahore at that period. James Abbott, Nicholson, Herbert Edwardes Olpherts, Hodson, have already been casually alluded to in the course of the foregoing narrative, and others might be mentioned. Assuredly the Punjaub of those days was not wanting in men of promise and distinction.

* Ultimately Lord Clyde.

CHAPTER 2.

IT will thus have been seen that the author on three or four several occasions visited the Kangra district. On each occasion I found the aspect of the country much changed; instead of the wild tracts of jungle, such as they were, for instance, near Deenanugger at my visit in 1848, I found when next I came that way (about 1864) along the banks of the Bári Döab canal, smiling crops and a well wooded green country, thoroughly shaded by avenues of trees, the creation of its fertilizing waters.

On this last occasion, on my return from Dalhousie —leaving the hotel there after dinner—I made a moonlight flitting across the hills to the Rávi, where, on arrival by dawn of day, I embarked on the "mussocks" with my travelling bag and bedding. Thence, rushing down the torrent through striking scenery—past Bissoli —between gorges cleft by the river as it escapes through the lower ranges of hills to the plains of the Punjaub, I reached Sindwána Ghât in four hours, and—a friend having sent his trap to meet me—I was seated at breakfast at Madhopore, the Engineer station at the head of the Bári Döab canal, by 10 a.m.; thus traversing in five hours a distance from Dalhousie of two days' journey by road. Thence I rode down the canal banks to Umritsur and so to Lahore.

"Once again" (1870) I visited this lovely district, and proceeded beyond it as far as the Chumba Valley, where the river Rávi can be seen emerging from the gorges of Barmáwar. Chumba itself being rather an interesting town, with some fine temples and a broad polo* ground;

* Called *Chogán*, a game of Thibetan origin, formerly played in many of the sub-Himalayan towns in these hills.



XVI.—*VALLEY OF GURPUT, ZANSKAR.*

one of the few to be seen cis-Himalayan, as the game seems to have been of Thibetan origin, though imported into India by the immigrant tribes who now form the population of many Himalayan districts. In my oriental readings, notably in the "Raja Taringini," I have met with many allusions to this game as quite a state affair, and evidently entering much into their political and social life in ancient times.

We had visited Chumba, and pitched camp beneath the cedars in the vale of Kujjear, a lovely oasis amidst the dense forest of the Diarkhoond Mountain. Here festoons of white roses are seen climbing far up the lofty cedars, which come feathering down into the valley. The legends of this Nága-haunted dell, where we lingered several weeks in camp, are interesting, and suggestive of the old "tree and serpent" worship antecedent to Aryan times.



No. 83—*KUJJEAR.*

In these woods bears, leopards, apes (lungoors), and wild boars abound. I have encountered them in my rambles, and heard them making night hideous by their howls. Often would they approach our camp, where several dogs and a pen of fowls no doubt formed an

attraction. Here may be seen the quaint Temple of Kujji-nâg, which, at midnight of the great day, we beheld lighted up as I have attempted to depict in the sketch. An aged jōgi—supposed to be the avatar of the serpent Kujji Nâga himself—aged a hundred, having descended from his lair in the mountains, led the dance in the guise depicted—a weird sight. On this occasion the author wrote: "A descendant of the western barbarians who "dwelt in the cimmerian wastes of the land of Thor— "*extra anni solis-que vias*—beyond the genial sun of the "Hindoo Pantheon, wandering in these wild mountains "one summer time, pitched his camp for many days "amidst the cedar slopes of Kujjear, and composed this "history."

Temples to "Jullundrie," the tutelary goddess of the flowers and rains of summer, are found along these marches—notably in Kūlū—where she is specially worshipped. The author once saw the July festival in her honour, during which she was carried about on bamboo poles by youthful acolytes, strongly suggestive of the maypole mummers of our youth in English counties.*

For a description of "Dalhousie," the great sanitarium of this district, I would refer the reader to pages 46-48 of Vol. I., where it is described as "situated on a ridge, "whence on one side, the plains as far as Umritsur and "Sëalkot, on the Chenâb, may be seen in clear weather; "it may be defined as a congeries of hill tops, which, "branching out west from the great mountain Diark- "hoond (9000), descend in a series of steps—Bukróta "(7,600), Térah (6,840), Putrain (6,820), and Balún (5,687), "forming 'malls,' railed off from the 'kudds,' the summits "being crowned with oak and other foliage." The environs

* Vide Appendix at end of section.

of Dalhousie abound in sylvan nooks, and the forests contain leopards and troops of large lungoor apes. Their presence was indicated in two instances during our stay there in August and September, 1870. One of my syces in charge of several valuable horses, was exercising them on the Bukróta mall early one morning, when a leopard walked out of the forest side and followed him along the road, declining to retreat when challenged, finally sitting down on a knoll by the road side under which the horses passed. He did not further molest the party, but the syce returned, looking *green*, and reported the circumstance.

On another occasion a friend of mine, whom I had just passed with his dogs on the mall, called out to me to say that a large *paw*, evidently that of a leopard, had just appeared above the edge of the kudd and made a grab at one of his little terrier dogs. The leopard missed his aim, however, and disappeared into the forest. Dogs are always an attraction for leopards, and seem to be their favourite prey. Pine-martins also abound in the forests round Dalhousie and Kujjear. I have seen as many as six on one tree close under the mall at the former place, and at Kujjear I had a tame one—a most amusing little "cuss"—who however, became at length so mischievous that I had to shoot him.

On one occasion my wife and I, having missed our way, had to sleep out all night under a tree in the Diarkhoond forest, but experienced no molestation of any kind from any of its sylvan denizens: we had no camp equipage with us, and only one native attendant.

During my visits to these hills I have more than once crossed the Kangra valley in various directions,—to Dharmsala, Palumpore, Mandi, Shahjehanpore, and Nadaun. The two former are on spurs of the great Dháola-Dhar range, which rises majestic to the height of

16000 feet above sea level, forming the northern boundary of the valley. Over this range one crosses into Barmáwar, of which country I have already given a sketch from my brother's pen. He had an opportunity of viewing it denied to me, though I ascended the "Jôt," the summit of the pass leading into it.

I know no more pleasant country than the Kangra valley to roam about in, abounding as it does in pleasant nooks and quaint villages, whose inhabitants give one a better idea of the Northern Rajpoot than I have encountered elsewhere. Here, in many places, one crosses mountains terraced with steps right across them, and the whole country is studded with little rural shrines sacred to many a deity of the Hindoo Pantheon. In Kūlū and Sookhét, also, one encounters shrines dedicated to divinities who are scarcely heard of elsewhere, such as "Jullundrie," goddess of first fruits and flowers, already mentioned. The "Guddies" are an interesting tribe of this region, of whom an illustration is given elsewhere.*

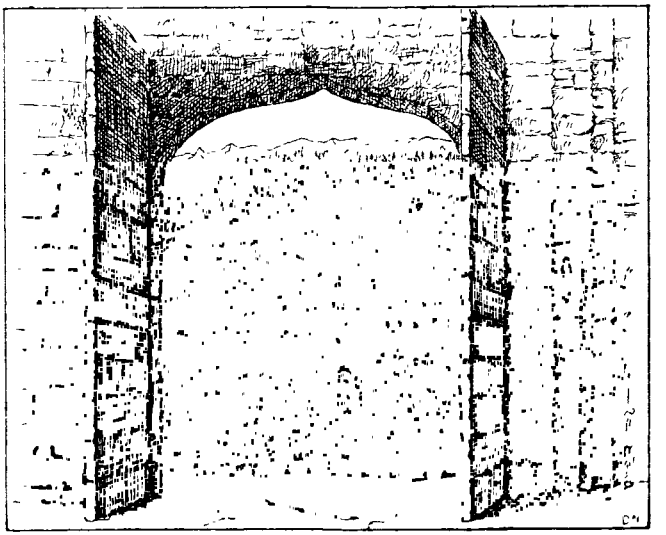
Before closing this brief sketch of the small principalities of the Punjaub I will refer to my journals, and see whether there be not notices of interesting points worthy of remark.

Fort Kangra is, of course, always considered *the* point of interest in this district, of which it formed the ancient capitol, having been the seat of Kuttoch kings since the dawn of history.

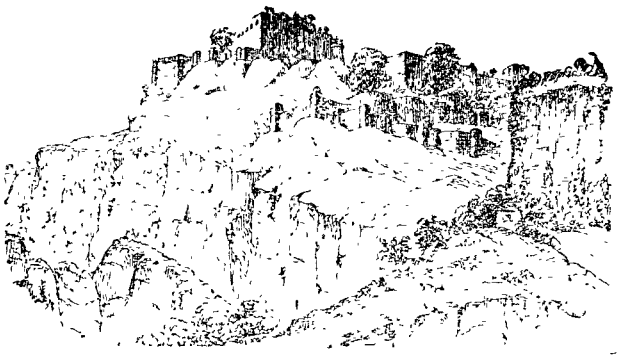
Palumpore is an interesting station on a fir-clad spur of the Dháola-Dhar, amidst tea grounds and gardens: at the time of my visit the great fair was going on and much social amusement.

Palumpore, Nadaun, Kumlagarh, Kūlū, Mándi, Sookhét, all in the valley of the Bëas are incidentally mentioned.

* See Ethnological Appendix at end of work.



No. 84—*THE KANGRA VALLEY, from the Gateway of the Fort.*



No. 85—*FORT KANGRA, the ancient Nagakot.*

At Nadaun, in consequence of an introduction from the D.-Commissioner of the district, we found a princely suite of tents ready for our reception. We were welcomed by the Raja's brother, who went fishing with us on the river Bëas. We descended the Bëas some miles next day on *mussocks*, much in the same way as has been already described on the Rávi. Leading the procession of rafts as we floated down the rapids, with a gun across the bows,



No. 86—*PALLUMPORE, from the Travellers' Bungalow.*

and fishing right and left. We glided down the swiftly flowing stream, making our day's journey under exceptionally easy circumstances. We emerge from the banks of the Bëas—which here bends westward, forming the southern boundary of the Kangra hills, and dividing that district from Hooshiapore and the Jullunder Döab. Here we find the civil station of Hooshiapore, formerly an important military station, where I was quartered with my troop in the year 1853.

I have mentioned "Jowâla Mookhi," the mouth of the entombed giant, who is thence supposed to vomit the sulphur and naphtha of the hot springs enclosed within the shrine, round which several jōgis of an advanced type

may be seen standing or sitting motionless, except for rolling eyes, some with arms extended for years, the sinews withered and gaunt, a weird and melancholy sight! From this point the steps over a terraced mountain to Hurriepore, have already been described.

The mention of these localities conjures up the memory of many a long ride across the country, enjoyed by me whilst quartered at Hooshiapore in youthful days, when the mind was fresh and full of appreciation of the beauties of nature There are many wild and picturesque nooks in this strangely interesting country. The flora of these lower hills is striking and peculiar, and I should altogether fail in the attempt to convey the impressions caused on my mind by many a grove of knarled or deeply shadowing trees, sometimes viewed at sunset during my almost daily rides. One wood I recollect was—according to some of the local authorities—"the abode of demons, serpents, and lions," and in which, in fact, I observed the eeries of many birds of prey on the tree-tops, and the lairs of wild beasts were often apparent. From one especially of these dense tangled groves—into which as I remember, I once ventured near sunset—I was indeed glad to escape without molestation from wild animals within the thicket, who were apparently just leaving their lairs on prowl; several of them brushed past me in the jungle.

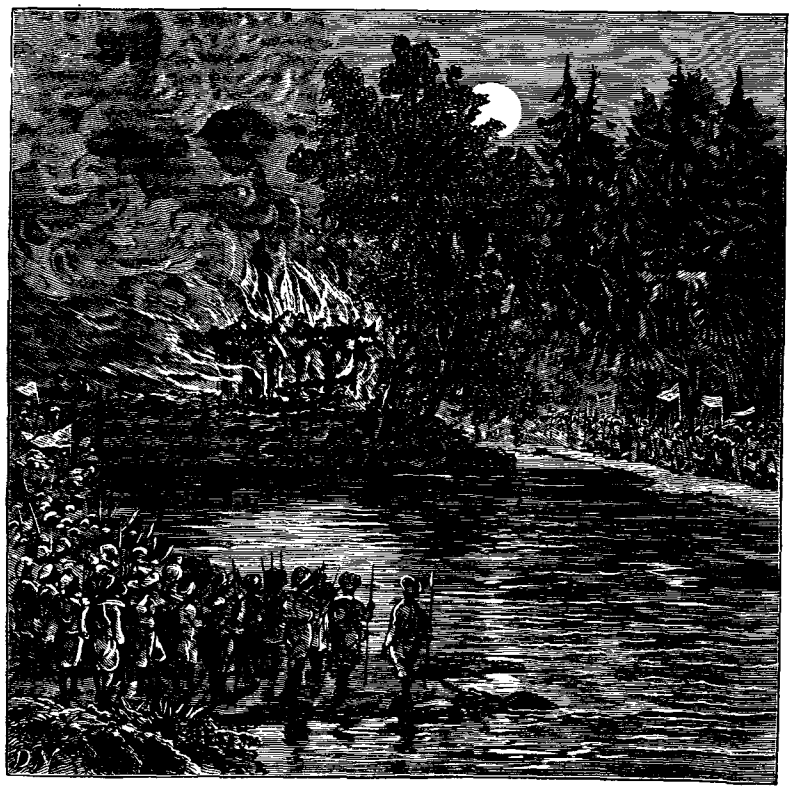
I am reminded here of the career of the three young bears—mentioned at page 131 of these sketches—which I had brought with me from Cashmere, and reared from cubs till they were three-quarters grown. In 1852 I had left my (native) troop of horse artillery quartered at Hooshiapore to take up an appointment. On doing so I presented the bears to the men of the troop, with the single stipulation that if turned out of the lines—an eventuality I foresaw—they should take them up to the

mountains and release them. It appears they *were* turned out, so faithful to their promise, the men hired coolies and sent them off. The coolies, on arrival in the mountains near Kangra let them go, and, having no further interest in them, returned: but the bears, being domesticated, would not leave the habitations of men, and returned on their tracks, and in about a week reappeared on the scene of their former life at Hooshiapore, where they took up their quarters in the fields and thick gardens which surround the place, leading a predatory life. Having no fear of man, they would waylay the villagers coming to market with vegetables, who seeing, as they supposed, wild beasts coming for them, would throw down their baskets and bolt, the bears appropriating their contents. They at last became such a nuisance that shikaries had to be engaged to shoot them, and the unfortunate brutes were thus ultimately disposed of.

I open another journal, part of which I see leads me from the valley of the Sutlej into Kūlū, Lahoul, Spiti, and Zanskar, districts rather beyond the limits of this immediate section, but assuredly "Highlands of India;" and, indeed, as the journey lay along the very axis of the Himalayan mountains *west* of the Sutlej, they may almost be reckoned as in the Kôhisthàn of the Punjaub.

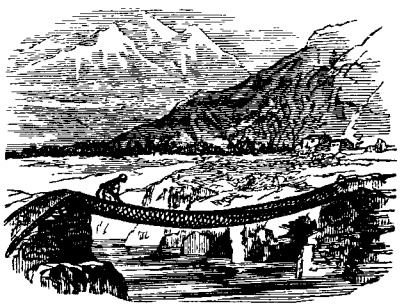
Leaving the Sutlej valley about the beginning of July, I entered the country of Kūlū, and wandered about its lovely forests. Dense forests characterize this delightful land, and I find by my journal that at Largee — the confluence of the Bëas, Tyrton, and Synje—forms the Bëas properly so called. I went by Dulásunee and Bijowrie to Sooltanpoor, halting on the banks of the Bëas and Parbuttie one sunset to view the incremation of Thakoor Sing the last Raja of Kūlū, who had died the

preceeding day, a picture of which impressive scene is produced, as the best description that could be given of a most weird and wild ending of a human creature. Thence I passed along the road to Nugger and Juggut-sookh, noting the gleaming waterfalls which break in silver foam at numerous points from the hills which bound the valley on either side of the Bëas. I rested at the Deputy-Commissioner's house there, in the courtyard of which there is a sacred stone fabled to have been brought there by "bees!" Thence, on the 15th, I crossed the Rotung pass, the watershed between the Bëas and



No. 87.—*INCREMATION OF THAKOOR SING, LAST RAJA OF KULU,*
(9th July, 1852)

Chandra rivers, into Lahoul. The source of the former river is closely adjacent. Thence over the bridge at Koksur, some distance up the Spiti valley. Then back along the valley of Lahoul as far as Tiloknauth, where the Temple of Siva deserves some notice. The image of the deity within it is shrouded in gloom, but is occasionally lighted up, by numerous trays of lamps: such was it on the occasion of my visit.



No. 88—*Swing Bridge over the Chandrabhaga at Kaksur.*

The heat in the valley of Lahoul was very great, and, on the whole, I regard it as one of the worst localities I have viewed in Indian mountain travel. A valley, not less than sixty miles in length, running due east and west, bounded along its whole course by bare rocks and formidable mountains which act as a focus for the sun's rays. It was fearfully hot from early morn to dewless eve, the sun's rays, as from a lens, poured burning on one's head. The only green things being a sparse scrub, with a few bushes of alder and of stunted willows occasionally fringing the small water courses. Only at one place, Goondileh, is there much cultivation. The mountains on the left, as one descends the valley which divide it



No. 89—*Goondileh, in the valley of Lahoul.*

from Barmáwar and Bára Bánghál, are sufficiently lofty to freeze the rain of the monsoon which breaks against them, and unable to cross the axis, falls in snow on their summit. A strange sight was thus presented,—dense surging rain-clouds rolling against the crest of the hill,* sometimes within half a mile, but never—except in one or two very partial localities, where the general level of the mountains slightly droops—did a drop of rain cross into the dry and arid valley, along which, however, the Chándrabhâga roars on its headlong course towards Kishtewár and the Punjaub plains, one hundred and fifty miles distant, through a channel of calcined rock, over striated boulders torn from the glaciers of Lahoul.

Although quite done up from the effects of my hot march and impending illness, I made some attempt to hunt ibex in these mountains, but it was too much for me. I was taken fearfully ill with, I suppose, jungle fever in the valley of Gurput, where, close under the glaciers of Rupshoo, I lay very ill for three days. My shikari sat by my bedside weeping, and kept asking "where I wished to be carried?" It did not occur to me for some time that this question was in case of my dying there, but when the idea dawned on me, it acted as a wholesome stimulus: so at length I made an effort, and crossing the "Godûr" pass into the country of Padur and Pangi, thence pushed on for near a hundred miles to Kishtewár. The day we crossed the Godûr glacier we were overtaken by night under the pass, and had to camp on the mountain at an elevation of near 15000 or 16000 feet, the highest

* I have seen a somewhat similar phenomenon above Siráhan on the Sutlej, where the monsoon rains cleft into two waves were breaking against the funnel-shaped Wangtu gorge in sleet or even snow, on the lofty scarps which rise above the river many thousands of feet near Taranda on the Sutlej.

elevation at which I ever slept. The night was bitterly cold, and we all huddled into a small tent, with difficulty pitched on the steep mountain side.

This Godûr pass possesses some peculiarities; amongst them the occurrence of "showers of stones." The explanation is that the grasp of the ice holding these stones—some of very large size—is relaxed about mid-day by the sun's rays. I recollect we had to run across from salient to salient as fast as the ground permitted, between the showers. On one occasion one of my servants, who was leading the file, was nearly carried away by one of these avalanches: he saw it coming, and ran back just in time to escape a large rock, fully the size of a bullock trunk, which passed about a yard over his head. He arrived under shelter looking *green*. There are also some very difficult—I may say dangerous—"skrees" of live rock along this pass, such being slippery slabs of shale sloping at angles of forty-five degrees or more, across which the only means of passage are nicks the size of the hill-men's feet; to miss one's step on such places would be instant destruction, by sliding off into a chasm several thousand feet in depth. I heard of one such accident to an officer, caused by his dog, on this route, which, however, has seldom been traversed. I confess my heart was sometimes in my mouth on crossing these hideous passages, and I would occasionally have my hill-stick held horizontally by my guide on crossing them; even then to find one's footing on the sloping and slippery rock was difficult and alarming, and on reaching the head of the Pangi valley I felt thankful to have got over them safe, especially as I was out of health with nerves unbraced. This, to my thinking, was the most dangerous hill track I ever traversed. On this journey I was sixty days without speaking my native tongue to any European. I had to

send all my Gurhwál coolies back from this point, as they had suffered in health equally with myself.

After leaving the dreary glaciers of Zanskar, one finds beautifully wooded shores on the Chándrabhâga, whose features, however, have been already sketched in the Section "Cashmere" (*vide* page 100).

The foregoing is, however, leading us back on our tracks towards Cashmere; so I must recross the Godûr glacier and conduct my reader *viâ* Spiti, and Kanáwar, into the valley of the Sutlej, and so approach Simla from a point other than that adverted to in Vol. I., "Highlands of India," pages 56-7.

Of the valley of Spiti I saw but little, not having traversed it throughout. Its characteristic features, however, are much like those of Lahoul, extended into the loftier mountains which, on the west, lock in the main stream of the Chándra: across the watershed the Lé or Spiti river is followed to the Sutlej. Lofty terraces appear on either bank, perched on which one may view an occasional Llama monastery far up the hillside. Here, also, some gigantic specimens of the deodar cedar—not less than forty or fifty feet in circumference—may be seen on the skirts of this "land of snow."

Kanáwar, also—"the land of grapes"—I have but a limited knowledge of, and have only *peeped* into from the valley of the Sutlej. It may be taken as representative of the general features of this lovely country, which, like Kūlū, is well wooded, and its side mountains clothed with splendid forests, an agreeable relief to the eye after the bare rocks of Spiti and Lahoul. Here again, near, I think, Siráhan, where the Sutlej emerges from the gorges of Kanáwar,* the phenomenon mentioned at page 257

* It was at the Dráli cliff along this route that Sir A. Lawrence was precipitated, with his horse, over a kudd several thousand feet deep. Poor fellow! I had seen him shortly before this lamentable end.

was presented even more emphatically than in Lahoul, *viz.*, the monsoon breaking in rolling clouds on the apex of the mountains, which here trend north and east at an angle forming the funnel or gorge of the river, a sublime sight, almost unparalleled in my experience of "cloud effects!"

Between Siráhan and Chini are found groves of *Neöza* pine, amidst whose dark shades a weird silence seems to reign, and a shrine to some local deity may often be observed as characteristic of these mountains: such, indeed, forms a common feature in almost all the cis-nivean provinces of the Himalayas. Lofty terraces, several thousand feet above the roaring Sutlej, are here found, from which stand-points the inferior slopes may advantageously be viewed, often holding a village, which seems as though ready to slide off into the river; the inhabitants appearing like flies on the rocky walls of the abyss; and an occasional bear observed feeding on the patches of green beneath the rocky cliffs appears, viewed from the heights, like a caterpillar on a green leaf amidst the grassy slopes.

In Bussahir, the Sungri and Poindah forests, are full of *morinda* pine with patches of deodar cedar, and may be instanced as examples of Himalayan forest scenery along the valley of the Sutlej.

Years after this (in 1871) I again visited the valley of the Sutlej, and lived for many days at the travellers' bungalow at "Nakunda"; a grand forest, even for the Himalayas! It extends, at an elevation of 4000 feet, for many miles along the Sutlej, from Nakunda ridge to Koomársén, and beyond, embracing "Huttoo," that three-peaked mountain on the northern edge of the "Shunkun" ridge, the boundary limit of Keyonthál, from which also the mountains of Kūlū can advantageously be viewed.

The quantity of pheasants I shot here that season was

considerable. The Viceroy (Lord Mayo), himself a sportsman, had instituted a "close season" for these hills, and the consequence was that for one pheasant viewed in former seasons I this year found at least twenty.

I had engaged the services of a shikari, with a certain little "cocker" dog, who was trained to *tree* the birds, which—considering the ground they inhabit, and the difficulty of picking up—I made no scruple to *pot* on the lofty pine trees, though preferring a flying shot when at



No. 90—*PHEASANT SHOOTING IN THE FOREST OF NAKUNDA.*

all obtainable. I got a few chikore, also, this year, on the hills about Simla. On the first of September I observed Lord Mayo himself go out after them. In the woods I encountered his Excellency, who had evidently marked down the same coveys as myself. Being the weaker vessel, I of course gave way to his party, as in duty bound, and took another beat. Deeply did I regret, like the rest of the world, when that able Governor General, and genial, kind-hearted gentleman, met his untimely fate shortly after at the hand of an assassin.

But in recalling these reminiscences I have crossed the Sutlej, and am going almost beyond the limits of the

districts assigned to this Section. I observe in Vol. I. that Simla and the Keyonthál are embraced in a subsequent section, so that to preserve the unities I must reserve the "Imperial Mountain" and its dependencies for further consideration and record in Section IV.



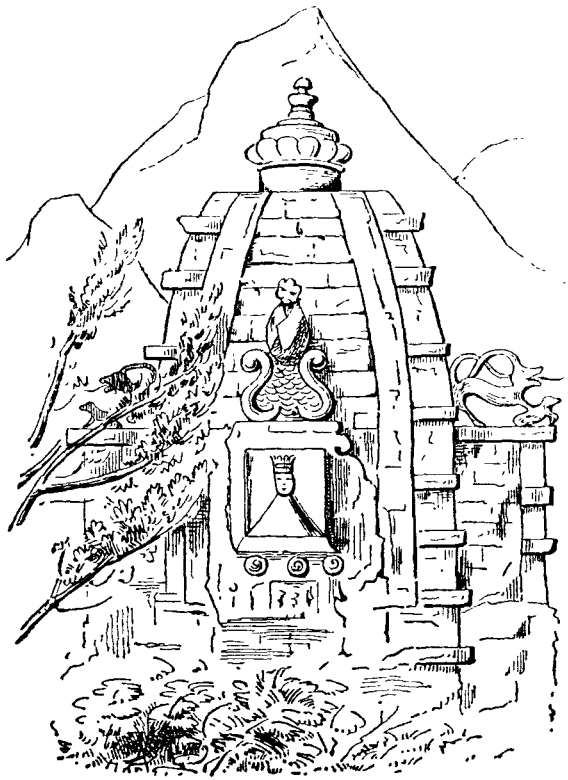
No. 91—*Pine Tree overpowered by Creepers.*

APPENDIX.



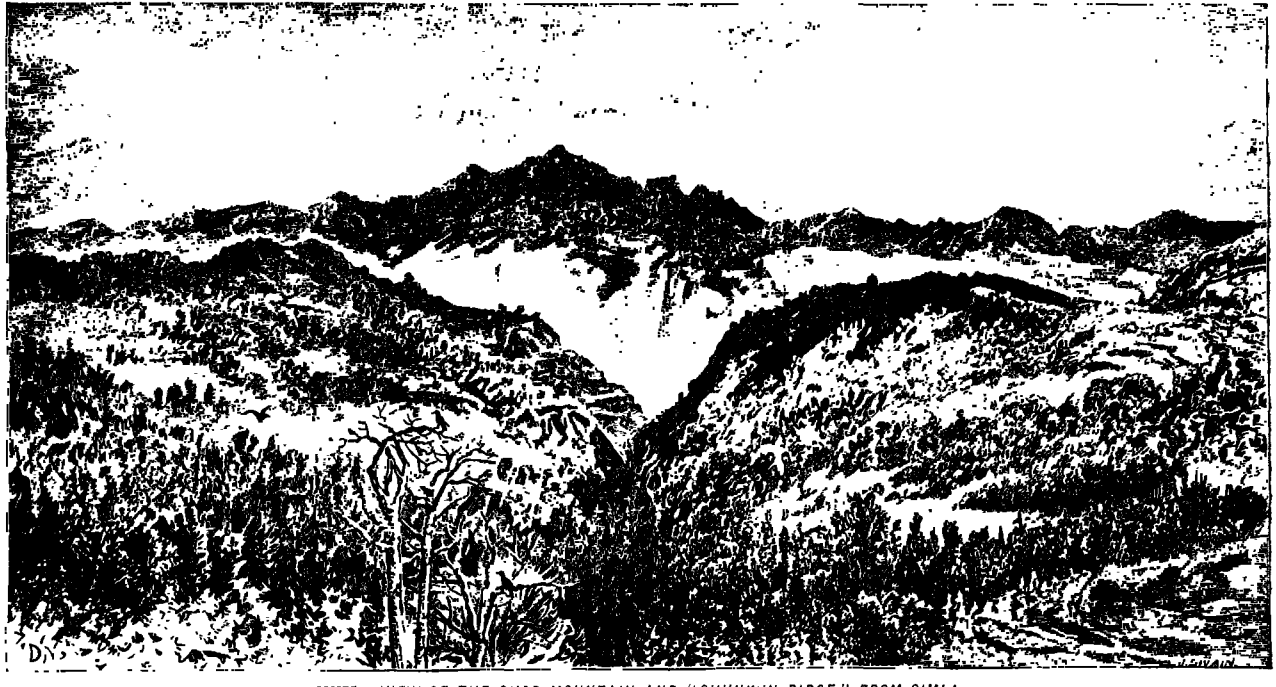
No. 92—THE GODDESS JULLUNDRIE—(p 215)

APPENDIX.



No. 93—*TEMPLE OF BHIMA, Valley of the Sutlej.*

[Bhima or Bhím Sén, the second Pandau, commander of the Pandau armies in the wars of the Mâhâbârât, is fabled to have built Pinjore at the foot of these hills, and generally to have made these mountains the arena of his activities.]



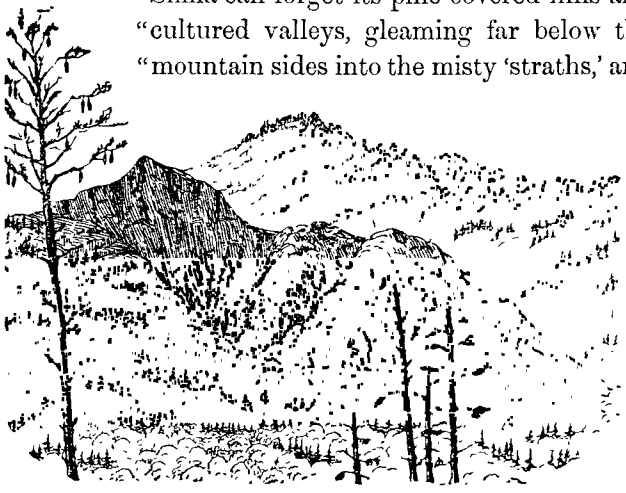
XVII.—*VIEW OF THE CHOR MOUNTAIN AND "SHUNKUN RIDGE," FROM SIMLA.*

SECTION IV.

SIMLA, THE KEYONTHAL, & THE BASINS OF THE SUTLEJ AND GIRI.

A day's "Lockspitting" on the Thibet road—Anecdotes—The Forest of Nakunda—Ascent of Mount Huttoo—Pheasant Shooting—A Trip to Koomársén and the Sutlej—Fireflies—Picnic to the Chôr Mountain—The Shunkun ridge.

AFTER the technical description of the country of Keyonthál, or Kyūnthál, given in the corresponding section of Vol. I., it seems inexpedient here to enlarge on the subject. In that section the author wrote (para. 6): "A few words as to the natural features of this fine "district, and we may pass on. Who that has visited "Simla can forget its pine covered hills and "cultured valleys, gleaming far below the "mountain sides into the misty 'straths,' and



No. 94—*VIEW OF SIMLA from Mahasoo.*

"purple glens and gorges; its flush of rhododendron "forest, and groves of oak and ilex; its wild flowers and "breezy ridges—haunts of the chikore. The glory of "novelty has long since faded from the writer's mind, "and he finds it difficult to impart to his words the en- "thusiasm of youth as formerly felt on viewing these "fair mountains so as graphically to paint the scene."

Instead of elaborate topographical details, I will content myself here with a few experiences of the district as set forth at the heading of the chapter. I will commence with the first in point of time,—"A day's lockspitting on the Thibet road," as illustrative of work in early days at Simla.

In the early summer of, I think, 1850, having obtained a month's leave "between musters," I proceeded from my military station to Simla. After paying my devoirs to society there, I determined one fine morning to ride out and visit my old college friend, George H., at that time employed in laying out the new road to Thibet, called the "Kennedy" road. His camp, if I recollect rightly, was some ten miles from Simla, on the reverse of the Mahasoo bluff. On arrival, I found my friend starting for his day's "*lockspitting*," and at his invitation I joined him for the day, a somewhat rash adventure, as the sequel will show. Many of my readers may not know what "*lockspitting*" is, so I may say that it is the laying out, or levelling, of a new hill road. The superintending engineer precedes a "brigade" of pioneers with the "dumpy level." He goes straight ahead on the hill-side, however steep; two pioneers come immediately after him, and cut a nick of ten inches wide in the path selected; the next pair widen it to three feet; and so the path is opened out by the rest into a hill road. In the instance on hand, I followed my friend, whose wiry form went ahead as the

advance. All went smoothly for a time. We got over some easy re-entering ground amongst the pine forest; the only incidents being the blasting of a few rocks, which went thundering down the kudd into the valley, shaving the tops of the pines they encountered on their way as thistle heads might be whipped off by a cane. We got round several salients, where one had to step round corners overhanging precipices of many hundred feet in depth, till at length, towards evening, we approached a tough bit of rock.

Now I had come up from the plains rather seedy—out of sorts from hot weather influences—and I daresay my nerves were not in the best order for stiff hill climbing. I had already skipped like a mountain goat over one or two breakneck places; and now, not only was I tired out, but as the shades of night approached, my eyesight, always a weak point, began to fail me. At length, thoroughly done up, I recollect utterly "shutting up" on the hill-side; I refused to budge a foot further, and in fact my friend had to send for drag-ropes and haul me up the kudd in a most ignominious fashion. I need scarcely add that this formed my first *and last* experience of the delights of "lockspitting," though I have been over many a worse path since. I can imagine, however, what a charming employment it may have formed to one in robust health, thus living amidst lovely sylvan scenery, to feel oneself advancing into

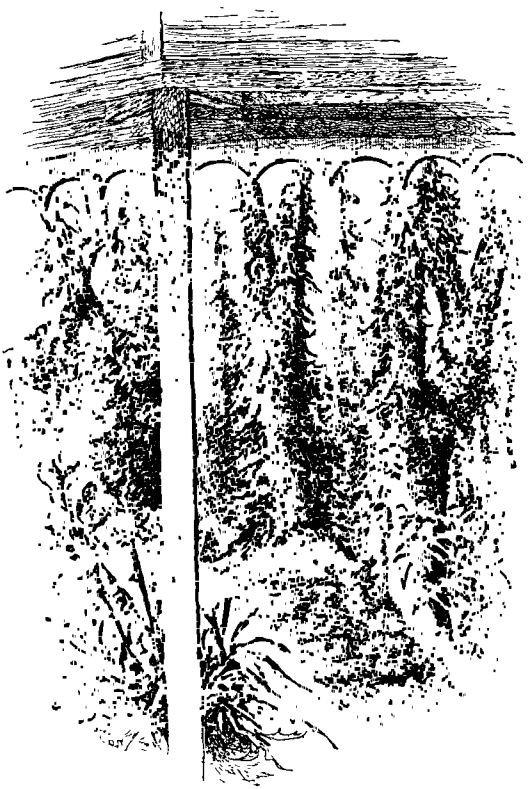


No. 95—*Study of a Deodara Cedar.*

the "interior," as the country beyond Simla used to be called, and extending civilization.

My friend was not only an engineer, but a sportsman, and the pheasants, chikore, and other game he managed at times to bag was tantalizing to the denizen of a hot station in the plains to hear of.

Many long years afterwards, accompanied by my wife, I found myself residing for a period of a week at a pretty hotel called the *Gables*, at *Mushōbra*, near Simla, from which point I wandered down the crest of mountain which overhangs the Sutlej opposite Sookhét as far as Maloun.



No. 96—*Ferns on Trees at the "Gables," Mushobra.*

We afterwards lived for a fortnight at the travellers' bungalow in the forest of Nakunda. Our rambles about the woods were numerous, and included an ascent of Huttoo, a mountain forming the north-west terminal of

the "Shunkun ridge," amidst whose slopes the Giri and the Pâbur, the westernmost affluents of the Jumna, originate—and which forms, as I have mentioned in Vol. I., "the dividing watershed of north-west India; "rivers rising on its south and east sides fall into the "Pâbur, Tonse, and Jumna, and so into the Ganges and "Bay of Bengal, whilst those rising on its north and west "sides find their way into the Sutlej and Indus, and so "into the Western Ocean.* The Shunkun ridge, in fact, "which extends from mount Huttoo to the 'Chôr' may "thus be considered as the 'great divide' or water-parting "between the basins of the Ganges and the Indus—the "actual watershed of India."

This ridge, however, though containing peaks probably amongst the highest of the mountains of Bussahir and Júbul, may be regarded as a mere offset of the great Himalayan axis which runs down from the vast mountain *Kailas*, the Olympus of Hindoos; and which is, in fact, the great *mountain* watershed of India. The roots of this ridge are above Rampoor, east of Sirâhan, and it sends spurs on the west to the Sutlej into which its tributary streams are poured through lateral glens. On the east, the Pâbur and Giri flow into the Jumna, and so to the Ganges and Bay of Bengal. This great ridge rises into peaks as high as or higher than Huttoo itself, such as *Moral* and others which are crowned by the old Goorkha forts of *Nowagurh* and *Mustgurh*, and are interesting as being the last strongholds of that redoubtable enemy

* Except the Giri, which, although its course at first passing to the west under the Shunkun ridge looks as though it meant to fall into the Sutlej, is deflected to the south-east after rounding the bluff below the "Chôr," and, tilted to the south, like so many other Himalayan streams, falls into the Jumna at Rajghât, below the junction of the Tonse.

of the British. It is proposed to ascend several of these peaks, which also present interesting geological problems. Fantastic rocks of sandstone and shale with striated gneiss emerge from amidst tangled forest, and often exhibit an amalgam of quartz, mica, and shale, forming a conglomerate like plum-pudding stone. The speculative mind of the geologist could busy itself in suggesting the operations of Nature of which such is the outcome. Evidence of water action is apparent, but whether the grasp of ice, the surging rain clouds of the monsoon, or the sweep of the storm wind which bends the cedars and pines which clothe their sides, is not apparent. Knarled oaks and hollies which crown their hoary summits are their vesture—they stand "like Druids of eld, with beards "that rest on their shoulders." Under their leafy tops the shaggy bear and mountain goats—the satyrs of the woods—disport themselves. The divinities of the mountain and the forest here have shrines as *Genii loci*—demigods scarce recognized in the orthodox Hindoo Pantheon—but of whom weird fables are told by aged highlanders of Bussahir and Júbul.

I propose to make this my stand-point, from which to view the country of Keyonthál;—including Simla and its dependent stations,—as enumerated at the head of the corresponding section of Vol. I., "Highlands of India."

First then an "ascent of Huttoo." It is an easy climb. Proceeding about a mile towards Kōtgurh, one leaves the road and ascends a forest track amidst the pines, whose redolent odour invigorates the traveller, and makes the climbing pleasant; dense pines overspread him as he ascends, affording a grateful shade, and from time to time he obtains charming glimpses through vistas of the forest of the rolling mountain spurs he is leaving below him. "Onwards! but *take it easy!*" is almost a needless invo-

cation. The inclination is to take it *too* easy! and linger at the points of vantage already gained. The gallantry of the hill men is now tested, as there are ladies of the party. Hill sticks are handed, and form guiding staves to haul as well as propellers in hand. At length we emerge from the forest on to grassy slopes near the summit, where sheep may nibble the emerald turf which has succeeded the just departed snow.

Here we are close to the old fort of Nowagurh, the very last position held by the Goorkhas in the war of 1815-16. Their commander, Kirtee Rana, finding his force melting away by desertion, attempted to join Umr Sing Thappa, who was still holding out at Maloun, lower down the Sutlej. He evacuated the position, but was assailed on the march by the men of Bussahir and Júbul, and utterly destroyed: as an old native said, "dead Goorkhas lay about the hills like sparrows, and their bones whitened the forests like dry sticks." The few that escaped the massacre surrendered to the British contingent under (I think) General Martindale, and so escaped annihilation. I made some effort to trace the operations of that war hereabouts, but of course could not do much to verify so complicated a guerilla warfare. In the final campaign, Umr Sing Thappa held Maloun; his son, Runjoor Sing, held Jytock; whilst Kirtee Rana, as above narrated, held Nowagurh and Chumba-ke-Teeba. These three points embraced a country which may, perhaps, be called "The Keyonthál march"—the district under notice. On the side of the British, Generals Ochterlony and Martindale, from their respective lines of advance, after arduous operations, and aided by large levies of hill men of Sirmoor, Júbul, and Bussahir, with Sikhs and Goorkha deserters, finally succeeded in overcoming the most vigorous enemy which had hitherto encountered British arms in the East.

But lo! a black cloud gathers over the pines, and ere one can have had time to sketch the scene, the hail is upon us! Luckily there is a cave—there generally is one—close at hand, and we run for it! From this cave a view of the triform top of the mountain—with the "Giants' chúlas"—is obtained. This cave is almost historical in my personal reminiscences: here I mentally sketched a "Tale of the Pandaus," who are, in fact, associated in fable with this hillside. The hailstorm was a severe one, and we were glad in the late afternoon to be able to descend the mountain. Night had nearly closed in; the sun had sunk amidst black and jagged cloud beyond the dark pine forest of Nakunda, the west glowing with fierce red light through the rifted cloud; the peaks of Kūlū across the Sutlej tipped with the same lurid glare—*blood red*—emblematic of the deeds which had been enacted by the ruthless Goorkhas in days of old, during their conquest of these hills. Some such thoughts were suggested to us as we regained our comfortable bungalow in the forest of Nakunda.

I have already alluded to this forest of Nakunda (Section III.) It is a grand forest, and almost unique even in the Himalayas. It is filled with "koklás and kalej pheasants, and chikore are abundant everywhere."

I have mentioned pheasants; many a one have I banged after as they crossed the path-side like rockets in the Nakunda forest; sometimes bagging one, but more often losing the bird, which, if hit, would fall half a mile down the kudd. On the whole, the shikari with his dog—alluded to in the last chapter—did a mighty deal better business in pheasants than I did; however, between us we had usually some dozen labelled for the table always hanging in our larder; and, in fact, we almost lived on pheasants whilst in the Nakunda forest.

"Twice have I sought Nakunda's glen." On one occasion, long ago, I went down to Koomársén, on the Sutlej, and wandered about its vicinity for several days. The swift, turbid Sutlej, rolls along at one's feet under the antique rajah's palace, which is, however, 3000 feet above it. A fearful descent of rough path with irregular steps leads down to the banks of the river. My tent was, I recollect, pitched in a garden on an upper terrace, one of an ascending series, so that the door of my tent was about on a level with the tops of the trees growing on the terrace below. On the night of my arrival, having put out my lamp, I gazed forth at the stars from my tent before finally turning in, and shall never forget the sight that greeted me on doing so. The whole air was filled with fireflies, a myriad sparks of fire on every branch and spray, and the *leafy wilderness* of trees bathed in the pellucid dew of night was alive with them.

Many a fair scene, in which fireflies played their part, has the author viewed, but "never aught like this!" I suppose they must have been "swarming," or just emerged from the pupa state.

I find the following in my journal, apropos of fireflies, but whence extracted or whether original I am quite at a loss to remember. It seems applicable to Southern India, but exactly describes the case in hand—"A thunder storm, succeeded by showers, had closed a sultry day. The sun had set unobscured, but the western sky is overhung with clouds. In the cloudless east the full moon slowly rises; the air perfectly pellucid, the stars glittering in fresh glory; not a breath of wind; all still. You turn from the broad red orb of the rising moon to the host of golden stars in the deep azure, from them to the retreating clouds, lit up by faint lightnings, then by the pale beams of the moon, their bold edges fringed with

silver, and wonder at the beauties of the world above, where, in the dark blue depths of heaven, light seems to vie with light in the illumination of the vast dome built by the unseen Master. But a scene of strange beauty is spread below. Shrub and bush and tree, as far as the eye can reach, beam with magic light; the ground, the air, with lustre. Every leaf seems to have its own fairy lamp. The valley at your feet, the wooded hills to your right and left, the dark, distant forest, all are lit up or glow in ever varying splendour, as if every star had sent a representative to bear his part in this mighty illumination of the poor dark earth. Whence all at once these innumerable lights? No sound is heard: silently all these shining throngs pass before you in fantastic confusion. Look at this bush—that tree: myriads of fiery sparks brighten up with red glare through the labyrinth of leaves and branches; a moment, and they vanish! Now they flash up brighter than ever, as if this world of phosphor lustre was animated by pulsations keeping regular time. You sit and look, and think you could sit all night beholding the fairy scene. I have seen nothing to be compared with this dissolving view, except, perhaps, the phosphoric splendour of our tropical seas, when under a soft breeze your boat glides through placid waters on a starlight night."

One day, on the road near Koomársén, I encountered a pair of iguana lizards, several feet in length. They rushed past me like foxes or jackals. I shot one over two feet in length.

Here I crossed the Sutlej, into the Sookhét country, descending the terrible winding path, and ascending as bad a one on the other bank, and looked after "goorul," but I do not recollect that I obtained or even saw any at

this time; nor has my experience of "goorul" shooting elsewhere been worthy of record.

I will conclude this slight sketch of the environs of Simla with a "picnic to the Chôr mountain."

I had travelled about the "marches" of Keyonthál, accompanied by my wife, in 1871. One day, arriving at Thëog, we met a small party of friends. We arranged to visit the Chôr. Camping out the first night on the Shunkun plateau, we proceeded to the mountain bluff which commands the course of the Giri and the Pâbur—called, I think, Dheoni Dhar—not far from the old fort of Choupal, the capitol village of "Júbul," situate on a range near the Chôr. Under this ridge runs the Bisharie nullah, which divides "Júbul" from Sirmoor. It rises in the Chôr mountain, and falls, I think, into the Giri, which hereabouts turns south, and falsifies the idea I had entertained of its being a tributary of the Sutlej.

I may confess that, as a party, we never reached the Chôr. Leaving the ladies camped in a flowery glen, amidst larkspurs, columbines, lupines, lillies, strawberries, deutschias, and the many herbaceous plants which clothe these mountains in summer, we like errant knights, took to wandering separately over the face of the hills. I, for one, ascended several "starry summits"—the Chôr may have been one of them. Weather-worn boulders extruded from amidst tangled trees and ferns and grasses characterized these cloud-capped eminences: but what a view! Simla and its subtending forests, with the Chôr and the basin of Keyonthál; the bounding ridge of the Punjaub, and its rivers, are visible from this mountain crest; whilst from the Shunkun ridge, the "great divide" or water-parting of the land, the courses of the Tonse, the Pâbur, and the Giri, are seen emerging from the pastoral slopes of Huttoo and Someroo, and

opening out into bright gleaming terraces of cultivated verdure as they approach their junction with the Jumna.

On this ridge I met an aged inhabitant of Júbul. "Here, Sahib," said he, "were scattered the skeletons of Goorkhas, like sticks or straws of autumn!" and, in fact, it was whilst in retreat along this mountain crest that the last of those invaders made their stand in 1816, as already narrated. I made some notes, and endeavoured to realize the progress of that war, but it was too deep for me: a stray legend or two of these fair mountains is all I can recall as a memento.

Was it perhaps hereabouts I heard the legends of Bukhooncha, "the Valley of Spirits," within whose wild and shaggy dells the satyrs of the wood were wont to carry off mortal maidens to their haunts, and bestow on them the gift of prophesy? In these haunted dells also were seen the visions of the dead,—embodied mists of various colours, like the shades of men advancing in sad procession! Was it at Lakha Mundél, the temple of the five Pandaus on the frontier of Gurhwâl, that Hanumân, "son of the wind," descended from his haunt of Jōsimut and uprooted trees and mountains? I have heard, but memory scarcely serves to localize or reproduce the legends. Suffice to say that the rivers of *Rewáin* were the fabled arena of these and other wild legends. They cleave their way through pastoral slopes, amidst rocks of gritstone, gneiss, and, in places, shale and micacious schist, till merged in the Jumna, the eastern boundary of Sirmoor, across the Shunkun ridge, the "great divide" of Indian Himalayas. Here, however, we are in the basin of the Ganges, and must defer the local description to the succeeding section, which treats of the Gangetic Watersheds.

Let me rather recall the glory of the scenery!—the

rays of a late summer sunset were lighting up the glens and greenery of these lovely mountains as I emerged from the forests of the Chôr, and catching my pony "Joomi," made shift to push on across the plateau and join the ladies in camp that autumn night.

Clad in warm wraps we gaze on the fair night scene from this "starry summit." The white gleaming waves of the Giri are visible from camp as it wanders through the darkened valley. Glow-worms and *luminous* grass* illustrate the night scene—the plash of falling waters, and the plaintive note of the woodland night birds invite the repose so necessary for our journey back on the morrow. We rally our forces, and next day making a forced march, we all returned to the bungalow at Thëog, where the party dispersed to their several destinations. Ours was Simla. The temptation is strong on me here to pause and enter on a short sketch of social life in the Indian Capua! But, no! Let me adhere to nature pure and simple! I must leave the description of the imperial mountain and its society to abler pens.

* This grass is the *yōtes mūti*, and emits a pale green light, not, I believe, in any way phosphorescent.



No. 97—Roadside Ferns and Flowers

SECTIONS V. & VI.

THE HIMALAYAN WATERSHEDS.

THE BASINS OF THE JUMNA & GANGES.

GURHWAL AND KUMAON.

CHAPTER 1.—GURHWAL.

Mussorie, and the Dehra Dhoon—Farming operations—The Sewâliks—Anecdotes of Mahaseer fishing—The Uplands of Gurhwâl—Mountain Panorama—High-hill Game—Hindoo Legends—Bhîma the Pandau.

WE are now in the Valley of the Ganges, and the above heading would include the Himalayan watersheds, cis-nivean between the Jumna and Brahmaputra, but as my experiences—except as to Sikhim—within them are of so limited a nature, I feel inclined to compress into one section of this work the *picturesque* aspects of Gurhwâl and Kumäon.

I must trust to others more conversant with this particular district for their experiences, as also in regard to the Dhoon, which no doubt holds, or did hold, much game; and the sporting reminiscences there acquired have been put before the public by many pleasant writers

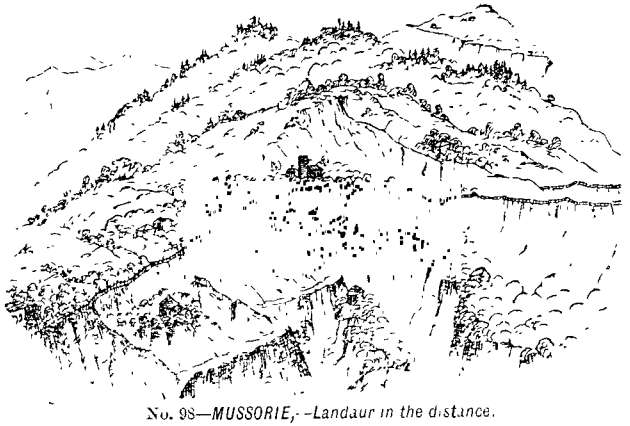
Although I have visited Mussorie and the Dhoon of Dehra, my stay was so short that but few experiences worthy of note occurred to me. A few pleasant rides about the vicinity, during one of which — round the Waverly hill—however, I recollect that a leopard leaped across the road close behind my horse as I passed round



XVIII.—*FARMING IN INDIA (ANTELOPE).*

a tufted bluff of the hill, are really all I have to recount of this fine station, with its associated military cantonment, Landaur, a portion of whose garrison has I believe, since my day, been moved to Chakrâta, a large new station in the basin of the Tonse on the spurs of the Deobund mountain.*

As a traveller I did, however, halt a day or two at Dehra *en passant*, on my way from Mussorie, hired a good horse, and galloped about the Dhoon in several directions, viewing as much of the beautiful district as could be comprised within a couple of days. Avenues of báchain, and clumps of bamboos and fine mango trees, with a rolling wooded country of small timber backed by the Sewâlik fir forests, form my impression of this fine valley. The tea plantations, also, and caves of Sansidára, with its stalactites, may be mentioned as objects worthy of a visit. I have always regretted that time did not allow me on this occasion to push on as far as Haridwár, an interesting point, where the Ganges emerges (at Tupōbun) from the Himalayan ranges. The river is full of



No. 98—*MUSSORIE,*—Landaur in the distance.

* Vol. I., "Highlands of India," Section V., paras. 2 and 3.

splendid mahaseer, and a friend tells me that he caught one of sixty-four pounds weight near Tupōbun.

It was here that Sir Archdale Wilson killed the eighty-four pound mahaseer mentioned at page five of these sketches. After three hours' play the fish was still running strongly up stream; Sir A.—a tall wiry old sportsman—going at the top of his speed after him across a rough country with more than one hundred yards of line out; when, to his dismay, a side stream of an unnegotiable size and depth came in view. Sir A. made up his mind he had lost his fish, which, however, luckily turned out of the main stream, and Sir A. was enabled to land him at the fork of the rivers. From his size and strength Sir A. was inclined to fear he had got hold of one of the so-called river "sharks"—one of the siluridæ I believe—which sometimes attain a weight of two hundred pounds, in which case the angler is generally broken and baffled; however, "all's well that ends well!" and Sir A. used to chuckle over his success in this case.

This lovely valley of Dehra Dhoon (or Dūn*) is said to contain about seven hundred and fifty square miles, of which the Sewâlik forests comprise two hundred. It is bounded on the north by the Himalayas—on the crest of whose first range is found Mussorie and Landaur;—south by the Sewâliks; east by the Ganges; west by the Jumna.

The Sewâliks are a zone of forest in which are—or at any rate *were*—found most of the varieties of game known to the Indian sportsman; and its extinct fauna has been illustrated by the researches of Falconer, Cautley, etc. The Dhoon itself was probably, in prehistoric times, the bed of a shallow estuary or salt lake. It is in the upper miocene, and abounds in marine and palustrine fossils.†

* I observe the word has been spelt indifferently *Dhoon* or *Dūn* in the text; it is probably identical with the Celtic "dune," "doons," or "downs."

† See page 71, Vol. I., "Highlands of India."

The climate is mild; enjoying a mean temperature of about 72°, with a rainfall of eighty inches. "Sheltered "alike from the parching blasts of an Indian summer and "the cutting cold of winter, it forms for the settler a pic- "turesque and lovely home with fertile soil and water- "power, with the pleasant and healthful hill stations of "Mussorie and Landaur close at hand; abundance of "forage for cattle, and no lack of game for sport; excel- "lent roads and outlets for produce,—combined, however, "with a doubtful tenure of land."

It seems the very land for farming avocations, which have, in fact, been introduced to some extent. Tea is grown; breweries flourish; arboriculture and the raising of live-stock and vegetables for the local markets have met with fair success. Sheep and cattle farming would seem to be a promising industry. *Wool* is a commodity always much in demand; and it has always appeared to me to offer far greater capabilities of development in the entire ranges of the pastoral Himalayas than have hitherto obtained.

For an *historical notice* of the Dehra Dūn—an ancient appanage of Gurhwâl—the reader is referred to page 77 *et seq.* of the corresponding section of Vol. I., "Highlands of India," where also further notes on the topographical and oreographical aspects of Gurhwâl will be found. One paragraph on the subject may be quoted here. "The "country of Gurhwâl—in size about ninety miles by sixty, "and extending from the Himalayan peaks to the plains "of Dehra Dūn—comprises some of the loftiest peaks* in "the whole Himalayan chain, but the ranges slope down "into hot valleys, the country being intersected by the

* Jumnootri (25,669), Kédernâth (23,062), Búdrinâth (23,221), Dewa- lagiri (26,826), Nanda Devi (25,706), Trisool, Panchooli, Pindri, and other peaks to the east. The average height of this part of the Hima- laya range = 20,000.

"deep chasms of the Alaknanda, the Tonse, the Pâbur, "the Bhâgirutti, and many other streams which feed the "great rivers Ganges and Jumna. The river Nilum (or "Jáhnivi), which rises in Thibet in the district of Chungsa "in Chaprang, penetrates the Himalaya, and joins the "Bhágirutti or true Ganges. It is, in fact, the remotest "source or feeder of the river Ganges. The Niti river, "however (or Dhauli), is sometimes considered from its "size and length of course to be the principal branch of "the Ganges. The Niti pass extends along the banks of "this river, and is estimated at considerably over 16,000 "feet elevation; the chasms of this gorge are stupendous, "the river descending 7000 feet in seven miles. The "Burrenda pass to the Sutlej is also over 15,000 feet; "nevertheless, armies have crossed both these lofty passes "into Gurhwâl, and even entire tribes emigrating from "the highlands of Middle Thibet have entered India by "these lofty side doors."

From Tiri (or Srinugger) the ancient capitol of Gurhwâl to Barahát on the Bhágiráthi, where the roads to Jumnootri and Gungootri bifurcate, the ridges are clothed with moroo oak. The *cheer* (pinus longifolia) commences at Samsoo, and extends up to 5000 feet, as far as Jhála, where box, yew, and cypress prevail. Here the river bends suddenly east towards Gungootri. The great *deodar* forests, and the red (pencil) cedar extend twenty-four miles, with fir and beech, also, up to the snow.

Many pleasant writers have described *Gungootri* and *Jumnootri*, the sources of the two great sacred rivers. They have often been visited; but although the author has viewed the mountains which involve them, he has never actually visited the spring heads.

Bunderpoosh or *Soomeroo* is the great mountain on the slopes of which is found Jumnootri, where the head

springs of the Jumna originate; whilst *Panch Purbut* or *Roodroo Himala* is held to be the mother mountain of the Ganges, *Kailás* being a generic name for the Hindoo Olympus dominating the entire group.

From a point near the junction of the Alaknanda and Pindri rivers, on a range called, I think, Budrungâh, I once obtained a magnificent view of the panorama of mountain indicated above. I had descended the Pindri river, which bounds Gurhwâl on the north, but here turned aside back into Kumäon. The Budrungâh ridge, which overhangs the Karnali valley, covered with dense forests, is said to be splendid shooting ground for bear, jurrow, surrow, leopards, and even tigers; indications of the presence of predatory animals were apparent on the bark of trees on which the indentation of claws was observable. We tried the hill for game, but only saw one *kakur* deer; the near view of the snow, however, was enchanting, and embraced an area of not less than two hundred miles of snowy mountain peaks.



No. 99—A DELL IN GURHWAL.

A friend of mine, to whom I am indebted for perusal of most interesting journals, hereabouts, if I mistake not, turned up the Alaknanda towards the Niti pass, which he crossed by a previously unknown track on to the table land of Thibet. He notes Gurhwâl as a good place for "gurjoo" or "burrul" (antelope bárhal). The occurrence of thár (an tháral) is also noted. I have not seen these animals myself in the marches of Gurhwâl, but no doubt did not sufficiently seek for them. He afterwards, across the axis, one day encountered a herd of nine wild yâk bulls! (bos grunniens), three of which he bagged.

The "picturesque" was amply exemplified in the surpassing grandeur of the near vicinity of these vast altitudes crowned by eternal snow, and of the stupendous gorges through which the head waters and feeders of the great rivers Jumna and Ganges escape to the inferior mountains, and so into the main streams of "*Gungajee.*" Gorges, 16000 or 18000 feet in sheer altitude, are not unknown in the north of Gurhwâl; and the view of cloud-capped peaks and rugged cliffs, lit up by the glory of the sun through rifted cloud, is sublime in the extreme. The scenery along the rivers of course teems with interest: roaring torrents, with cascades, rushing from amidst pastoral mountain sides, or from amidst pine forests, in many a rugged *gadh* or ravine, present themselves to the upland traveller. Here, also, is the arena of some of the most venerated fables of the Hindoo mythology—the battle ground of the Gods and Assurs (Titans), and the scene of the apotheosis of the five Pandaus, the heroes of the Mâhâbârât. This is part of the vast Alpine amphitheatre observable from the "snow seat" at Naini Thál.

Gurhwâl, the "land of fortresses," with Kumäon, is essentially the nidus of Hindooism, and all the traditions and fables which cluster round the dawn of Vedantic

history are there localized. These fables are so well known to oriental scholars and the public that they need scarcely be noticed here. An extract from a work of "fiction founded on fact"—"Tales of the Pandaus"—may, perhaps, however, prove of some interest, as tending to illustrate the marches of Gurhwâl towards the snows.

I would premise that the Lake of Bhîmtal—presently to be mentioned—is supposed to owe its origin to

"BHIMA, THE PANDAU."

Let us follow Bhîma into the snowy solitudes of Kailás, and the caverns of Alaknanda, where dwell the spirits of the wilderness: dæmons both good and evil, whose struggles for ascendancy in man's mikrocosm form the burden of many a Hindoo Veda and Shastr.

On the banks of the river Káli-Gunduk or Surjoo, which flashes through the green forests of these regions in silver and in foam, had the Pandau's great ancestor Râma—himself an exile—dwelt and wandered with Sita, his beloved spouse, ravished from him by the giant Râwun of Singhâla, as has been related in the Râmâyânâ, and elsewhere in the slokes of the bards. Bhîma was inspired by the memory of his misfortunes; and in his speech to the assembled warriors narrated the idyl of the fair Sita and of the hero Râma.

Bivouacked in the forest of Tupôbun (Tupásiabán)—grove of lamentation—where the sad Râma had bemoaned his melancholy loss with his dear loved brother, Lutchman, the soul of brave Bhimsén (Bhîma) glowed with pity, and inspired the hero to noble deeds of arms against the giant posterity of the cruel ravisher, Râwun. Arjûna, too, wept bitter tears as he recalled the story, and vowed revenge. His penance, is it not written in the chronicles of the land of Bráj!

Krishna, leaving his fair shepherdesses (gópies) in the land of Bráj, arrived to greet his friend Arjûna, and joined great Bhîma in arms at Gopie-éshur on Alaknanda stream.

Bálárámá, brother of Krishna—he who after, disgusted at the war of kindred, retired from the field of Korau-Khét, and dwelt on the banks of Sárasváti river—was also there; and, though the

Pandaus were preparing instant war against the Koraus, now he stood in arms beside great Krishna, and did the mighty deeds the chronicles and bards narrate.

At Dêva-prayâg, at the meeting of the waters, Bhima sacrificed to Kartikáya, the war-god, five hundred horses.*

On all the sacred river heads and teeruts did the Pandau host do snán (religious bathing) and penance—"dhoop dheep navéd" of modern Brahminism. Need the march of the host be detailed? Shall the warrior pen tell of ceremonial such as priestly craft has in all ages sought to impose upon the lordly Khsátriyas?

As the Pandau invasion of Gurhwâl is legendary—though somewhat mythical as to its warlike character—shall we be tempted to record the details? The pen of the stranger can supply the chronicles scarcely known to the sons of the Rajpoots themselves who live along those marches; but it were long to relate them all: suffice to say they indicate the Pandaus' march against the foe.

[From Haridwár—Siva's door or mouth—along the sacred streams, as many as fifty places of snán or bathing invite the modern pilgrim to his religious duties. I give those of the pilgrimage to Bûdrinauth as an example:—

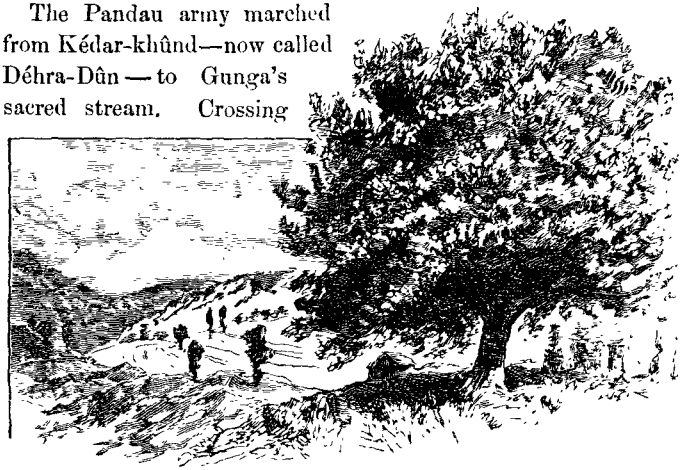
(1), The pilgrimage begins at Khún-khúl, where was the palace of King Khun, an ally of the Pandaus in this invasion; (2), at Haridwár the mighty Gunga issues from between the mountains Nil and Bhil, on to the plain, where the footstep of Hári is seen near to Tupôbun; (3), at Rûdra-prayâg—the meeting place of the eleven deities of the Hindoo Swerga—the pilgrims fast and bathe; and, after worshipping the cow, gird up their loins and adjust their dress for the mountain journey; (4), again they bathe at Dêva-prayâg, the junction of the Bhágiráthi† and Alaknanda

* Probably by the aswamedha sacrifice, which has been supposed to be an *emblematic dedication* of horses to Kartikáya.

† The pre-eminently sacred rivers of India are: (1), the Godavery; (2), the Ganges; (3), the Bhágiráthi; (4), the Sarasváti. The Alaknanda means the "river from afar on high," but it is not included amongst the pre-eminently sacred streams. The reverence of Hindoos for the streams or waters tributary to the Ganges does not extend further north than

waters; (5), "Goopta-Gunga," the hidden or cavernous river, where the gods themselves come and perform snán; (6), on through the mountains of bheek (aconite), where the poison plant—sacred emblem of Siva, the destroyer—grows freely; the pilgrims, their heads muffled in their cloaks, rush onwards over the hills to (7), Kédarnauth, where a temple, and flaming springs and holy rocks abound; here the pilgrims cast rings, bangles, necklaces, and flowers to Siva; (8), Gopie-éshur—sacred to Krishna, who here arrived, leaving his gópies in the land of Bráj—on to the head waters of Alaknanda, to (9), Peepulkoss, and (10), Garoodgunga, the stream where sacred stones—charms proof against serpents—are found, hence the exclamation "Garoor, garoor," made by the Hindoos on seeing snakes; (11), Jósimut, the cooking place, sacred to Hanumân, the Monkey-Deity; (12), Vishnûgunga; (13), Kalliankote; (14), Wâkimut; (15), Bûdrinauth, where six minor places of snán are found; to (16), Bussoodâra, on the Alaknanda stream, where the pilgrimage terminates. The whole may, perhaps, represent the course of the Pandaus' march in their invasion of Gurhwâl, 1368 B.C., and I shall so assume it.]

The Pandau army marched from Kédar-khûnd—now called Déhra-Dûn—to Gunga's sacred stream. Crossing



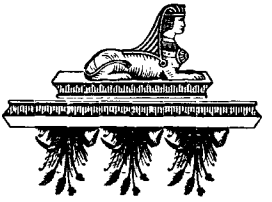
No. 100—*A DISTANT VIEW OF KAILAS.*

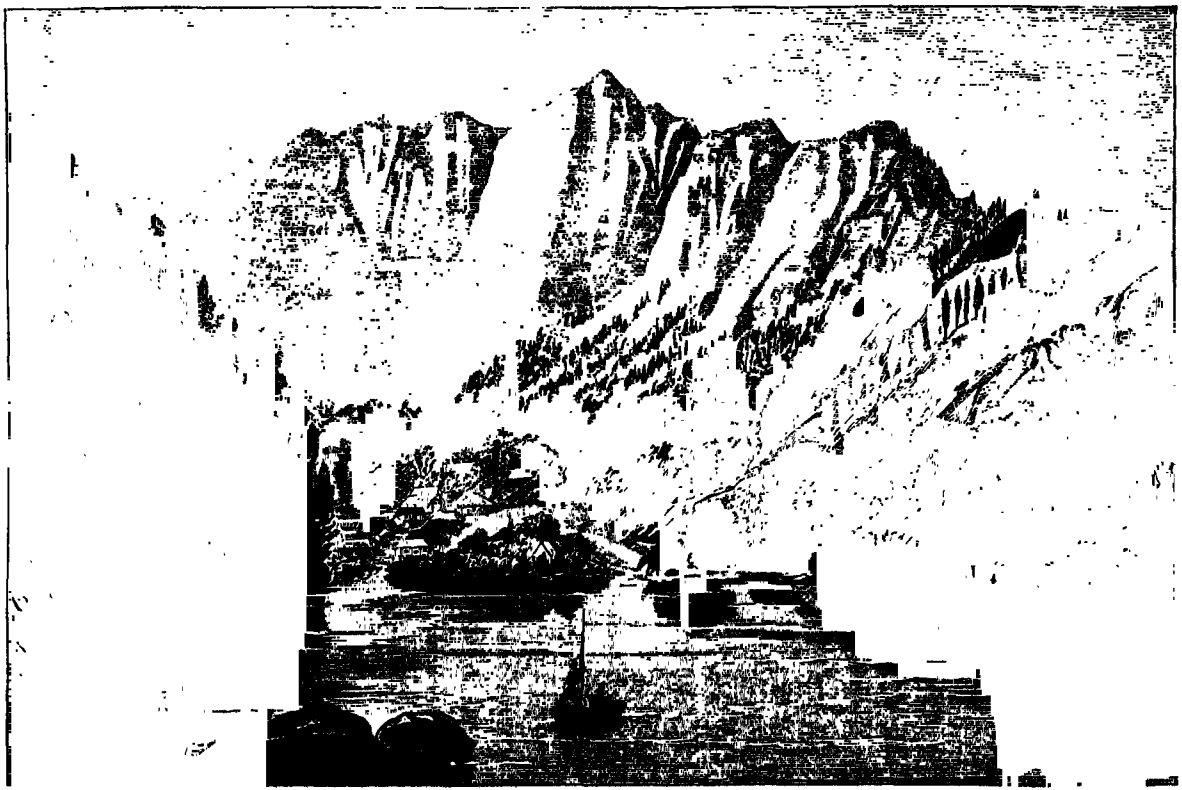
the spring head of the Jumna, nor further south than one *teerut* on the Gunduk, in Nepâl, where the sacred stones called Salik-Ram, and grains of gold, are found.

the Sewâliks, great Yûdisthír camped at Nâgsidh, on the holy hill, there to meet the foe should the Koraus haply attack the rear of brave Bhîma's army. Afterwards, when Bhîma had destroyed the foe, he ascended the Alaknanda's mystic stream to Bûdrinauth and Kédernauth, in the holy land of Ootéra-khoond, even to the sacred peaks of Gungootri, Jumnootri, and to Bhágiráthi's sacred spring head.*

A few notes on Gungootri and Jumnootri, with itineraries—given in an appendix—must complete these few notes on Gurhwâl. A distant view of Kailás is given.

* Although the march of the Pandaus may be regarded as *mythic*, yet in fact the natural features of the country are fairly depicted where the symbolical element does not obscure them.





XIX.--*NAINI-THAL AND MOUNT CHEENA.*

CHAPTER 2.—KUMÄON.

The Approaches to Kumäon—Naini Thál—Game—The Kurnáh Valley—The Kumäon Lakes—Tigers at Rajgāh—Almora—Anecdotes of Sport and Travel in East Kumäon—Legends—The "Spectre of the Brocken"—Bhagésir—The Surjoo—Mahaseer again —Down the Pindri river to the Alaknanda—Home by Gwárihâth and Ránikhét—Farewell to Kumäon.

THIS brings us into Kumäon — the "land of the tortoise" — in which my experiences have been considerable, though somewhat restricted as to sport. I have, however, visited it on two occasions, and have roamed into most parts of the country, but as regards game, I must trust to the able pen of a friend who has already assisted me, and I will insert a note on "Sport in Kumäon," in an annexe to this chapter.*

There are several approaches to Kumäon from the plains: we approached it by the Ránibágh route, and were caught by a terrible storm in the Terai whilst passing through the Saul forests. The lightning, accompanied by torrents of rain was really appalling; and it was with difficulty I obtained even partial shelter for our "gharry" (carriage) in the dark and drenching night.

Hereabouts—at Huldwáni—some interesting episodes of the great mutiny of 1857 occurred, in which my friend C. R. and his Goorkhas played a conspicuous part.

Naini Thál (6,410) is the first point the traveller generally makes for, and its game preserve is represented by the Kurnah valley, in the upper ravines of which a good

* M.-Genl. Sir Campbell C. Ross, K.C.B.

many goorul and other game used to be found. I have seen them there myself, but did not hunt them.

Leopards abound, and often seize dogs: herds of Hanumân apes may also be met with, who, with bold springs, throw themselves from tree to tree, crashing through the foliage. These apes are *migratory* from the plains of India in summer, and they ascend the hills as high as 10,000 feet elevation. A smaller monkey (rhesus) is also found in these woods. Kákur—the *barking* deer—also can be occasionally heard amidst the woods which clothe the hills overhanging the lake.

Naini Thâl (lake) contains a few mahaseer, and, "as evening shadows fall," a boat may often be observed under the "Smugglers' Rock," containing a British angler endeavouring, with the indomitable perseverance of the true Piscator, to lure the finny prey. As night falls, a few lamps, flitting about the fashionable end of the lake, near the club house, may be also noted, producing a fairy scene as they disperse and row homewards across the lake in many directions.

The calcareous spar which tops the clay slate rocks and greenstone trap, together with certain hot sulphur springs on its broken margin, would lead one to the conclusion that Naini Thál lake is of volcanic origin.

The mahaseer lie under the *Smugglers' Rock*, near the centre of the lake, where a shallow spot—a submerged apex — approaches the surface; this may be observed from the surrounding heights shining in the depths with emerald hues.

The visitor leaving Naini Thál towards Ránikhét, descends from the circumjacent ridge into the Kurnah valley by a path descending through *bansh* oak, firs, and rhododendrons, whose undergrowth comprises raspberries and cranberries, into the valley of the Côsi, or Kosila. This

somewhat shallow stream rises near Byjnauth in a bed of *kôsi* grass (whence the name), passes under the Almora hill, and meets the Ramgunga about halfway down the Kurnah valley. It used to contain fine mahaseer, but about the year 1859 most of the fish in the river were *killed by hail*, which fell in such torrents as to choke the lateral feeders of the Côsi, whose channel was thereby filled with such a vast influx of hail that the fish perished.

Below Naini a series of lakes, of which Bheem Tal is chiefest, subtend the pastoral ridges of the first ranges. I was enabled to visit them, and present, as typical, a sketch then made of "Mulwun Thál." This is a remarkable instance of a lake formed by a landslip within the memory of man.* At the point where the Kulsa river enters the lake — occupied by the boat in the sketch



No. 101—*MULWUN TAL, KUMAUN.*

* Vol. I., "Highlands of India," page 83.

given—the author has caught a nice basket of small mahaseer about sunset, in the "gloamin'."

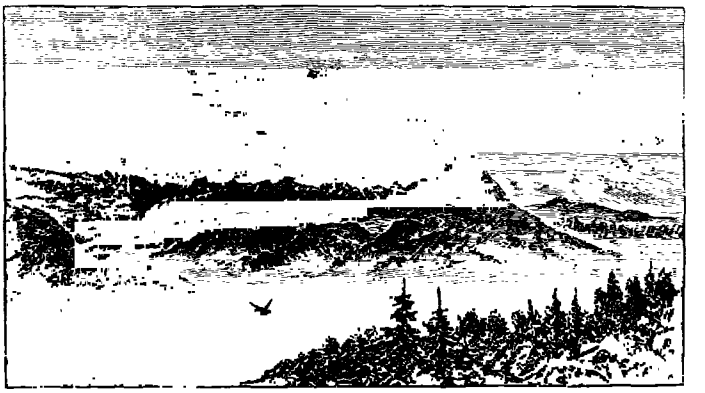
Between Naini Thál and Almora is found *Rajgâh*, on a wooded ridge, clothed with oak, where the great tiger hunt described in the annexe to this chapter took place. Tigers are often found here: they follow the herds from the low grazing lands till they disperse to the Kumäon villages. Being then unable to procure their accustomed prey, they become dangerous to man.

Having arrived at Almora, which is situated on a somewhat bleak bare plateau of micaceous schist—approached by a long zigzag climb—I made it my head-quarters from which to explore Kumäon, and from it as a centre I in fact made several trips about the country. First to the eastern frontier to the native posts of Pithoraghur and Loharghát. I proceeded by the Bhinsur ridge and Seul to Pithoraghur, thence along the Surjoo to Loharghát and Champávat, the ancient capitol of *Káli*-Kumäon; back by Raikôt and the Narauli ridge. This supplied a certain knowledge of the *lay* of the country, and enables me to introduce a few anecdotes of game and sport, though I myself met with but few adventures worthy of notice.

Glancing through my journal I notice a few entries, suggestive, but which would take overlong to particularize. I observe notes as to *quartz* and *screw pines**—a "glorious walk through the Naula forest, at a general elevation of 7000 feet—a sacred grove of *neöza* pines, in whose dark

* This is a tree of extraordinary character, inasmuch as *it acts as its own executioner*, by some unexplained action screwing its own head off! and it is a remarkable fact that even after it is cut down and sawn into planks, even then the action goes on, and the timber warps and twists to such an extent that when used as rafters it has been known to push the roof of a house off! This extraordinary fact requires scientific explanation, which, to my knowledge, has never yet been afforded.

shades an interesting temple lurks;" on to the Surjoo. At the bridge below the junction, the stream ramifies into several channels, with islands holding game. We threw a fly in the river with poor success; a few small mahaseer alone rewarded our efforts; the largest four pounds only, caught with a spoon, either here or lower down the *Sardah* near to where the Rámgunga joins it, forming a picturesque promontory, surrounded by game-holding forests: a view of this valley in mist is presented.



No. 102—*THE VALLEY OF THE RAMGUNGA IN MIST.*

It was hereabouts that my friend, C. R., whilst playin a large mahaseer, was intruded on by a bear. He called to his Goorkha henchman for his rifle, but the bear had taken the hint, and made off before C. R. could tackle him.

All along the Surjoo (or Sardah), from this to Lohar-ghât, is a dense forest full of all sorts of game—tigers, leopards, bears, jurrow (samber), kákur, pheasants—and I have heard of wild dogs (canis primævus), whose habit of hunting in packs has probably formed the foundation for the legend of a "spectre," a sort of oriental "Hearn the Hunter," who is said to haunt this region, and who may

sometimes be heard cheering on his pack along the crest of the mountain in the pale moonlight. It was here also along the flashing waters of Surjoo that Rishyasringa, "Son of the Doe," in guise of a silver stag, is fabled to have led *Nakoula*, the fifth Pandau, into the caverns of Gaurinâth, and there lulled him to sleep in Fairyland.*



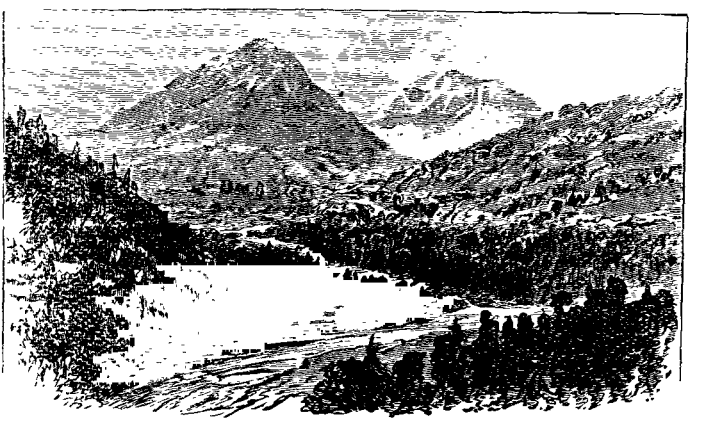
No. 103—*RISHYASRINGA, THE SILVER STAG.*

Beyond the river the further ascent is through interesting ground called Seul—the garden of East Kumäon, and the arena of an incursion from old Nepâl. We reach Pithoraghur—a fine, rather open, rolling valley of 5,600 feet elevation. Leopards abound here. I heard of one which got into the peas in the commandant's garden, whence it could not and would not be dislodged.

From this point we marched down the valley of the Surjoo, passing the above named forests, to Loharghât, a place with several tea estates. There the vision of a

* See "Tales of the Pandaus," page 108.

fine energetic lady—the wife of a military planter—greeted us in *jackboots*, in which the châtelaine was wont to perambulate her property in the rains. On to Champavat, the ancient capitol of Kumäon, containing ruins of some interesting temples. Good grazing ground about here, with many cattle and sheep. Below this, towards the Térai, all the usual game of the low country is found, and the presence of wild elephants was also indicated by large holes or pitfalls made to capture them, now in disuse and overgrown with jungle, into which the unwary sportsman is liable to fall.



No. 104—*THE VALLEY OF THE SARDAH OR SURJOO.*

Both Pithoraghur and Loharkote are, or were, Goorkha recruiting depôts.

We returned to Almora over the mountains. Many interesting temples—often in groves of pine—dot this tract; and its picturesque pine-clad, though somewhat contracted ridges, are noteworthy. They hold some game, but we had not time to beat it out. The cover was good at various points, and, in fact, game has been killed there by the sporting community of Almora and by the Goorkha soldiers of the outposts in our service, amongst whom

an innate love of sport exists and reveals itself. I have heard many interesting traits of Goorkhas from the friend who has kindly assisted me with his (unrivalled) experiences of this district, in which he commanded the Pithoraghur Goorkha recruiting depôt several years; amongst them their habit of praying to appease the *manes* of wild beasts they have killed. He mentions one instance of a grand *poojah* (or pray) over a dead leopard!

Returned to Almora, I from it as centre made many rides about the country of Kumäon, during one of which, whilst riding along the Bhinsur ridge, I encountered (for the second time in my life) the "Spectre of the Brocken." Let not my reader be surprised: such is, doubtless, the spectrum or reflection of oneself projected on to a bank of mist, exaggerated to gigantic size under particular incidence of the sun's (or other) rays through a rift in the cloud or a gap in the mountain as a funnel. In the case I allude to the gigantic figure stalked along the ridge parallel to me. This apparition is doubtless akin to that of the "*Flying Dutchman!*" the base of that grand old sea legend being no doubt a form of "mirage."

On the other occasion I have alluded to as having had the pleasure of meeting this interesting spectre, the gentleman presented himself *vis-a-vis* to me on emerging from an open door (of the mess) at Darjeeling, behind which a brilliantly lighted room caused the spectrum of my own figure to be projected on to a bank of dense mist: in this case the focus of the figure was apparent. Very terrible in seeming were these gigantic apparitions! and one may well realize how they might appal the "untutored mind" of the peasant of the Hartz.

The wild grassy slopes around Almora are a special feature of that place, and have a beauty all their own.

Here I have observed glow worms on the calm autumn evenings, and indications of the lumination arising from the *yōtes mūti*—the luminous grass—already alluded to are sometimes observable about Almora. It emits a pale green light, scarcely attributable to phosphorescence, and not allied in any way to Will o' the Wisp,—a somewhat rare thing in India according to my experience.

I have alluded to Bhâgésir as a fishing station on the Surjoo river.* Here it was that the hundred-and-twenty-pound mahaseer was said to have been caught; and I can believe it, having myself seen floating about in the clear water near the town, a fish "as big as a baby" (as the guide put it), and which must, in fact, have been near one hundred pounds in weight.†

At Bhâgésir are some very remarkable temples, said to have been built at the rate of one per diem for a year by a certain raja. By this there should be three hundred and fifty or more; and I daresay there may be eighty or so extant, some mere shrines of a few feet in height.

At Surmésir the tea interest is represented by the great estate of *Kousánie;* well known, by name, to all consumers of Indian teas! *Aya-Tolla* is another fine tea estate in the close vicinity of Byjnauth, where I observed specimens of the "butter tree" in full bearing.

I had ridden out to *Bhâgésir* from Almora, by the Kráselling pass, thirty miles across the watershed of the Surjoo and Côsi, from whence I proceeded up the river towards the Pindri glacier, but only got part of the way. However, I viewed it from high ground near *Kup-Kôt* or

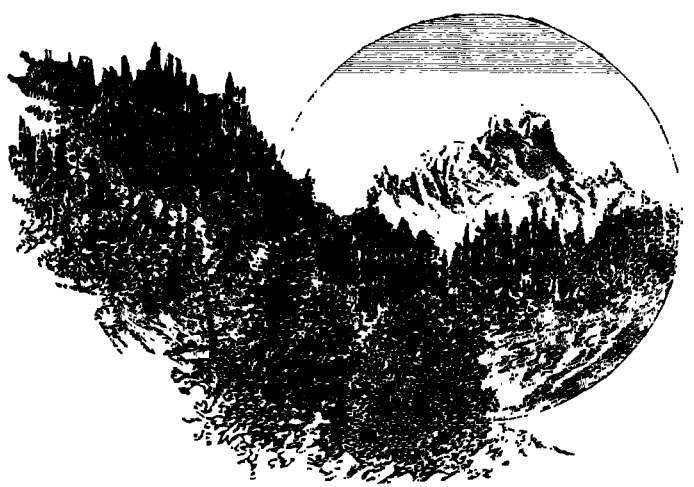
* The *Surjoo* or *Sardah* is called *Kaligunga* in Lower Kumaon, but the name reappears in Oude, in the plains of India, where, however, it is also called *Gōgra.* It rises under the peaks of *Panchchooli,* in Gurhwâl. This is a pre-eminently sacred stream, its banks being the arena of the abduction of Sita, and the romantic fables of the Rámáyáná.

† See foot note, page 5.

Lóbha. Cheetul (spotted deer) were seen on this track, an unusual thing so high up in the mountains.

Time pressing, I had to return, and after turning off by Byjnauth and Gwâldum, descended the Pindri river to a point near its junction with the *Alaknanda.*

On reaching the valley of the *Pindri* by this route, one leaves the fertile valleys and terraces of Lower Kumäon and of the Côsi, and enters on the bolder mountain scenery of the borders of Gurhwâl. Groves of oak and chestnut, with willows along the river; hornbeams and other forest trees are passed; whilst Alpine flowers such as anemones, columbines, melilot, with campanulas, balsams, and the blue mountain poppy higher up, are found.



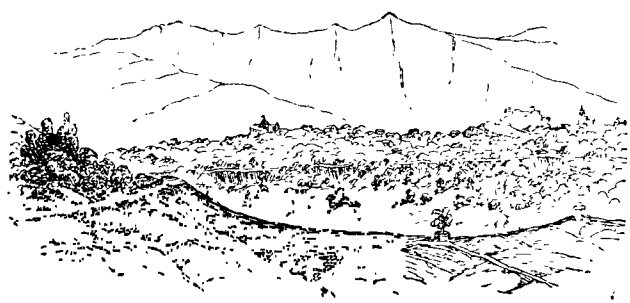
No. 105—*THE PINDRI GLACIER.*

Morinda and *roi** fir trees clothe the heights which align along and above the *Alaknanda,* which joins the *Pindri*

* *Roi* is the red pencil cedar. Morinda (abies pindro) has been known to attain the height of two hundred feet with a diameter of five feet. This magnificent tree is mostly found at a higher altitude than this indicated, and more on the Bhagiráthi than Alaknanda. Hazel nuts are also found along this tract.

on the confines of Kumäon and Gurhwâl in a turbid glaucous-yellow flood, emerging from high cliffs of grey argillaceous schist. The roaring of its waters may be heard far above the junction. We fished along the Pindri, but the turbid snow water seemed *dead:* we caught nothing. "Lulled by the wild music of the stream, its deep and hollow murmurs," we here stayed several days and tried the hills for game; we then turned off back towards *Ranikhét* and *East Kumäon*, across the *Buddlungáh* mountain and *Kurnooli* forest.

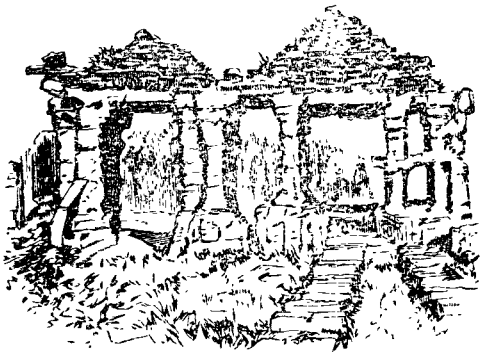
I have already mentioned (page 284) the truly sublime view of the peaks involving the sources of the holy streams from the summit of the *Singooli* pass, whence also one descends on to the road leading to Lōbur and Gwârihâth. Here we enter on a fertile tract of country, studded with several tea estates. I take up my journal, and see we crossed *the* Rámgunga—there are several in Kumäon—which here takes a long sweep or bend of twenty miles, emerging from a lake called *Ghâri*-Thál. We saw a wolf on the road near Gwârihâth, which we reached at noon. This was nearly the only game—except a kákur deer—we met in these marches. At the bungalow here we noted a splendid *Puddam* tree (a *Judas* tree I think), one mass of fine pink blossom—a noteworthy specimen of a flowering tree!



No. 106—*ALMORA, FROM SITOWLIE.*

At Ranikhét a British regiment was cantoned. This is a fine plateau, where space might be found for several more regiments. Here we have regained a centre of civilization, and can adopt the alternative routes of the Cósi (Kósila) or of the *Kurnah* valley, on our return to headquarters at Almora. I have travelled by both, but on this occasion we rode down the hill across the Cósi by Hawilbágh and Sitowlie. The sketch No. 106 represents the approach by this route to Almora.

Shortly after this I had to leave Kumäon en route to England. Leaving Almora with my family in the late autumn of 1875, we travelled down the valley of the Kósila by Kurnah to Naini-Thál, Kalidoongi, and so to the plains of India; bidding a long farewell to Kumäon and its lovely lakes and mountains.



No. 107.—*A "BIT" OF CHAMPAVAT.*
(The Ancient Capital of Kumaon.)

ANNEXE TO CHAPTER 2.

THE following notes of sport in the Kumäon hills should be prefaced by the remark that owing to the presence of a Goorkha regiment, the men of which are always most determined hunters, and the beautiful scenery, fine climate, and variety of game forming attractions to English sportsmen nearly as great as those of Cashmere, the sport has much deteriorated to what it was forty or fifty years ago. To the determined shikari, however, who takes nothing for granted, and searches for game for himself, a good deal of sport is still to be met with in the more unfrequented parts of the district, especially on the steep forest-covered slopes above the rivers and towards the plains.

The sport in the higher snow regions is much inferior to that of Cashmere or Ladak. There are no ibex, and big game is scarce. But in the eastern and southern part of Kumäon there are many samber, kákur (muntjac), goorul, and low down towards the plains of the térai, spotted deer. Pheasants are everywhere, of the three kinds common to the lower Himalayas, viz.—kalidge, koklass, and cheer. Leopards are numerous, and near Pithoraghur are very large and dangerous, while near every river—where the jungle is heavy—there is generally a hill tiger in the neighbourhood. Wild hogs are plentiful, and fortunately supply the principal part of the tiger's larder, while the langoor or large grey monkey does that of the leopard.

Tigers are frequently met with 6000 or 7000 feet above the sea,—for instance one generally takes up his quarters on the Gagur pass between Naini Thál and Almora, and after a time becomes a perfect nuisance. These tigers accompany the large droves of cattle from their winter grazing down in the térai to this point in their annual spring migrations, and it is here that the droves are broken up and dispersed to their respective villages for summer. At this elevation and distance from a river, there are few wild hogs or deer, and the tiger is reduced to man eating to satisfy his appetite, and takes stray natives off the road through the forest, which is very heavy on the mountain.

In 1857 a man-eater was very troublesome and carried off several men, and was so dangerous that a Mr. Wheler, a tea planter, was simply besieged by him. At last, a heavy reward being offered for him, six Goorkhas of the 66th Goorkhas—now 1st Goorkha Light Infantry—volunteered to shoot him. One of them, Assah Goorung, was the crack shot of the regiment, and I lent him a rifle. About a week afterwards they brought the tiger bodily in and put him down in the verandah of my house. It appeared that the six Goorkhas, on arrival at the place, agreed to go in extended order through the forest, engaging to close in to the assistance of any man firing or shouting. Assah Goorung, who belonged to my company, described what happened as follows:—"I was passing, step by step, cautiously through the jungle, which was cut up by precipitous ravines, when I suddenly saw the tiger about ten paces in front of me, with his head between his paws, his glaring eyes fixed fiercely on mine. For an instant I felt a numb sensation of paralysis, but stepping behind a tree, the tiger never moving or taking his eyes from mine, I collected my nerves, and thinking to myself 'your life or mine,' shot him right between the eyes! He rolled over and over down the steep ravine, tearing the earth with his claws, but uttering no sound, and lay dead at the bottom of the ravine." Such was the plucky little hero's account. The other Goorkhas, hearing the shot, came running in, and found him standing with his rifle butt on the ground. There is no braver man on earth than the Goorkha.

The fishing in the Surjoo river, at its junction with the Ramgunga at Ramaissur, is excellent. The mahaseer running to a good size, and taking salmon flies well.

Some miles further down, the united rivers join the "Kalee" at Puchaisur, and form the river "Sardah." Here the fishing is truly gigantic; fish of seventy and eighty pounds being common, but as they do not take the fly the fishing was not to my taste.

With regard to the small shooting of Kumäon, the red-legged partridge is very common, wherever the hills are rocky and tolerably free from jungle, but shooting them is very hard work. Woodcock, in the winter, are not uncommon; and quail plentiful in April and September, in their annual migrations.

[The above note was kindly written for me by my friend Major-Genl. Sir C. C. Ross, K.C.B., whose sporting experiences in this particular district have been almost unrivalled, he having been for several years commandant of the Goorkha recruiting depôt at Pithoraghur.]

APPENDIX I.

(Pages 282 to 288.)

AT *Gungootri*—lat. 31° north, by long. 79° east—ordinarily reputed the source of the Holy Ganges, the Bhagiráthi is found to issue from a vast mass of solid frozen snow about three hundred feet thick, the accumulation of ages. The stream issues from a low arch fringed with hoary icicles. The Great Ganges, at its birth here, is only twenty-seven feet wide and twelve inches in depth. After winding through the Himalayas a few miles it joins—or is joined by—the Jahnivi and Dauli, each of which, as contributing a larger volume of water might claim the honour of being the chief spring-head. Further on, at Tiri, it receives the Alaknanda. The united river then emerges from the Himalayan chain at Tupôbun, a few miles above Haridwár, eighty feet wide, with a discharge of 8000 cubic feet per second.

At *Jumnootri*—lat. 30° 50′—the Jumna in like manner emerges from a mass of snow forty feet thick, under which boiling springs rise through crevices in the granite, flowing with much ebullition, and deposit a ferruginous cement. They form a slender stream only three feet wide and a few inches deep.

At *Kalsa-ghât*—lat. 30° 30′ north—the Jumna is joined by the Tonse, a far larger stream, whose name is, however, merged in the better known but smaller river. The Jumna issues from the mountains near Fyzabad, twenty-six miles north of Saharunpore, where it is deep and a thousand yards wide.

APPENDIX II.



No. 108—*THE CAMP OF THE PANDAUS.*

[Historic fable relates that Gurhwâl and Kumäon were first occupied by the Pandaus, whose descendant, Kuttool Rajah, was defeated, and his progeny destroyed by *Anook Pal* of Nepâl, who came by way of Seul, and at Bhâgésir defeated the Gurhwâlies, advanced and planted his standard at Bûdrinâth, where he set up a stone pillar to commemorate the event.]





XX.—*SIR JUNG BAHADOOR AND WIFE (NEPAL)*

(From a photograph).

SECTION VII.

NEPAL, AND THE BASINS OF THE KARNALI, GUNDUK, AND COSI.

Western Nepâl—The visit of Prince Waldemar of Prussia to Khatmandoo, 1845—The mystic city "Alaka"—An Adventure in Eastern Nepâl.

ON this section of my subject I have but slight personal knowledge, and must restrict myself to the reproduction of a sketch of the Nepâl mountains, from Loharghât. *Non cuivis hominâm licet est adire Corinthum!*

I was never able to visit the country, except in a very partial manner, to be presently mentioned. I must trust to the experience of others; and in this matter I will avail myself of the records of a traveller—a foreigner, but little known as an author—with whom, however, I once was brought into contact on an interesting occasion. I allude to Dr. W. Hoffmeister, travelling physician to H.R.H. Prince Waldemar of Prussia, in whose suite he



No. 109—THE NEPAL MOUNTAINS FROM LOHARGHAT, KUMAON.

visited Nepâl in the year 1845; afterwards, at the close of that year, finding a soldier's grave on the field of Moodkhee. I indent on his account of this visit.

The party leaving Segowlie on the 5th February, 1845 —passing through a wild moorland region, overgrown with tall hard grass—reached the frontier village, Bissowli, at sunrise, the snowy "summits of the Himalayas, "gloriously illuminated by the radiant glow, appeared in "the north-east as if rising immediately from the vast "plain." Beyond this, one enters the Nepâl border forests containing peepul (ficus indica), bauhinia, and dalbergia, with an occasional erythrina (coral tree). The magnificent Saul forest is here sparsely intermingled with acacia of several varieties; also bombax, cratœva, feronia, etc. Here the roads are beds of streams—dry in winter, raging torrents in summer—and the *terai* is entered, which the malaria or ha'wal, supposed by the natives to be the poisonous breath of serpents, renders uninhabitable during the summer season. The mimosa (acacia catechu) is here found. Here one enters the dhoon, or long elevated valleys interspersed between the térai and first (or Lámadongra) range, the channels of the streams intersecting being filled with fragments of granite and schistose mica, but the hills themselves are of clay, sand, mica, and gravel. On the lower slopes of these hills is the home of the shoria or Saul forests.

So the party passed up into the valley of the Rapti, where an escort of Nepâlese troops arrived to do them honour. Passing through the Cheria-Ghât, they followed the course of the Rapti, here a clear and rapid stream, not over broad; "its banks clothed with beautiful bushes "of justicia, leea, phlornis, and the beautiful bauhinea "scandens (climbing mountain ebony) and dolichos, climb-"ing in elegant festoons among the leafy summits of the

"graceful acacias, etc." From Hetania to Bheemphed is twenty miles. At Siswaghurri, where a strong fortress crowns the conical hill above the river, pinus longifolia is first seen.

At Cheesaghurri—5,818 feet above the sea—one meets the noble forests which clothe the northern sides of the mountains over the pass; "our admiring attention being "particularly attracted by the dark crimson flowers of the "rhododendrons, which, growing to the height of about "twenty feet, spread over the northern side of every "mountain top in the Siswaghurri range. Besides this "gorgeous tree, I remarked here two species of oak "growing to the height of forty or fifty feet, the 'bansh' "(quercus semicarpifolia) and the bhalath, both superb "trees. Here the travellers first obtained a view of the "beautiful valley of Nepâl proper. A plain of no great "extent appears near the horizon to the north, while in "the foreground a labyrinth of rocky glens, all originating "in the steep acclivity of the north-eastern side of the "Lámadongra range, stretches to the open country below. "A shady and pleasant path through the thick forest "brought us by a descent of three thousand feet to the "margin of the Tanna-Khani's clear waters, near which "the wood ceases. Tall ferns—the first we had seen on



No. 110—*LAKE NEAR GORUCKPOOR.*

"the continent of Asia—nearly conceal the numerous "small brooks which gush down the rugged declivity. "The masses of stone which here present themselves— "grauwacke-schist and a loose clay slate,—forming a nar- "row and indented defile, control the course of the river, "which winds its way in a thousand turnings through "these laminated rocks."

Here the traveller enters a well cultivated fertile country, every inch of it improved, even to the foot of the distant mountains, and terraced fields laid out on the steep acclivities; whilst the freshest vernal green—the young shoots of barley — gladdens the wearied sight. "How delightful, after the tedious and arid plains of the "Indian lowlands, to enjoy the refreshing prospect of "fertile and verdant fields, and instead of the sultry at- "mosphere and burning dust of the banks of the Ganges "to breathe the mild and elastic air of these mountain "recesses! Berberis, vitex primus, daphne, and luxuriant "creepers, with violets and potentillas, in full flower, were "shining forth from the velvety carpet in the humid moss "as we emerged from the 8,500 feet (easy) pass across the "mountain into the celebrated valley of Khatmandoo."

The path descends from the Chandragiri mountain as much as 4000 feet, very steeply, into the valley. The capitol stands at the junction of the Bógmutty and Bishmutty in the valley, watered by many streams tributary to the Bógmutty, which, flowing to the south, forces its way through the lofty ramparts of the Chandragiri. This breach in the south-west barrier forms the alternative approach to the valley proper. The temple of Sambhunath is on the left, amidst a grove of beautiful trees. In the horizon the "glorious snow-capped peaks "of Dhajabung and Gossainthân tower to the skies, in "middle distance below them are the lofty terraced banks

"of the Bógmutty, which form the background immedi-
"ately behind the resplendent roofs of the many temples
"of Khatmandoo."

Here our traveller pauses in his graphic description of the valley, and his attention is taken up by the display of the reception of the Prince by Martabar Sing, the minister and generalissimo of Nepâl, in whose suite, moreover, appeared *Jung Bahadur*, a kinsman of the rajah's, "a man of very intelligent countenance; by far "the most educated and agreeable of them all," of whom the Anglo-Indian world has ample knowledge, as himself, shortly after the period referred to, becoming generalissimo and—except in name—king of Nepâl, and to the end of his life the staunch ally of the British. Major Lawrence — afterwards Sir Henry—Resident of Nepâl, was also present.

The author enters into a description of the inhabitants of Nepâl, and quotes Hamilton, as follows: "All that have "any pretension to be considered aboriginal, are by their "features clearly marked as belonging to the Tartar or "Chinese race, and have no sort of resemblance to the "Hindoos."*

A picturesque description of the city of Khatmandoo —amidst gardens of orange, plum, and cherry trees— is given by our author, and some remarks on its quaint architecture (brick built), and durable wood work; and of the indestructible stone used, which is described as "being found disposed in vertical strata in large masses "—containing much lime and fine gravel, having a silky "lustre—cutting well, and admirably resisting the action "of the weather."

* On this head I would refer the reader to the corresponding section of Vol. I. of this work, where—at pages 95-7—some short account of the inhabitants may be found.

Pasupatinath, Handagong, and Bhatgong, are alluded to as points of interest near Khatmandoo.

The party proceeded onwards *viâ* Chitpoor, and across the Kaulia pass, where again they re-entered forests consisting of erythrina, shorea, bauhinea, etc., with an underwood of carissa and justicia, with bamboos, as one neared the valley and mountain of Noyakôt. This mountain is the most pointed summit of a ridge which rises towards the north—the Maha Mendeb. The palace is surrounded by gardens. "The magnificent view of the valley of the Trisoolgunga is the best reward which this mountain offers to those who scale its heights; and its temple structures, with their gilded roofs, form an incomparable foreground."

Our author proceeds:—"Towards evening we set out "on our toilsome march, retracing our steps towards the "capitol. Before the sun had sunk to rest, we had gained "a commanding height, from which we enjoyed a full "view of Dharwala-Giri and Gossainthân bathed in "burning tints by the deep effulgence of the parting orb.* "The prospect of those thousands of ice-clad pinnacles, "now glowing, now fading in every variety of brilliant or "of exquisitely delicate hues, afforded us an enjoyment "beyond the reach of comparison, but which left an im-"pression that nothing can ever efface."

* *Dwâlagiri* (26,826), *Gossainthân* (24,700), and the vast mountain *Makalu* (27,800). The traveller is here also in presence of that lofty peak diversely named *Gauri-Sankér*, *Deodunga*, *Tsungau*, or *Mount Everest*, according as a Goorkha, a Nepâlese Hindoo, a Thibethan, or Englishman alludes to it. Its peak reaches the altitude of 29,002 feet, being the loftiest in the known world. The *Arun*, a river with a transnivean source, rises amidst these vast glaciers. The peak of Everest can also be seen from Senchâl and other parts in British Sikhim. Further on a sketch of the true horizon, including these peaks, will be presented. In Nepâl we are in the presence of the highest peaks on earth. Makalu has often been mistaken for Everest, being a far finer, and more imposing mountain.

The author concludes with the account of a parting tiger hunt at Segowli, not differing in any respect from the tiger hunts we have all so often read of.

The above, together with a little personal experience of Eastern Nepâl, presently to be mentioned, must form the only addendum to the corresponding section in Vol. I. that I am able here to present to the reader.

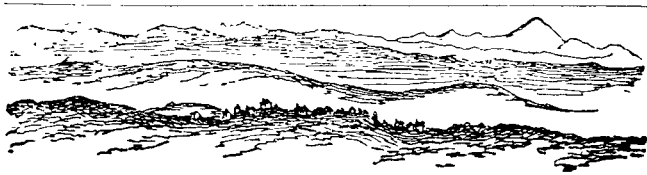
In the absence of actual experience of this fine country I will give an extract from a little work—"The Tales of the Pandaus"—on the mystic city *Aluka*, which is fabled to lie in Fairyland, along the axis of Kailás—the Hindoo Olympus—either near the Ganges or else amidst the still loftier knot of peaks alluded to in this chapter, and the rivers which subtend them.

THE SONG OF ARJUNA.

There by the mountain claspt in loving arms
Alaka, city of the blessed lies:
Her bright feet bathed in Gunga's flood, she charms
With marvellous beauty e'en immortal eyes.
Thou, too, free rover, shalt her beauty prize,
And often wander to mine own dear town!
Nor shall sweet Alaka thy love despise,
But proudly wear upon her domes a crown
Of the pure drops of pearl thou pourest softly down.
And she has charms which nought but thine excel;
High as thyself her airy turrets soar,

* * * *

And for thy lightnings in the midnight air,
Look in the maiden's eyes and own a rival there.
Unmatched is she for lovely girls who learn
To choose the flowers that suit them best, and bring
The varied treasures of each month in turn



No. 111—*THE SNOWY RANGE, showing the true horizon from Mount Senchal, near Darjeeling.*

Everest (29,002). *Makalu* (27,800). *Kanchanjhanga* (28,178).

To aid those charms which need no heightening:
The amaranth, bright glory of the spring—
The lotus gathered from the summer flood—
Acacias, taught around their brows to cling—
And jasmine's fragrant white, their locks to stud;
And, bursting at the rain, the young kadumba bud.

* * * *

The tell-tale sunbeam of the morning throws
Upon the path each roving beauty chose,
Falls on some faded flower, some loosened zone,
A withered lotus or a dying rose;
A bracelet which her haste forgot to close,
Here a dropt diadem of orient pearl,
The fond impatience of its mistress shows;
And here the jasmine bud that deckt the curl,
Lying upon the grass, betrays the amorous girl.
O beauties, worthy of that beauteous place,
That sweetest city which I know so well,
Where mine own brethren of ethereal race,
Blest with the love of those fair angels dwell
In homes too beautiful for tongue to tell!
Those homes by night a starry radiance fills
Shot from the jewelled flames where breathe the smell
Of roses, and, while melting music thrills,
They quaff the precious wine the heavenly tree distils.*

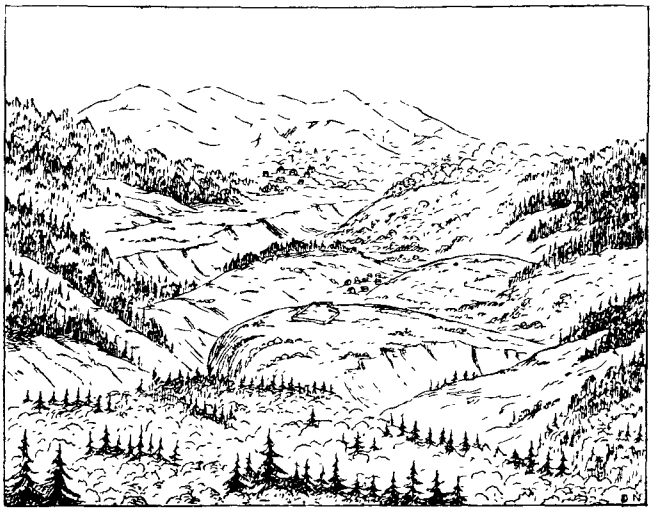
The personal experience alluded to above, consisted in a short trip across the frontier from British Sikhim in January, 1873. Being at this time commandant at Darjeeling, I had made it my duty during the cold season—when the greater portion of the convalescents had rejoined their regiments—to inspect the military frontiers, and—as will be related in the next section—I had traversed nearly the whole of British and Independent Sikhim.

On this occasion I was marching down the lower road, when (from about frontier pillar No. 20 or 21) I took the wrong track, and towards nightfall found myself at *Phikul*, near *Elám*, in Nepâl, some seven or eight miles from the British frontier. I had halted for midday meal whilst my baggage progressed through the jungle. On

* From the "Messenger Cloud" of Kálidása, translated by R. T. H. Griffiths, Esq., M.A., Principal of the Benares College.

arriving at Phikul in the evening, I found it under distraint by an escort of Nepâlese soldiers, a larger posse of whom, with other Nepâl functionaries, were drawn up on a mound to receive the intrusive stranger. Things looked threatening; especially as the "man in possession," a truculent looking old Goorkha, had used the word "dúshman" (enemy). I saw I was in for it; so stepping briskly in front of my shikaries and followers I politely saluted the group, and tried to explain matters.

The cázi, or magistrate, was polite, but the truculent old Goorkha's face never relaxed in the least; and again I heard distinctly the ominous word "dúshman" repeated; whereupon I thought fit to change my manner, and assuming jocularity, enquired whether any "zéafut" (feast) was ready for me, in return for the politeness of our government in allowing Jung Bahadur to hunt across our frontier. Upon this I observed the old Goorkha's face relax, and knew that things were righting themselves.



No. 112—*FORT AND VALLEY OF ELAM, from the Tongloo Ridge.*
(*Phikul in the distance.*)

Still my baggage was sequestrated. I thought it time to try high handed proceedings, and called for pens, ink, and paper, in view to addressing Colonel Goojerat Thappa, the Nepâlese commandant of Elám, a fort distant a few miles. Having some official paper with me, I made this despatch as imposing as possible; in it I informed Colonel Thappa of the accident under which I had strayed across the frontier, announcing my intention to pitch camp at Phikul till noon next day, when, should I receive his consent, I would pay my respects to him at Elám—a point I wished much to see—otherwise I should at that hour retire into British territory.

I observed a marked change in the manner of the Phikul functionaries, and soon after—my baggage being returned to me—pitched the tents, had dinner, and "turned in," not, however, before my shikari, in a mortal funk, had waited on me and urged the advisability of a nocturnal flitting back to British ground. The poor devil was, I suppose, afraid of reprisals at the hand of the Nepâlese for having been so imprudent as to conduct the sahib across the frontier. Of course I did not listen to such pernicious counsel, but waited till noon next day according to my compact. No reply, however, came from Colonel Thappa, a civilized man, who had been educated at the Darjeeling college; he was, in fact, a nephew of Sir Jung Bahadur. No doubt he was afraid of compromising himself by any communication with the foreigner; but in the morning a noteworthy change in the attitude of the officials was observable. A horse and a guard of honour were provided, and any amount of supplies, but *I was escorted to the frontier!* Here the guard took leave of me, receiving at my hands a handsome douceur. The cázi, also (a Lepcha), was most civil, and himself accompanied me most of the way along some intricate ground, cut up by ravines and water channels.

I could not but consider the whole thing—an accident on purpose some might call it—a curious episode, illustrative of the extreme jealousy of the Nepâl government towards foreigners in those days. Had it not been for my official position, nothing would have given me greater pleasure than to have been captured and conveyed a prisoner to Khatmandoo at the expense of the Nepâlese government.

I recrossed the frontier near the source of the Mechi, and "so home" to Darjeeling *viâ* Rungbong, Mirig, and Námsoo, where I camped on the banks of the Balasun. Here I see I got one deer in the valley of the Balasun, before starting in the early morning for Punkabarri, and en route to Darjeeling ascended mount Senchál, called the *Cháttah* (umbrella). See sketch No. 112. But this more properly belongs to the ground to be treated of in the next section—British Sikhim.



No. 113—*The Source of the Mechi.*

SECTION VIII.

DARJEELING AND SIKHIM.

(British and Independent.)

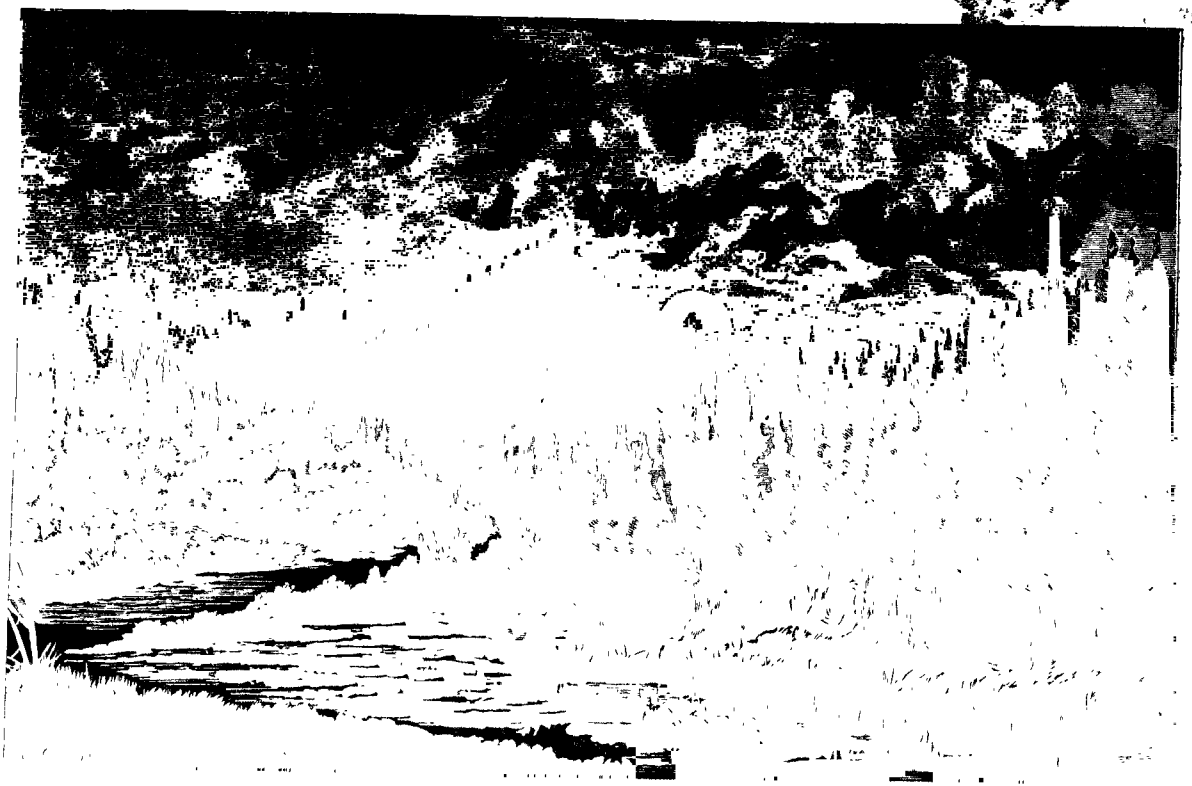
I now approach a section of my subject in which I feel myself strong, having both in a private and official capacity had ample opportunities of making myself acquainted with every part of this interesting hill country.

Passing by the details conveyed in the corresponding section of Vol. I., I will now endeavour somewhat at length to enter on the *picturesque* aspects of this lovely land; a section of the "Highlands of India" which merits notice as much as any scene of the "sublime and beautiful" it has fallen to my lot to view.

Having been in command of this district for two years, I found myself during the intervening winter—owing to the convalescent soldiers of the depôt rejoining their regiments during the cold weather—left nearly alone with my staff during the portion of the year most suited for travel. I accordingly availed myself of the opportunity, not only to officially survey the frontiers of British Sikhim, but to roam into every nook and corner of this interesting country, partly in search of the picturesque, partly after *game*, which I have always found an offset or adjunct of the natural features of Indian lands.

For convenience I will divide the subject into two chapters—(1), on British Sikhim—(2), on Independent Sikhim.

I will refer chiefly to my journals, leaving the reader to consult Vol. I., "Highlands of India," for all topographical and other information about the country.



XXI.—*MOUNT TENDONG. FROM JUNCTION OF THE RIVERS RUNGEET, SIKHIM.*

CHAPTER 1.

BRITISH SIKHIM.

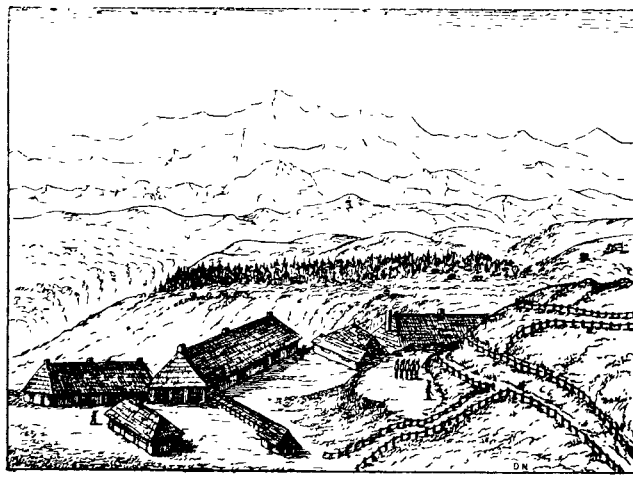
Travels along the Frontier—Tongloo and the bamboo forests on west—Peeps into Nepâl—Cat Bears (ailurus fulgens)—Singaleela spur—Blood-pheasants—The Rummaum—The Kanjulia Outposts—Along the Rungeet—Across the Teesta to Damsong plateau—The ceded Bhootia dooars—Game—Products—Fishing in the Teesta—A strange Fish hooked—Chinese Horses—A solitary Xmas—A Picnic at Lebong—Glimpses of Kanchanjinga.

ON the 13th November, 1872, I rode out of Darjeeling at eleven a.m., and proceeding along the Lepchajugget road for about three hours, pitched camp at Pokri, a pond in the forest. Here we saw a few pheasants, several of which we bagged; distance about ten miles. From this point we sent back our ponies.

Next day, passing by the semána or boundary pillar No. 17, we turned to the north, and descended a steep path near to the sources of the Little Rungeet. Here we breakfasted. In the afternoon we ascended to a deserted village under the Tongloo ridge. Here we halted for the night; distance ten miles.

On the 15th we reached the Tongloo plateau and ridge by a long ascent of perhaps ten miles, and pitched camp near the peak so prominently visible from Darjeeling, which, as the crow flies, cannot be more than twelve or fifteen miles across the valley, though nearly double that distance by the road. At dark we lit a beacon fire and

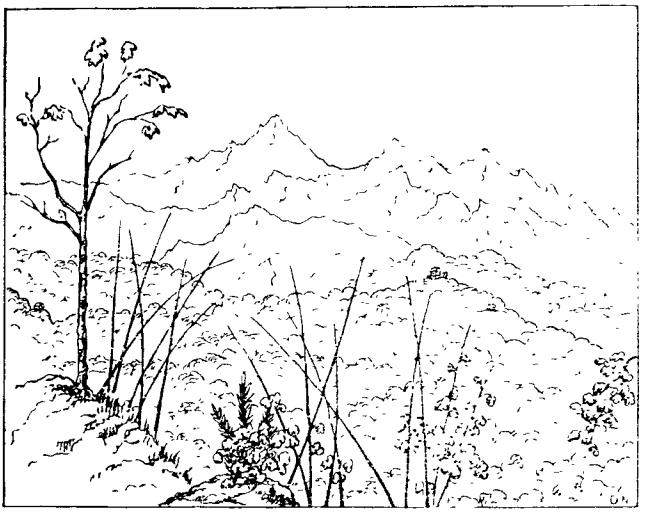
fired two signal guns to apprize our friends in the station of our arrival. The "springs," one mile short of Tongloo, are said to be a good find for sim-kuckroo, (woodcock) but I do not recollect that we flushed any there. The weather was rather cloudy, but from the Tongloo ridge a splendid view into Nepâl is to be obtained. "Elám," with the entire valley of "Phikul," up to the Lamadongra range, is visible hence. (See Illustration No. 112, last section, page 313.)



No 114—*KANCHANJINGA, from Jullapahar Cantonment, Darjeeling.*

Our march next day—after turning the peak west of Tongloo—led down into the vast bamboo forests which clothe the sides of this mountain spur, and align along the entire Nepâl frontier from Singaleela to the sources of the Mechi. They are all but inaccessible to man, as the trees grow so close together one can hardly force his way between them, and he would be a good woodman who could "axe his way" even two miles during the day through the dense labyrinth. The path is simply a narrow track cut from pillar to pillar, and descends six miles to water from

the crest of the plateau above. On this march we heard cat-bears (ailurus fulgens), a rare animal, scarcely found in India beyond these forests. We tried to get a sight of them, and followed them into the forest a few hundred yards, but although we heard them in the trees close to us—perhaps within twenty or thirty yards—we could not quite catch a view of them in the dense foliage of the bamboos. At the springs we shot two specimens of the small olive wood-partridge peculiar to these forests.



No. 115—*KANCHANJINGA WITH PEMIANCHI MONASTERY, ETC., from Kullock.*

Next day (17th) we made a short "Sabbath-day's journey," and pitched camp under the hill of "Cheemia-támu."

On the 18th, ascended Cheemia-támu, and went along the crest of the great spur past "Phallalong"—where the Nepâl, Sikhim, and British frontiers meet—about five miles along the Singaleela spur, which leads up to Kanchinjanga. Here we saw blood-pheasants, moonál, and musk-deer, with many traces of bears. We shot two or

three blood-pheasants. This mountain spur is clothed with aconite (bheek) and crowned with fir.

On the 19th we halted and tried the hill for blood-pheasants, which are peculiar to this particular mountain: we managed to get four couple of this rare and beautiful bird, which I have never encountered before in any of my Himalayan wanderings; it seems a link between the pheasant and the partridge.

Next day we commenced our downward or return march to "Llamagaom," which is just below the zone of Alpine forest, in which tons of fallen acorns lay perishing on the ground. It occurred to me what a feast was here for some of the herds of fat swine which one sometimes encounters in the uplands of Bhootan, where that animal is prized and educated, and not anathematized as in India proper. It is apparently of the Chinese variety, and very fat. Crossed with the Hampshire breed a splendid stock could be inaugurated, pointing to an available industry for these regions if colonized by settlers of European race.



No. 116—*Kumbaoorken, head Coolie (Bhootia), and the Dog "Tikdar."*

In the forests above the belt of oak we shot some more pheasants; my share being, I see, two pheasants and one partridge (olive). Madder grows freely below the zone of forest, at the first villages we passed, as also millet. From this the Bhootias brew the famous "mirwah" or

millet beer. All our coolies got drunk on it this day, and could go no further than "Llamagaom," where accordingly we pitched camp for the night, continuing our downward journey next day. The coolies were still half-drunk, but we got off by eight a.m., crossed the Rummaum at half-past ten; on again at twelve to "Sumaimboong," where we camped at five p.m., a long fatiguing ascent from the Rummaum:—distance covered, fifteen miles.

At "Dunundun," a Lepcha village in Sikhim, across the Rummaum, we observed "cardamon" gardens, also madder; pigs are there educated: we, in fact, saw a herd of fine black hogs *swim* across the torrent whilst we ourselves were crossing by the primitive bamboo bridge which spans the main stream of the Rummaum at this point.

Next day we marched by the Kanjulia outpost, along the crest of the spur to Gôke, where we found our ponies and letters. In my journal I observe the following entry: "Fine plateau, "with friable soil; slop-"ing from Kanjulia to "Gôke; adapted also "strategically for a Euro-"pean Military Colony; "potatoes, cereals, mul-"berry trees, etc." In fact I viewed this particular district, professionally, with much interest. Its resources are considerable, and I see I have incidentally alluded to it in my official



No. 117.—"Tempoo," a Lepcha Shikari

report* as a favourable site for a "Military Colony" or "Reserve (industrial) circle."

On the 23rd we rode up to Darjeeling (sixteen miles), having, during our trip, completed a circuit of about one hundred miles.

From this point I resumed my tour along the frontier of British Sikhim on 16th December, and the first day proceeded as far as the bridge over the Little Rungeet, just above its junction with the Great Rungeet, which forms the north boundary of British Sikhim. I remained here a day, and was visited in camp by some friends. We tried the fishing, but, except for one run, without success. The weather was hot and "feverish" in this low-lying jungle. I made a sketch of the mountains, as viewed by moonlight, from this point, which I present at the head of this chapter.

Next day I examined some points, and again tried the fishing without result, so I marched, the same afternoon, across the mountains into the main road below "Ging," and encamped at the Great Rungeet bridge; distance, ten miles. This road turns, or rather crosses, the foot of the "Tukvar" and "Lebong" spurs, through the woods.

19th: again I fished the river Rungeet all along its course of six miles, to its junction with the Teesta. The water was too clear for fishing, and I gave it up; but I beheld on the banks of this stream some of the most beautiful river scenery I have ever met with.

I viewed this locality with much interest. At the junction of the rivers the "meeting of the waters" forms a whirlpool. The travellers' rest-house is on the banks above this point, and here accordingly I left my pony and baggage, entrusting my rods to my syce "Soobah" (whereby hangs a tale). Next morning I crossed the

* Page 114, Vol. I., "Highlands of India."



No. 118—*On the road to Damsong.*

Teesta on foot in progress to "Kallinpong," eight miles, and on to "Damsong," twelve miles further. This is a fine, and, in some respects, cultivated district, and I took some trouble to explore it. "India-rubber, shell-"lac, gypsum cropping "out of hillsides, fertile slopes, wheat, rice; Llama "schools; much cultivation; flora differs from Darjeeling; "elevation, 6000 feet."

"Arrived early at Damsong; twelve miles; a fine plateau "and slopes; defective water, only one well, and no reser-"voir. Just this side of Damsong one traverses a fine "open forest of lofty trees, wide apart—the undergrowth "holly and hybiscus; full of game; shot one pheasant and "one hornbill en route."

Such I see is one of the economic notices in my journal, and suggestive of colonization, which is also advocated in my report, before referred to.

In these forests the two species of hornbill are found, and their bark resounded through the woods. We shot three, one pair of the smaller and one specimen of the great Nepâlese hornbill, which to this present day appear stuffed in my hall. Strange beasts they are. They feed on fruit and the flowers and succulent shoots of forest trees, and are not carnivorous, as their gigantic beaks would lead one to infer. These beaks also are very soft; nevertheless, a wounded hornbill, on his back, is a formidable looking object, and one to be carefully approached in handling. We also got, in this forest, one *very red*

deer—I suppose a hog deer—and quite a quantity of the beautiful spangled pigeons, so plentiful in this district, but not observed by me elsewhere.

After a day at this fine plateau, which I devoted to observation of the neighbouring localities, I returned to the Teesta in one long march (twenty miles); arrived after dark, and put up in the hut at the Teesta, my tent being in the rear.

I now halted at the Teesta, and made it my head-quarters for several days, and here I found that a curious episode had occurred. On departure I had handed my second (trolling) rod to Soobah (syce) with permission to try the river for fish during my absence, and he now told me the following extraordinary story. It appears that he threw his bait into the whirlpool at the junction of the rivers, and soon found he had hooked something very heavy. He pulled it towards shore, but it escaped from the line, affording him, however, a view of a *skeleton*—or rather corpse—of a man, which, being released from the whirlpool, floated down the river and stranded on some rocks below the hut. There I viewed it, else I might have disbelieved the man's story. During my stay I made several attempts to recover the sad object, which day by day was being washed away piecemeal, and becoming more and more a skeleton. At last, if I recollect rightly, I did dislodge the "disjecta membra" of this hapless one from their rocky bier, and gave them



No. 119—*Looking down the Teesta.*

decent burial. The poor fellow—I think a Thibetan—had probably been drowned in the upper reaches of the Teesta in Independent Sikhim, and may have been eddying in the whirlpool for days, until thus accidentally fished out by a stranger, to find burial at the hands of a traveller from the far west of Europe.

In the beautiful woods between this and the Great Rungeet I halted for a week. Droves of Bhootan and Chinese ponies were passing along the road. The following dialogue—translated with difficulty by a Lepcha shikari—occurred on one occasion between the traveller and the master of the string of ponies.

Traveller.—Oh, Aga! (Master of horses) wilt thou sell a pony?

Master of the string (bluffly)—We are going to Calcutta, and ask one thousand rupees each. What will the gentleman offer?

Traveller.—Ask him how much a pound—mane and tail included—he will take?

Syce (in ecstasies of laughter, almost unable to articulate to the shikari)—The sahib wishes to know how many pice a seer the pony is worth?

Master (looking posed)—The pony is of iron legs and fat abdomen: he is a rajah's horse. I will take five hundred rupees.

Traveller—Tell him the horse squints, and doesn't talk Hindostani. How can an English gentleman ride such an animal?

Master (beginning dimly to apprehend a joke, and breaking into a Thibetan smile)—Very well! I will reduce his price to two hundred and fifty rupees.

Traveller—Tell him I will give him one hundred and twenty rupees and a chógul of mirwah (millet beer).

The master grunts, and moves on; but soon, however, pauses, and accepts the offer.

There were some pretty dogs accompanying the string, one of them with such limpid eyes that I took a fancy to him, and, after some slight dispute, obtained him for, I think, five rupees. He afterwards developed into the dog "Tikdar"—which was his Thibetan or Chinese name—see illustration No. 116. This dog could eat his own weight in meat, go to sleep on it all day, and again eat his weight in the evening. On leaving Darjeeling I offered to bestow him on whoever would take him, but on mentioning his little peculiarity, all refused, and he accompanied us on our subsequent travels.

All this time I was marching easily along the banks of the clear and beautiful river, camping at various lovely spots, and noting sites for camps. On Christmas Eve I was favoured with a visit from the shikari's entire family, who came from his village in Independent Sikhim to see him and me, accompanied by a present of two chóguls of mirwah—the best I ever tasted—and some oranges. The same afternoon I crossed the river, and walked up the opposite hill as far as Tempoo's village, near Námsoo, and returned the visit. I found his little farm pleasantly situated amidst fields of amaranth and millet, with orange trees dotting the slope alongside. In the evening I exchanged salutations on the road with the "Lussun" (Ambassador) from Sikhim, who was en route to Darjeeling from Toomlong, the raja's capital.

I ate my Christmas dinner at the Great Rungeet bridge; one of the only two solitary Xmases I have spent in life. My shikari shot a deer and I a jungle cock, which, with a modest pint of champagne, constituted my dinner, enlivened, however, by letters received from England by the mail just arrived.

I lingered about these pleasant woods and riverside slopes for several days longer; tried the "Rapids" with

spoon and phantom minnow for mahaseer, as a last trial of the Rungeet; then moved up hill, and pitched camp north-west of the Lebong spur. I have mentioned this locality in my report as favourable for settlers, and, strange to say, the identical measures therein recommended have subsequently been taken by government, and I suppose the spur is now covered with barracks.

To show the nature of the ground a few years ago, however, I may mention that my journal states that at night my camp was visited by a tiger (or cheetah)! a bear, and a troop of jackals! My gun and rifle being in rear, I looked to my revolver, which, as usual, on an emergency, wouldn't revolve! I had never, with one exception, before seen a predatory animal at Darjeeling. I had given a picnic the day before, and the débris of the feast may, perhaps, have attracted this abnormal invasion, as there were still scraps of provender in camp. After another picnic to children, I returned to my headquarters at Jellapahar at half-past eleven p.m. of the 29th, thus bringing my trip to a close.

The commandant's quarters at the barracks of Jellapahar crown the Darjeeling mountain at an elevation of 8000 feet, and during winter may be denominated the "Temple of the Winds." Nevertheless, full of beauty and even of the sublime is this elevated Alpine habitation. The wind, which shrieks through our verandahs at this altitude, blows over lovely forests and groves, both of deciduous and evergreen trees, the former festooned with streamers of orchids or climbing arums, "like to the great day of Korau-khét, with its torn banners and trailing standards of war."

The background of Kanchinjanga, with its roseate glints of the parting sun; the grey pearl shadows of evening creeping up the sides of the great mountain;

then the chiaroscuro of night veils the far ranges in sombre drab, till, at last, the moon rising over the violet walls of Thibet, bursts on the sobered landscape, and clothes the marches of Sikhim in silver and purple. A noble sight! one to conjure up the ghosts of departed demigods and Pandaus, and to re-animate the effete cosmogony of *Kamroop* of the "Land of Ind." But we must pass on, and, descending to the platform of fact, take up our own line of actual experiences amidst these fern-clad mountains and silvery gushing rivers, all limpid save the snow-green Teesta, which rolls down the lofty land of Sikhim from its parent lakes in deep green flood.



No. 120—*A Chort or Mausoleum, Sikhim.*



XXII.—*THE TERAI AND FOOT OF THE HILLS NEAR SILLIGORI.*

CHAPTER 2.

New-year's Day at Darjeeling—Short Trips about the district—The Valley of the Rungbee and Sittong—Fish-traps—Primitive Swing-bridge—Resume frontier Travel—The Térai, and the Valleys of the Balasun and Mechi—Bad behaviour of two Behemoths—Camp in jungle near Garidurí—Search for Tigers—Punkabarri and the lower ranges—Approach to the foot of the Hills—Silligóri—Crossing the Terai on Elephants—A "mauvais quart-d'heure."

AFTER a sociable Xmas—devoted to picnics and other amenities, such as concerts, penny readings for the garrison, and the inevitable big ball to "see the old year out," new year's day, 1873, found me at Jellapahar—the military headquarters of Darjeeling. I remained there most of January, making, however, short trips and rides to many outlying points of the district, generally carried out in one long day's ride.

Amongst the short trips made at this time, I note a ride out to the "Rungbee" and "cinchona" plantations beyond, which—together with a peep into the valley of the Lower Teesta, and country behind Sittong—formed a two days' outing.

In this trip the traveller—passing through the forest under mount Senchál, which he leaves on his right—turns off down a pass in the forest, through pines and oaks, till he emerges into the valley of the Rungbee. Here I recollect hearing the hornbills "barking" in the tall trees as I passed along to the cinchona plantations, which, having been depicted in Vol. I., need not here be reproduced.

In this (Sittong) district occurs the most primitive bridge, as a means of passing a torrent, I have met. It is simply a rope attached to the bough of a large tree overhanging the torrent. The traveller, seizing the rope, jumps off, and swinging across the deep but narrow gorge, simply drops off on the other side; of course he must do so when fairly over solid ground, otherwise—should he lose his head—he might chance to fall into the abyss.

On the Rungbee I noticed some interesting fish traps, which are, perhaps, best explained by a sketch.

There are some copper mines across the Teesta, where, also, is a ferry; but as my explorations in this district were, owing to time, very superficial, I will proceed to the localities already laid down in the programme of my official tour.

I resumed my travelling on the 24th January, and rode out to the frontier post No. 17. Here, according to my report, is a favourable site for a block-house, being situated at the convergence of several frontier roads. It is sufficiently alluded to in this point of view in Vol. I. I examined the ground and approaches. There was here a flourishing Bhootia village, evidencing considerable comfort and profitable employment amongst the villagers.

From this point I next day marched along the frontier as far as pillar No. 20 or 21, and there found my baggage had taken the wrong road. I perforce followed, and after a march of fourteen miles by an excellent road, found myself confronted with the Nepâlese authorities at Phikul. There occurred the scene narrated at the end of last section. I need not recapitulate; but will take up my narration from the sources of the Mechi, near which, on the 26th (at Rungbong), I pitched camp. I see noted in my journal: "A fine country; splendid sites and fertile "slopes towards west. Tea grounds at Phikul, and much "cultivation."

On the 27th I moved on to Mirg, a flourishing village eight miles towards the Balasun; there breakfasted, and on to Namsoo—nine miles—a large village, which might even be called a market town, on the Balasun; there camped, and received my letters from Darjeeling: distance from the Mechi sixteen miles.

"28th: Down the Balasun; crossed the bridge, and up "towards Punkabarri, but turned down the road, and "pitched camp for the night at Bissulpáti. Tried the "jungles for game in morning. Shot one dèer at Namsoo "before starting."

29th: Out in the morning for jungle fowl, many of which were crowing around. No success, jungle too heavy, so sent Tempoo shikari to try for one. He reported that he had seen a tiger, and wounded a deer. His story was, that he had shot a jungle cock, which fell at the edge of the grass, when a tiger came out and seized it, showing his teeth. "We also showed our teeth," added Tempoo—"thus——" striking an attitude of defence, with arm on thigh, and bhán* pointed something like the old "charge bayonets" of the manual or platoon drill, whereupon, according to Tempoo, the tiger, snarling, walked off.

I had to ride up to Darjeeling on official matters, but left my camp standing, and on the 11th February resumed my shikar on the Balasun and Térai. Riding down to camp on the evening of that day I caught a few small mahaseer (?) with fly and wasp-grub.

12th: Tried river again without success, but shot a brace of pheasants. The elephants arived at eleven a.m., and I sent them on to the Mechi, and followed on horseback at two p.m. I arrived at Naskshabandi at seven, and dined with Mr. Lloyd, the proprietor of a large térai

* A long straight knife or dirk worn by Lepchas as contradistinguished from the Nepâlese *kookri* or curved knife.

settlement there; but I had passed almost beyond the térai into the open country of Bengal. "Numerous "streams intersect the pasture land; water power; fertile "land, with herds of cattle grazing."

Next morning I had intended beating for large game, but the tusker elephant, who was *must*, grew restive, took to the jungle, and could not be caught, so I had to mount the small female elephant, on which I proceeded up the Mechi to near its debouchment from the mountains at Loharghát, whence I turned into the heavy jungle of the térai; but here "Behemoth" turned restive, "got out of hand," and, after several pauses and short rushes, took to swaying so violently from side to side, that she actually threw both the "mahout" and myself off her back into the midst of a tigerish (sirkee) grass jungle. There was no help for it: I took my rifle in hand, and prepared to struggle through the long grass rather than trust myself again to Miss Ayakuláda—as was her name I think. I forget how I got to Garidúri, where my camp was ordered, but I rather think I met my horse on the road, which I struck after a mile or two's scramble. I see nothing entered in my journal beyond "shot a jungle fowl; tiger "prowling about camp."

14th February: Shikari out early "prospecting;" came upon the tiger "eating a tattoo" (pony): prudently retreated; especially as—so Tempoo reported—the tiger "came for him." The tiger, it appeared, snapped up a wounded jungle fowl which fell near him. I went myself and viewed the spot; and sure enough, I soon emerged into a small glade, surrounded by deep forest, in which I counted no less than nine or ten *kills* of this tiger, in an



No. 121—*Tiger prowling round camp.*

area of, say, two acres of maidán (plain). I looked out for a good tree on which to construct a machâm (platform), but could find nothing better than a very doubtful hazel bush not ten feet from the ground at the gorge of a small ravine, about twenty yards from the last half-fresh kill. On this I gave orders to construct the "machâm," which, however, owing to the inclemency of the night, I did not occupy.

In the afternoon I went out on the female elephant, who behaved very well, and was quite staunch even when a sounder of pig got up at her very feet, one young boar running under her belly. I surmise therefrom that her bad conduct of the preceeding day was attributable to the evil example of "Peeroo," the male elephant, who had levanted into the forest, but had been caught, and was now "in line" in grass twenty feet high. I may here mention that my proper complement of elephants for the station of Darjeeling was twelve or fourteen, but all but these two—the worst of the pack—had been withdrawn for service in the "Looshai Expedition," a very grievous matter to a sportsman like myself, who had reckoned also on a campaign against the rhinoceros and buffaloes of the térai when Jung Bahadur, as our guest, made himself so much at home, and got so much heavy game. This opportunity of seeing such sport was thus lost to me.

The night of this day (14th) set in dark and rainy, and I did not go to the "machâm" I had built, nor did I obtain any tigers in this place, although I remained several more days and tried the jungles. There were lots of tigers about, but I did not chance on one, and it may have been as well! as I was alone, my battery was weak, and my resources were inadequate to the beating of such a jungle, in which the grass was, in many places, twenty feet high; and often I could not, in fact, see the other

elephant within a few feet of me. An encounter with a tiger in such ground would have been unfair. I accordingly returned to Darjeeling, having completed my self-imposed task—the inspection of the western frontier.

The sketch at the head of this chapter represents the foot of the hills in the térai near Silligóri, which used to be the approach to Darjeeling. The road passes through patches of jungle and grass, interspersed with clearings, until it nears the tiger-haunted village of "Garidúri" (alluded to in page 332), near the foot of the ascent leading to Punkabarri. I had previously roamed all about these jungles, and had appreciated the scenery of the Balasun valley. As one ascends and catches the hill-breezes, I have always perceived a charming perfume as of wild flowers pervading the air. It is a characteristic, and I have found that it proceeds from aromatic herbs and flowers which clothe the lower ranges in spring and early summer, notably the amaranth—of which fields are found throughout Sikhim—whose perfume is that of new mown hay. Along many of the roads a lovely rose-like shrub is found in profusion. I believe a species of melastoma.



No. 122.—*Melastoma malabathricum*, Darjeeling (a flowering shrub).

But it is a far different experience in this region I am about to mention. I was returning from Calcutta, where I had met my family on arrival from England, about the end of April, and it must have been in the early days of May that we arrived in the afternoon of a sultry day's journey at Silligóri, a hot, feverish, and mosquito-haunted place, to stay the night in. Here I

had appointed the elephants to meet us, so as to go on across the térai the same evening, anticipating our arrival at Punkabarri about sunset; but owing to the non-arrival of the elephants, which had been sent out to their daily "cherai" (feed), we were not quite ready till late in the afternoon. It was a question whether to start or not, but on the whole I decided to attempt it, so off we went about four o'clock; we had not got half-way, however, before I began to see we had made a mistake. The elephant, probably fatigued with his morning's work in the woods, showed signs of flagging, and night had set in before we arrived at Garidúri, the tiger-haunted village alluded to in page 332. Whether the tigers had begun their nightly roamings, or whether frightened by impending thunder clouds, from which some "sad drops" began to fall, I know not, but the beast showed an evident inclination to bolt into the forest at its worst environments. I had my wife and infant child with her nurse with me on the elephant, and really never felt more anxious in my life. The puffs of stormy cloud kept lighting up, and a few drops of rain fell on us. The howdah on which we sat was broken, and I had to hold some of the party in. The unfortunate little nurse girl kept nodding with sleep, almost letting the infant fall; and, on the whole, I must regard this as one of the "mauvais quart-d'heures" of my life, extended into several hours. On the ascent, the wretched behemoth almost shut up, and it was one o'clock in the morning before we arrived at the travellers' bungalow at Punkabarri, having been eight or nine hours on the road—distance, sixteen miles. Providentially the rain held off till we had descended at the bungalow, but came down in torrents within a minute or two after our arrival. I never felt more thankful or relieved in my life than when we were comfortably housed for the night at this travellers' refuge.

CHAPTER 3.

INDEPENDENT SIKHIM.

Sandoopchi and Mount Tendong—Across the Teesta—Villages of the temperate zone—The Ruttoo—Toomlong—Interview with the Rajah of Sikhim—Peeps into the Chôla and Yakla Passes—The Monastery of Rumtik—Return to Darjeeling.

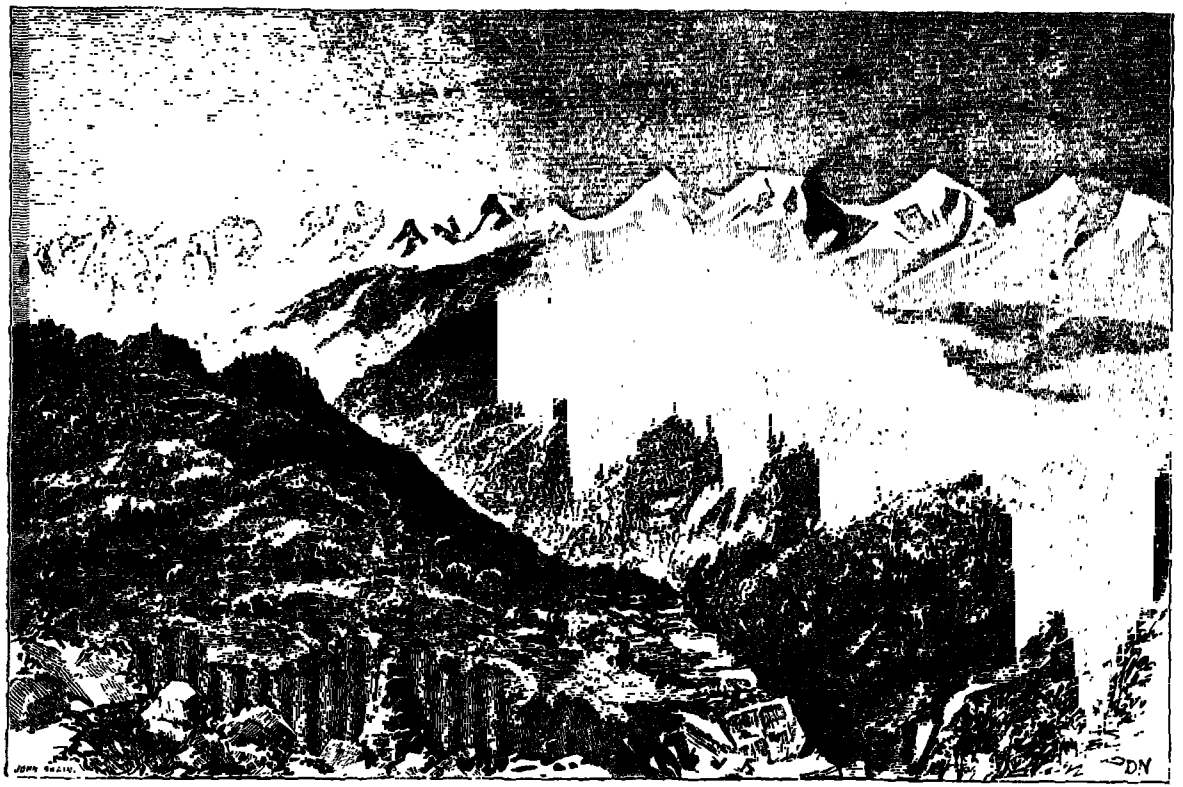
HAVING now completed my perambulations in British Sikhim, I bethought me of a trip to Independent Sikhim. The Rajah-Minister, Chungzed-Chunder-Durtzi, had been my guest at Jellapahar; I had not only got up a "zeáfut à la chinois" for him at the commandant's house in orthodox Chinese style but had shown him all over the depôt at Jellapahar. I found him a friendly old fellow. I accordingly determined to pay him a return visit at Toomlong, the capitol of the Lepcha state.



No. 123—*A Sikhim (Lepcha) Soldier. (From a photo).*

I marched from Darjeeling on the 17th January, 1873, and got as far as Namtchi that day. Here there is a ruined monastery, and granaries belonging to the Lepcha state. It is rather an important place.

On the 18th, up the Sandoopchi hill. Here, in 1860, Colonel Gawler's force encountered some slight opposition, the

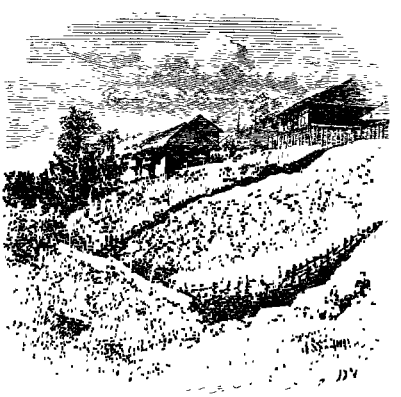


XXIII.—*THE CHOLA PASS, FROM NEAR TOOMLONG, SIKHIM.*

Lepchas rolling large stones on them from "booby traps" (for the definition of which see foot note). It is three miles to the top of the Sandoopchi hill, and an uncommonly stiff climb. Two miles beyond this point I halted in the forest on the shoulder of mount Tendong, at a place called "Bukshín," for twelve o'clock breakfast. Here the road turns the north-west spur of mount Tendong and descends to Terni, a village on a plateau or fertile clearing above the Teesta. Here we found a tree more laden with oranges than any I have seen, even in the Mediterranean littoral. The owner said he had taken a thousand oranges off it last year, and expected twelve hundred this season.

Thence (19th) five miles down hill to the Teesta, which one crosses near some low swampy jungle-islands, forming a térai valley, in which enormous india-rubber trees are to be seen. A dense fog lay on the Teesta. The bark of the hornbill, the crow of the jungle cock, and other sylvan cries resounded. Here also we observed many green pigeons.

Having crossed the Teesta at ten—the pony swimming across—after the ascent on the opposite side, one enters a beautiful line of march along a temperate zone, in which alternate cultivation, shady woods, and grassy glades, at a general elevation of, per-



No. 124—*Village of Penjong.*

It is not stated whether these are national or extemporized defences. They consisted of a platform on which a young tree, generally a bamboo, was bent down so as to hold in suspension a heavy rock, superimposed in such a way that when released it goes thundering down the mountain towards the advancing foe.

haps, five or six thousand feet above the Teesta, which rolls its dark green flood beneath—a chain of villages crowning the terrace plateau above. We passed successively (at four hours) "Badong," with oranges and wheat fields; halting at the waterfall of Rumshik for breakfast—to Penjong. Next day on by Radong, Tikting—across the Margot—where we breakfasted near Thrimm; turned up the river Ruttoo, and pitched tent at Kabee.

This is a very remarkable march along a cultivated zone, wherein orange trees abound, with fields of millet and amaranth. From points along the whole plateau—before turning east into the valley of the Ruttoo—one obtains fine views across the Teesta into the heart of the Sikhim uplands. Here was the place—Nye, on the right bank of the river—where the Lepchas made a last stand against the Goorkhas during the invasion of 1797,

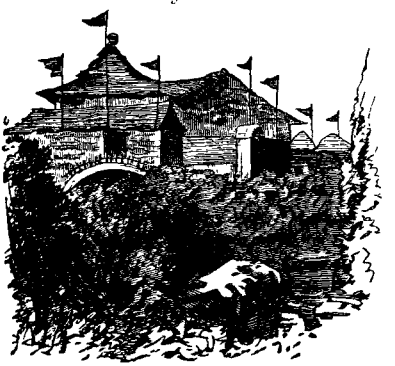


No. 125—*Mount Tendong, from Nye.*

From certain commanding points—notably from the bluff above the confluence of the Ruttoo—one looks up the gorge of the Teesta towards Singtám, where the junction of the Láchen and Lachoong, issuing from their parent lakes, forms the Teesta properly so called, whose snow-green flood rolls over fragments of jagged gneiss between rocky banks, straight down to the Doärs of Bhootan from its parent lakes.

At Kabee we were within four or five miles of Toomlong, the capitol of Independent Sikhim. The rajah's house, with the monasteries about it, could be plainly seen across the Ruttoo.

Having sent word ahead, I crossed the river on the 22nd—leaving camp at Kabee—and proceeded towards Toomlong. On the way I was met by a horse or mule caparisoned in leopard skin housings, sent by the rajah for me to ride up on. I had a pleasant interview with the rajah who had been at his prayers at one of the surrounding monasteries, and had descended to receive my visit. Altogether I was most hospitably received by the rajah regnant, and the old minister Chungzed-Chunder-Durtzi, who introduced me.

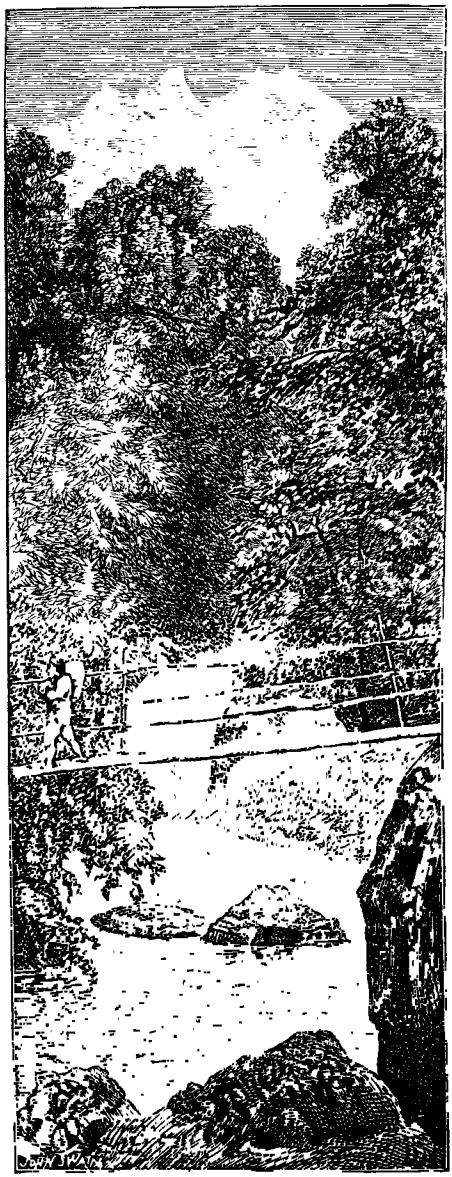


No. 126—*The Sikhim Raj=h's Palace, Toomlong.*

These are two old brothers—uncles of the actual rajah—a young hare-lipped lad, who, with his sister and the above two uncles, formed the group representative of the reigning family of Sikhim, at a visit at Darjeeling, culminating in a grand durbar, held by the Lieut.-Governor of Bengal, Sir George Campbell. In the Appendix I present photos of all these personages, with portraits of other representative inhabitants of Sikhim.

I was here forced to accept some presents, as the rajah would not be refused, amongst which was a *side of bacon* and a *sack of potatoes!* on which my followers luxuriated for several days. I was, in fact, obliged to halt a day or two to let them gorge themselves, whilst I made a rapid march to peep into the Chôla pass, towards which I ascended, I think, as far as Barféd. I sketched Toomlong and the Chôla pass, which is visible from it. The road passes over a series of wooded bluffs, then dips near some small lakes—the sources of the Ruttoo. One is here immediately in pres-

ence of the granitic cyclopean walls of Thibet; they are very imposing; the wall of granite rock seems face to face with one. I did not observe much snow. I managed also to obtain a peep into the *Yakla* pass from a point half a day's march up the Runyep. I present a sketch of this beautiful Alpine pass, made on the stream Runyep. Thence I crossed the Runyep and Rumtik streams in which I bathed; breakfasted, and resumed my journey at three, after an interview with the cázi of Guntook, at whose instance a troop of Chinese mummers gave me an impersonation of Chinese drama on the road side.



No. 127.—*View on the Runyep.*

Oh! those mid-day breakfasts on the march! as long as memory and ap-

petite remain to me shall I remember them! I usually partook of coffee and biscuit at daybreak, whilst the camp was being struck, and was generally on the road by sunrise, marching straight on until about twelve, when I began to look out for a running stream, on the banks of which I would generally find some romantic dell affording peeps of fairyland beyond, near which to breakfast, often amidst the boulders or moss-clad stones of some pellucid stream, whose waters, tumbling over rocks, issuing from some lonely forest glade, would sometimes lull one to a mid-day siesta. These vistas I would often have gladly explored had time permitted. Sometimes, if sufficiently rested, a stroll up stream or into the adjacent forest, whilst the baggage was proceeding onwards to its camp, was obtainable. I did, in fact, manage to make in this district one or two slight divergences from the track hereabouts, notably towards the Yakla pass, of which fine bit of Alpine scenery I present a sketch, made on the back of an old letter as I sat by the lovely stream.

Next day, in the forest, I met a very grand personage,



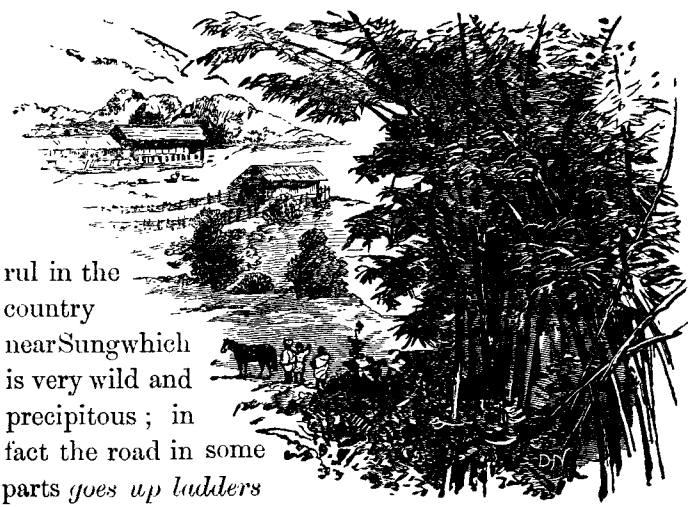
No. 128—*A PEEP INTO THE YAKLA PASS FROM THE RUNYEP.*

one of the chief llamas of Rumtik—Tsung-zing by name. He was camped in the forest, and honoured me with an hour's conversation. He had just left his monastery, to which I was bound.



No. 129—*The Deity Dukk Pomoo.*

On the 26th I visited the Goompah of Rumtik. The chief llama, "Chittai," had gone to Choombi in Thibet. The second llama, Tsung-zing, I had met in the forest. In this monastery are some strange pictures, and a considerable library. I sketched the effigy of a certain marine deity (Dukk Pomoo), whose *personel* struck me as rather unique. Hence I crossed the mountain, and met my pony at the village of Naztum; I had been forced to send him round to avoid bad ground. I breakfasted at Sung, which I reached at twelve. Shot one deer and one jungle fowl en route, and saw thár and burrul in the country near Sung which is very wild and precipitous; in fact the road in some parts *goes up ladders*



No. 130—VILLAGE OF NAZTUM

—the ladders being simply jags in trees laid against the cliffs. There was a long double *harr* near camp at Naztum.

27th: Crossed Teesta to Turko; oranges.

28th: Marched at eight, breakfasted at my old halting place, Bukshín, at twelve; arrived Namtchi at four. Camped amidst the ferns of a ruined harr.

29th: Crossed Rungeet at eleven; camped at Teesta at three. Here I rested, and organized a drive along the rivers, but obtained, I think, only one kákur deer.

30th: Rode up to Darjeeling, where we arrived at twelve, thus bringing to a close a very interesting journey, in which we covered about one hundred and twenty miles in regular march, and, perhaps, eighty more in deviations from the track during halts.



No. 131—*Obituary Pillar near Namtia*

CHAPTER 4.

A trip to Pémiánchi monastery—The valleys of the Rahtoo, Kullait, and Rungeet—Kullóck—Rinchinpong—Ascent to Pémiánchi—Description of the "Holyland" of Sikhim—A few words on the monastic system—Conclusion.

I WILL recount the last expedition made by me amidst these beautiful mountains—"Pémiánchi." I had several times been in its close vicinity, and had looked down upon it from the slopes of Singaleela close above it, and from which radiates the subsidiary spur on which it is built; but the monastery itself I had never visited. It crowns a ridge facing the peak of Kanchinjanga. Three distinct, consecutive ranges of mountain, have to be crossed to approach it from Darjeeling.

At noon of the 20th November, 1873, accompanied by a young friend, I started from Jellapahar and rode to Gôke, where our tents had gone. Next day (21st), we started at 7.30,—four miles to the Rummaum (9 a.m.), and up the hill beyond to Mintógaöm (eight miles): total, twelve miles. Above the riparian valleys there is a fearful climb through forest and cultivation. Being out of training I was rather distressed on this first day's journey. On a former occasion my companion had found wild celery and gigantic radishes hereabouts, the taste of which he tersely described in the language of Yankee-land as "a caution to snakes." I can corroborate this as regards the culinary aspects of wild celery and cucumbers, which are also found. I recall, however, beautiful gold and silver ferns and arums as a compensating flora of these mountains.



XXIV.—*A TRUMPET SERVICE AT LEBONG, SIKHIM.*

(From a photograph.)



22nd: Started at 7.20; crossed Rahtoo at seven miles. Breakfast, then on another seven miles to Kullóck; thence a long mile to Richinpong—total, fifteen miles (ten hours). Kullóck was the site of the fight with the Bhootias during the Sikhim war, when our *civilian* levies were beaten, and their one cannon captured.

23rd: Started at 7.40. Breakfast at the river Kullait (seven miles) ,in a tributary of which—the Runyep—we bathed. Here we observed a fish-trap. Resumed our march at 3 p.m. Passed several "harrs" or sacred edifices en route. We now experienced a fearful climb up a densely wooded ascent of six or seven miles, where the track is obliterated by jungle, to Zyie-zing, where the rajah's old house is found. Deer and civet cats were observed on the march. We halted at Zyie-zing for that night, but moved up to ground near the monastery of Pémiánchi next day.

This celebrated monastery, which is served by no less than one hundred and nine llamas, deserves some detailed description, and I have devoted a paragraph or two at the end of this chapter to some detail of the "Holyland," of which it forms the centre or *Kibla*.



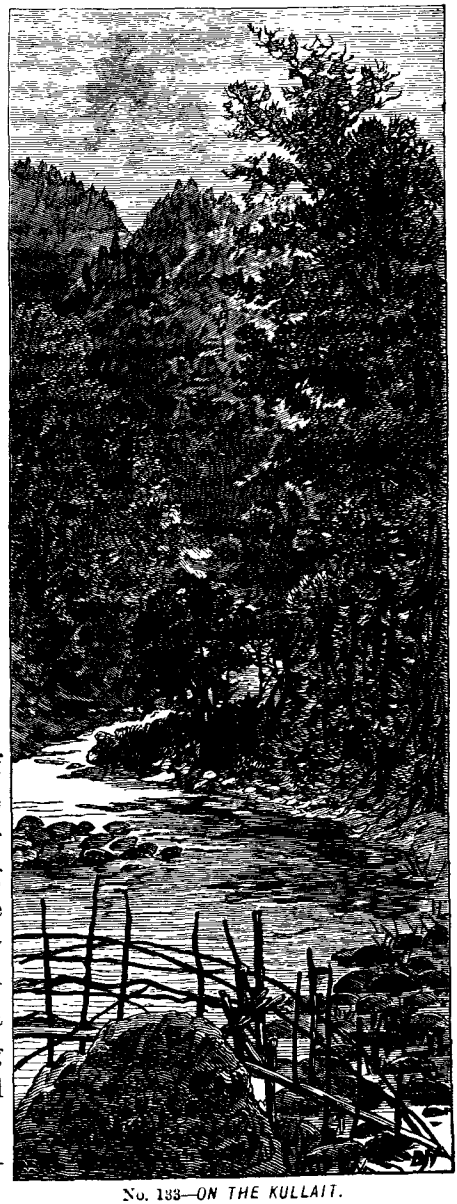
No. 102—CHINESE PILGRIMS OR GIPSIES.

We arrived during the performance of a service in the goompah, at which one of the chief llamas appeared to be reading texts and preaching from them. Every now and then, however, a chaunt of about sixteen or twenty choristers would intervene with really a grand intonation; some of the voices were the finest basses I ever heard, and the possession of such would make a chorister in any cathedral choir in England famous. A servitor of the goompah conducted us into a sort of gallery overlooking the main hall, in which the service was proceeding, and having shewn us to seats, set before each of us a chógul (or section of bamboo) of the inevitable mirwah (millet beer) to occupy us until the chief llama should be disengaged to receive us. This he did at the conclusion of the service, and was afterwards civil and communicative enough during our stay here: his name was Yar Bomboo.

We remained the 24th and forenoon of 25th sketching the vicinity, and then descended to the rajah's house below, from whence we commenced our return downward journey. Here one is in the actual presence of the great mountain Kanchinjanga, whose gaunt grey pinnacles loom large and lofty across the chasm between. The contour of the mountain which is rather an aggregation of peaks than the rounded bluff it looks from Darjeeling, is here well seen, and the various peaks can be counted, and the height of each estimated. In the evening we descended to Zyie-zing, which we reached late, but in sufficient time to encamp before night fall. Here there is a long wall—called a mendong or harr—having several hundred slabs bearing the mystic words "Om-om-máni-pémi-'om" inscribed on each. (See Appendix.)

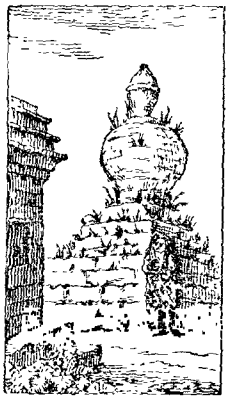
26th: Marched at 7.30. Breakfast at the Kullait (of which a sketch is reproduced); bathed, and resumed journey at 2 p.m.: a long climb upward, and it was 5.45

before we arrived at Richinpóng (fourteen miles). We passed "harrs" on the road at several points. Here next day we visited the goompah, but after Pémiánchi it seemed a poor affair. It contains several grossly indecent emblematic idols and pictures. On to Kullóck. Here the Bhootias repulsed the British (civilian) levies in 1861. Breakfast at twelve at the Rishi; then, retracing the steps of our upward journey, we passed Mintógaöm, arriving at Gôke at 4.30 p.m. of the 28th: thence we rode into Darjeeling next day, having covered not more than sixty or seventy miles in direct distance, but over a track involving much severe up and down climbing.



No. 133—ON THE KULLAIT.

It must be un-



No. 134—A "Chort" near Zyte-zing.

derstood that the great monastery of Pémiánchi lies just under the slopes of Kanchinjanga; the ridge on which it is situated being in fact in the actual presence of the great peaks of Jooni and Nubra, between which and the goompah yawns an abyss, seemingly not a mile across as the crow flies, but it would be found that many days' weary climb would not suffice to take the traveller much beyond the little lake of Catsupperri, which lies under the ascent a few miles beyond Pémiánchi.

The approach to this monastery from Darjeeling involves the crossing of three lofty ranges of mountains, each of which constitutes a day's journey; and, in fact, the plan we adopted was to sleep on the higher ground, and cross the deep intersecting valley the ensuing day, usually taking our mid-day meal or déjeuner—breakfast I have called it—at the beautiful rivers or streams which drain them, where a halt of several hours and a delightful bath could be enjoyed. This always seemed to us the best arrangement for hill travelling, and its adoption has led to some very pleasant hours. Déjeuner, followed by a cigar and siesta after a long morning's walk, seems a justifiable relaxation to the most self-abnegating of travellers, and the reader will not have failed to remark the stress imparted to this important meal throughout these mountain rambles.

In Vol. I., "Highlands of India," at page 104, will be found a note shortly describing the technicalities of Pémiánchi and its associated monasteries, which form what may be termed the "Holyland" of Sikhim. I believe I

may as well re-produce it, together with the foot note embodying a few facts I have been able to collect, as explanatory of this interesting subject.

"I am not here writing a guide book, and can scarcely "in this place touch on the interesting Boodhistic localities "and goompahs (monasteries) which are found through- "out Sikhim—at Pémiánchi, Toomlong (the capital of "Independent Sikhim), Rumtik, etc. Innumerable harrs "or mendongs—walls having slabs inscribed with the "mystic 'Om-om-máni-pémi-'om'—also stud the upland "spurs and ridges.

"This invocation is generally given as 'Om-mani-*padmi*- "'om;' but in the Sikhim district it differs, and is as in the "text, viz., 'Om-om-máni-*pémi*-'om.' Scholars have trans- "lated the former, 'Hail to the dweller in the lotus, amen!' "My rendering of the latter is 'Hail to (God) the all pre- "serving, the all punishing!' The word 'pémi' clearly "refers to the punitive attribute of Deity. I was most "particular in my questions on this point to the second "llama of Pémiánchi—Yar Bomboo by name—who repeat- "edly denied the word 'pémi' to have any reference to "the lotus. The Lepcha invocation may, therefore, differ "from the orthodox liturgy of the Boodhists, and may "perhaps be a corrupted form, but assuredly no reference "to the lotus is involved in it. The following were the "llamas of Pémiánchi—1, Durtzie Loben; 2, Yar Bomboo; "3, Rechú (son of Chiboo Llama); and one hundred and "eight others, when visited by me on the 24th November, "1873. Besides the goompahs (monasteries) already "mentioned, there are as many as seven others on the "spurs of Kanchinjanga forming, with Pémiánchi itself, a "sort of 'holyland;' these are—1, Changachilling; 2, Tas- "sading (Phándogat, Catsupperri); 3, Doobdie; 4, Sun- "nook; 5, Dholing; 6, Raklong; 7, Pémiánchi. There is

"also 8, a monastery near mount Maimon on the Rak-



No. 135—*Group of Llamas.*

"long pass, on the watershed "between the Teesta and Great "Rungeet. Here the Lepchas "made a stand against the Ne-"pâlese in 1787. 9, Mons Lepcha "was the original seat of the "Lepchas after their immigration "from Thibet. 10, the Zyie-zing "mendong or harr is two hun-"dred yards long, with nearly "seven hundred slabs. A mon-"astery is called a *goompah;* a "mausoleum, a *chort;* a wall of slabs a *harr* or *mendong.* "Phadung and Phazung are two of the monasteries "closely adjacent to the capitol—Toomlong. The whole "country is full of interest, strange to India."

In these monasteries one finds printing presses having the old immovable German block type, and which have in fact been in use in China and its dependencies for upwards of two thousand years. At these presses editions of sacred Bhoodist works are printed, and stored in the libraries of the monasteries; from which—at Pémiánchi and elsewhere—I vainly endeavoured to procure an edition. A complete set is presented to each llama acolyte on joining or taking the vows. In Sikhim anybody may become a llama, and there does not seem to be any special class from which they are recruited. People of both sexes and all classes join. The rajah himself, or rather the uncle regent, is a llama. There are nunneries in the country,—notably one near Toomlong, presided over by a sister of the rajah as lady abbess.

The similarity of the Bhoodist to the Roman Catholic monastic system has frequently been noticed by scholars

and others, who have written learnedly on the subject; and, indeed, the most cursory traveller could not fail to remark this similitude, which probably owes its origin to the introduction into old Thibet of the ceremonies of the Nestorian sect, at a period antecedent to Mahomedanism. It is well known that early in the Christian era bishoprics of the Syrian church existed in Turkesthán and throughout Central Asia, and it was probably thence that the monastic system was introduced into Thibet and Chinese Tartary. On this subject a few words have already been given in the Appendix to Section II. of this volume.

And now, before closing this short notice of a most interesting district of the "Highlands of India," I would fain dwell on the aspects of nature in these grand mountains, but my pen fails to convey in sufficiently picturesque language an adequate eulogium. I must fall back on my own former words—"Who that has witnessed the peaks "of 'Kanchinjanga,' lighted up by the sinking sun, whilst "the grey shadows of night are stealing over the lower "mountain, can ever forget a sight almost unique in the "world! The magnificent forests also containing a flora "quite distinct from that of the Northern Himalayas, and "approaching a sub-tropical or Malayan type, with tree-"ferns and waving orchids, arums, and ferns! The grand "river scenery impending over the bright flashing waters "of the Rungeet and its tributaries from the western "watershed, with the deep green flood of the Teesta—"semi-tropical foliage clothing its margin and lateral "glens—such certainly present glorious objects of admir-"ation to the lover of the sublime and beautiful."

To march about such a country is of course delightful: nor is a tent indispensible in all places, as the Lepchas—a cheery, obliging people—will often, in an hour, construct for one a bower of bamboo, with bed and table,

cut from the forest, with their long straight knives, in the use of which they are most expert. The author has had several nights' lodging in such leafy arbours in his numerous excursions about this lovely land.

I now take leave of the glorious mountains of this district, with the expression of a hope that they may become more and more the habitation of the sons of Britain, more and more the abode of the strong races, destined to hold India for ages, perhaps as colonists, certainly as friends to the aboriginal populations, as well as to those tribes emigrant from Thibet, which form its present population, and who seem so free from fanaticism and so disposed to throw in their lot with England.

This fine district seems as well fitted as any in the land for experimental colonies forming local landwehr, and for the industrial communities advocated in a former volume of this work. I have already dwelt sufficiently on this subject, and must not forget that this volume purports to be simply an addendum of a picturesque and graphic character to subjects already discussed in their primary significance.



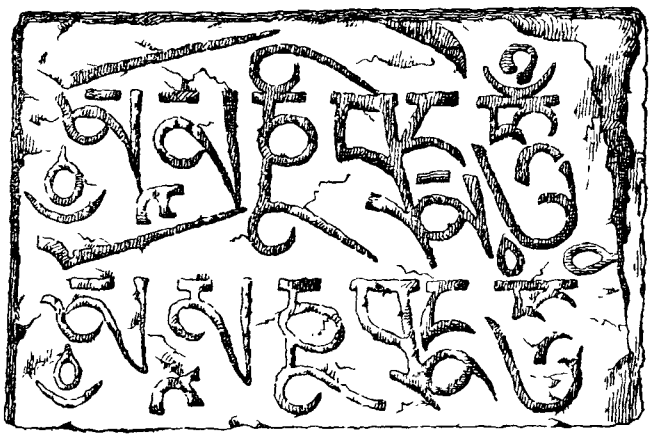
No. 136—*THE KULLONG ROCK.*

APPENDIX TO SECTION VIII.

1—ARCHÆOLOGICAL.



No. 137—*A HARR OR MENDONG AT ZYIE-ZING.*
Page 346.



No. 138—*FACSIMILE OF EACH SLAB OF THE ABOVE.*

APPENDIX 2.

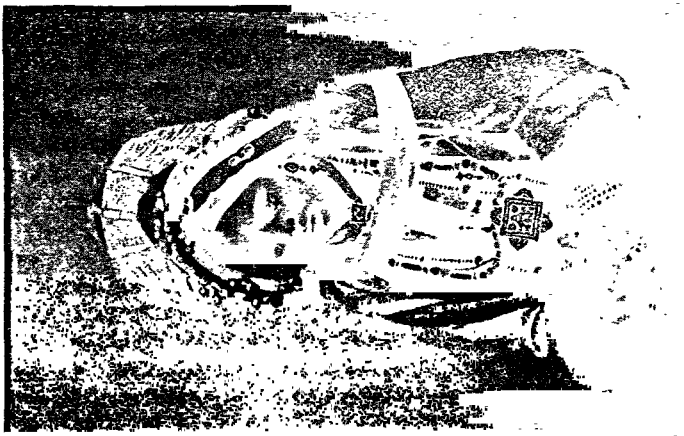
ETHNOLOGICAL.



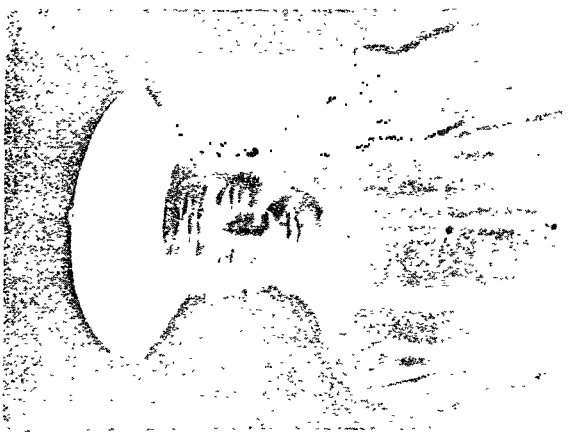
No. 140—*Sikhim Llamas (Lepchas)*



No. 139—*The Rajah Regent of Sikhim.*



No. 142—A "Princess" of Sikhim.



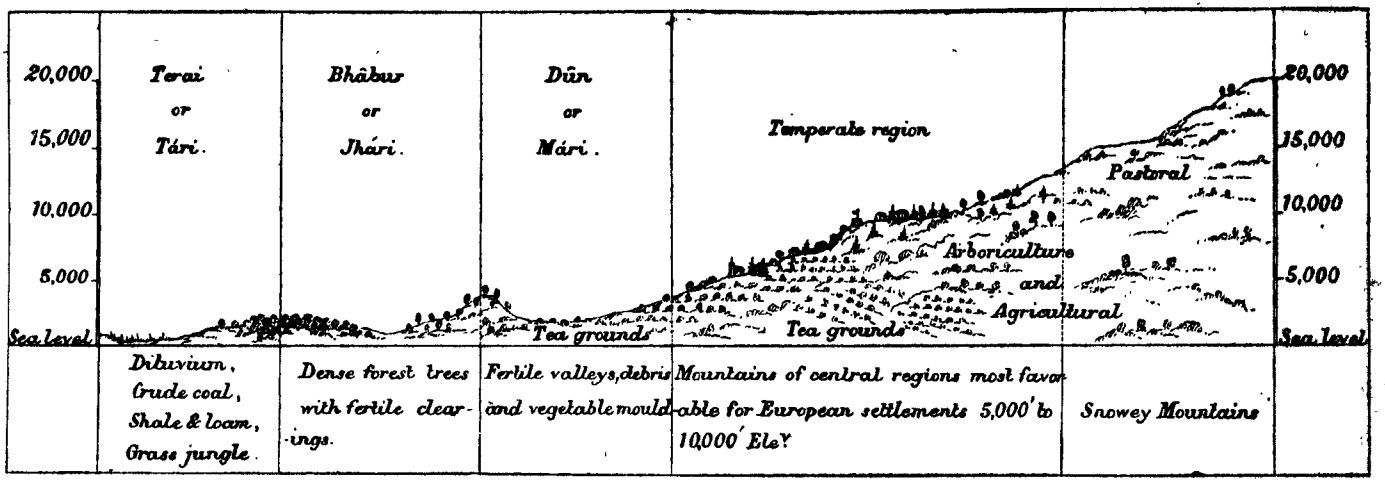
No. 141—Chungzed-Chunder-Durtzi, Minister of Sikhim.



No. 144—*The Headman of Lebong and his family (Bhootias).*



No 143—*A Sikhim Llama. (Lepcha), Darjeeling.*



XXV.—SECTION OF THE HIMALAYAN TERAI.

ANNEXE TO SECTION VIII.

ASSAM.

A PROFILE of the *Téraï* subtending the Himalayas north of the ceded Bhootia Döars is given, and may serve to connect and lead up to the hill regions treated of in Section IX.—the next step of the "Highlands of India."

Intermediate between Sikhim, Bhootan, and the Khásia Hills we find *Assam*, in the valley of the Brâhmâpootrâ, that mysterious river, whose source and upper course is even yet a subject of controversy amongst geographers. In the Himalayan highlands, which bound Assam on the north, are found Bhootias, Abors, Duphlas, Looshais, etc., and other cognate tribes, mostly of *Shán* or Indo-Chinese origin, which—under pressure of the conquests of Kublai-Khan, in the twelfth century, or his successor, Genghis-Khan—gravitated into the south-east Himalayas, and chiefly form its present population.

The reader is referred to Vol. I., "Highlands of India," for some historical notice of this subject; in the present volume it can scarcely be further pursued; but as regards the vast area alluded to as *Assam*, in which big game such as rhinosceros, buffaloes, elephants, etc., abound, it may interest the reader who has thus far followed this little chronicle to hear something of field sports, which—owing to causes mentioned at page 333—the author was himself prevented from following. "A Note on Rhinosceros Shooting in Assam" is accordingly here introduced, kindly placed at his disposal by a former school-fellow and fellow-traveller*—a distinguished old soldier and

* Lieut.-General H. A. Sarel, C.B., &c.

sportsman—which tells its own story, and gives some idea of the game to be found in the wild grassy reaches of the Brâhmâpootrâ valley, commonly called *Assam*.

NOTE ON

RHINOSCEROS SHOOTING IN ASSAM.

IN May, 1865, my staff service in India came to an end, my regiment was ordered to England, and, as there was not much probability of my returning to India, I determined to have one more expedition in search of big game before leaving for ever those happy hunting grounds. I could not have obtained sufficient leave to enable me to revisit the Himalayas and Thibet, so I decided to go to Assam in search of rhinosceros; I had hunted nearly all the big game of India, but had not seen a rhinosceros, and had killed buffalo and elephants only in Ceylon.

I obtained leave to remain behind my regiment, and started for Assam on the first of April with a friend recently arrived from England in search of sport; what used to be known as a T.G. Neither I nor my companion knew anything of the country we were about to visit, and it was, in fact, very little known except to a few tea planters. Fortunately for us the Bhootia campaign was in progress, our force being under the command of that good and gallant officer, the late Sir Harry Tombs, V.C., one of the many good officers trained in that splendid corps, the Bengal Artillery. General Tombs had promised to supply me with elephants, without which shooting in Assam is an impossibility.

Had I known more of the country, or of the habits of rhinosceros, I should not have chosen the month of April for my expedition: the best season for sport in Assam is, I believe, about the end of January or February, when the grass has been burnt, and when one is able to see an animal before coming right on top of him. However, we started from the Sealdah station by rail, and, after a hot and dusty journey, reached Kooshtea, on the

Brâhmâpootrâ, in about seven hours. There was only a dirty room at the terminus in which dinner was to be obtained from what was called an hotel; neither ice nor soda water was procurable; the ghât, or landing place, was about three miles off, and we lost no time in sending our baggage to the steamer, which was to start early the next morning. On our arrival on board, everyone was asleep, and we lay down on our rugs on deck without disturbing a soul.

Our steamer—the Pioneer—was only seventy horse power, and, as we had two flats in tow, with coolies on board for the tea plantations, our progress against a strong stream was of the slowest; sometimes we had a fine breeze, when our sails helped us. About once an hour we ran on a sandbank, and carried away a few timbers and hawsers, but the river boats being trimmed by the head, a little shifting of ballast soon floated us off. The weather was fearfully hot, and, as cholera broke out amongst the coolies, our voyage was not so pleasant as it might have been. Fortunately the nights were cool, so that we could enjoy a good sleep. Our chief amusement was shooting at alligators, of which we saw a considerable number: one day we killed ten, some of which were brought on board; these are the long nosed, or fish alligators (gurreeal), and are quite distinct from the man-eaters (muggers). Numbers of porpoises were rolling about, but gave no chance for a shot.

The river is, generally, a broad strong stream, with low sandy banks; on the "churs," or low sandy islands, the buffalo and pig were numerous, but we could not stop for shooting. In sleeping on deck care should be taken to have a blanket handy, as a cold wind often springs up, which strikes a deadly chill after the heat of the day.

On the ninth of April we reached Goalpara, where we bought a couple of very common howdahs; perhaps such things may now be procurable in Assam, but we should have brought them from Calcutta. On the 13th we arrived at Gowhatty, and put up with the 43rd N.I.: the baboo in charge of the post office denied having any letters for us, but allowed us to ransack his boxes, where we found several. We crossed the river and marched to General Tomb's camp on the 14th, leaving again on the 16th. On the march we shot a few deer and bustard-floriken. General

Tombs gave us eight elephants, or we could have seen nothing in the high grass.

My battery consisted of a No. 8 double rifle and a smooth bore of the same calibre, besides a single hexagonal bore Whitworth rifle, which threw shells; these, however, proved useless against large game, as the explosion was so instantaneous that the fragments of lead acted only as a charge of shot. My companion's battery consisted of a double breech-loading 16-bore rifle, and two 14-bore muzzle-loading smooth-bores, carrying ball; with the exception of one breech-loading rifle, all the guns were muzzle-loaders.

Our first day's rhinosceros hunting was on the 20th. We beat for some hours without finding, but came at length on some deer and buffalo in a swamp: we wounded a few, but lost them in the high grass. A tea planter joined us, saying that he could show us the best sport in Assam; but as he proved to be an impostor, and to be careless in handling his rifle, we were not sorry when he took his departure. Soon after he left we came across a rhinosceros feeding. My rifle missed fire both barrels—I suppose from the excessive damp. My companion gave him two barrels, but after tracking him a long way, we lost him. We then followed the spoor of two rhinosceros for about three miles into a dense patch of high grass, beyond which no tracks were to be seen, so we formed six elephants in line, with the howdahs at the far end. Almost as soon as the beat commenced, a rhinosceros broke within twenty yards of my elephant. I gave him both barrels in the shoulder, and two more as he went away, and dropped him; the mahout said another had broken back through the line of beaters. We beat back again, and my friend wounded another badly, which we killed after an exciting chase: he measured 14ft.2½in. from the nose to the tail; his horn was 11¾in. long, and 22in. round the base. We soon found another, which my companion hit in the ribs, and I hit him with both barrels and brought him down, but he got up again, and came at my elephant open-mouthed. I hit him on the top of the head as he came on, and turned his charge, but the ball did not penetrate: we had a long chase after him, and eventually killed him with two long shots. On our way to camp we killed a couple of horse deer; these are nearly as large as red deer, with more and flatter tines; at this season the horns are in velvet.

We were well pleased with this our first day's shooting, and the succeeding days were much like it; though full of excitement for us, they would be tedious to others in the description.

The most objectionable part of the sport consisted in cutting off the horns: these had to be chopped off the bone of the nose with an axe, a process which splashed the operator with blood; on reaching camp the horn and thick skin attached had to be boiled, when the skin became loose, and was easily detached from the base of the horn; the horn itself looks like a conglomeration of coarse hair, with the tip rounded and polished by digging for roots. I may mention here that this appears to be the only use to which the animal puts this appendage, as will be seen further on. I learnt from experience that he uses his mouth only in attack; this disproves the fact (?) which I learnt in the days of my youth, that when the elephant and rhinosceros engage in mortal combat, the rhinosceros—though smaller—almost always gains the victory by goring his enemy in the stomach, carrying him about on the end of his nose till rendered blind by the blood running into his eyes. Many of our youthful lessons in natural history do not stand the test of experience.

On dismounting from the elephant to cut off the horn, we were often unable to find the rhinosceros till guided by the mahout, on account of the height and dense growth of the grass, the stems being usually thicker than a man's finger, and as difficult to penetrate as brushwood; even a native would probably be lost if set on foot where there was no footpath.

Two days after our first hunt we had a day after a herd of buffalo which had been seen in the neighbourhood of our camp. We found them after some beating: each bagged one, and I wounded a young bull with a remarkably fine head, which was marked into a patch of high grass, and followed the herd, out of which we killed two more cows, one of them in milk; at another time I should have thought the milk undrinkable, but in such heat as we were experiencing it was simply delicious. We went to look for the young bull which I had wounded, and after some beating heard a tremendous noise, and saw one of the pad elephants coming out of the patch at his best pace, with the mahout driving him with the "ankoos," and calling out that a tiger had sprung on to the pad and carried off the "jemadar," or man who

had charge of the elephants. We put our elephants in at once to the rescue, and soon came on the jemadar, who told us that the buffalo had suddenly jumped up and frightened the elephant, which spun round and shot him overboard. On coming on the buffalo he charged at once, and two bullets on the top of the shoulder did not even make him flinch, but a third dropped him. It took us some time to secure the horns, as a buffalo's head is heavy, and the vertebræ of his neck are not easily separated.

I have always looked on a buffalo as the most dangerous animal of the jungle to follow on foot: he is excessively cunning, and when wounded will hide in a pool of water with nothing above but his nose, or will come round on his old track and lie in wait for the hunter, and charge suddenly out on him. If he knocks a man down he will not leave him till he has trampled him, and licked him with his rough tongue out of all shape. A rogue elephant is bad enough, but his charge is more easily stopped. It is next to impossible to stop a charging buffalo, as he carries his nose so high that a bullet will glance off his forehead. I once killed a buffalo in Ceylon, which seemed to be preparing for a charge, by a shot at the tip of the nose; he dropped dead, and I could find no mark of a wound till his head was taken off, when the bullet was found at the back of the brain pan, having passed up his nostril.

The natives hereabouts were shy of us, and pretended to know nothing of the country or of the game; they had seen but few Europeans—except the scattered tea planters; as soon, however, as they found that they were regularly paid for their day's work, and that they were allowed to cut off and take home as much rhinosceros or buffalo meat as they wished, and especially when they found that we had physic for their sick, they came in larger numbers than we wanted. They are ingenious in forming a camp: they cut down some of the grass to lie on, and tie the tops of the surrounding jungle together, making a shelter impervious to rain; and, though living in the midst of swamps, did not seem to suffer from fever.

As it was difficult to find out anything about the country or the game, we marched to "Kummergong," where Kurruch Singh, a small landowner and noted hunter—known as the "Hathi-Raja," or elephant king—lived. On the march we passed some

buffalo and antelope on the open plain, but could find no covert for a stalk. We found his majesty absent on a shooting excursion; the headman of the village declined to provide supplies, so we made him over to our guard to be kept a prisoner till supplies were forthcoming, the result of which was that men were sent off on the instant, and in about two hours we had ten days' supplies for ourselves, servants, and elephants, and milch goats to take with us till we reached the next village, for which we paid liberally, though I doubt if much of the money reached those for whom it was intended.

At Dukwagong we found the Hathi-Raja, who volunteered to accompany us and show us the shooting ground near Bagh Döar, and a practicable ford across the Monass by Sidlee, so as to avoid returning the way we had come,—by Roha Thanna and Bijuee. The Raja had a small elephant. He told me a great deal about the rivers of Assam, and assigned the sources of most of them to the Manasarowar Lake in Thibet, but seemed a trifle mixed in his ideas of geography, though not more so than the compilers of the only government map we could procure, who had placed rivers and villages wide of their true location.

Towards the end of April storms of rain were frequent, and interfered with our sport, as the tracks of game were washed out, and rivers and nullahs became swollen.

We were fairly fortunate in our rhinosceros hunting under the Hathi-Raja's guidance, and were more successful in killing them when he explained the vital spot for a bullet, which is about half-way up the fold in the skin behind the shoulder. On receiving a shot there the animal at once begins to whistle from the escape of air from the lungs, and he cannot go many yards after such a wound. The Raja described three kinds of rhinosceros, of which the smallest has the longest horn, but it seemed to us that the largest and oldest animals had the shortest horns only from more wear in digging for roots.

On the islands in the Monass we saw a few tigers, but the grass was too high to allow of any sport with them; they are wonderful swimmers, and go through the water with a rush like a sailing boat. Near Bagh Döar the Monass is full of fish, probably mahaseer, but we had no tackle.

Some of the villages had been burnt by the Bhootias, and the

cattle carried off. The men reminded me of the "Moantse"—the wild tribes in the hills to the west of China, whose country cannot be very distant from this. They value highly the nails and horns of the rhinosceros. The price of the latter at this time is forty rupees the seer—about £2 for one pound in weight.

From Bagh Döar we went to Peerudgong, and hunted the Raec Moollah district. We had been warned of a fly in this district,—a mosquito with "a bill like a snipe." These were the most fearful blood-suckers I ever encountered. Fortunately they did not trouble men, but attacked the elephants without mercy, and it was common to see a row of these flies on the edge of the pad so gorged that they could not move, and *squashing* them was a most objectionable process. We had here fair sport with rhinosceros and buffalo. There were so many of their tracks that it was difficult to follow a wounded animal. Tracking is the most exciting part of rhinosceros hunting; sometimes the spoor took us three or four miles up to a thick patch of reeds, which we had to "ring" to see if the animal had gone through; if he had, the spoor had again to be followed; if not, the pad elephants were formed in line as beaters, while we took post at the far end. At first the beaters had drums and all appliances for making a noise—in which Indian no less than English beaters delight—only instead of the "hi! cock, cock!" of the Englishman, the native showers vituperation on all rhinosceros and buffaloes to remote generations. We found that noise almost invariably made these animals break back through the line of beaters, so that the strictest silence had to be enjoined.

On one occasion, when moving camp, we crossed the tracks of a herd of wild elephants, which had crossed the road during the night; their track led straight to the hills, but, as it would most likely have led us for several miles through thick jungle, we did not follow it.

One day we saw the tracks of two rhinosceros, which had crossed the road that morning. My companion and the pad elephants kept the road to camp: I followed the track for some miles, till I came on four rhinosceros wallowing like great pigs in a mud hole. I had to wait till they got up, then I singled out the one with the best horn. He was hit too far forward, and I gave him the second barrel in the ribs. His track led into

some thorn jungle—very thick and dark—at the bottom of a deep and narrow nullah. I was stooping to avoid a jungle vine, which was hanging down, when out came the brute open-mouthed; my elephant wheeled round like a top, and before I could get my rifle up, I felt the elephant being shoved up the bank as if there was a locomotive behind, and we went up that bank considerably faster than we came down. I had to hold on to the howdah, and even if I could have turned round I could not have got a shot, as the rhinosceros was too close under the elephant's stern; so he had it all his own way for over a hundred yards, when my shikari —who was in the back seat—let fall my large leaf umbrella on to the animal's back. This seemed to frighten him, or perhaps he was blown, but he sheered off, so I got a snap shot at him. The elephant continued to urge on her wild career at her best pace for about a mile, fortunately through open and level ground, and was at last stopped with difficulty. After pacifying her with biscuits, and letting her gather wind, we took the back track to where we had been driven out. The elephant shied at everything she passed till she came to my umbrella, when round she spun, and away we went again. When again stopped, she would not retrace her steps, but had to be brought round by a circuit. I dismounted some distance from the jungle and went in on foot, as the elephant would have no more of it. I followed the spoor, and found the rhinosceros dead: the last shot had hit him through the lungs.

On reaching camp—where the elephant was examined—it was found that the rhinosceros had bitten her severely behind; the skin was badly bruised, and the wound was evidently tender: next morning there was a lump like a large sirloin of beef, and the elephant had to be put in the sick report, and I had to take another which was not nearly so steady.

We marched through thick jungle with varying success, killing a few rhinosceros, buffalo, and horse deer; but there were too many trees for shooting from elephants.

At Buxa we found an outpost of the 31st N.I., and some Goorkhas. I went up the hill to look at their pickets, but found that six weeks in a howdah had not improved my walking powers.

Towards the end of May the weather began to break, and the sun, when out, was very hot, and our people began to be sickly.

The doctors had recommended a lot of rum in the early morning, and a dose of quinine in the evening; treatment to which our servants—though Mussulmans—made no objection. At Malinga, where were some of the Bahar Raja's sepoys, the duffadar said that out of eight men taken ill six had died.

One of our elephants was girth-galled, and mine was still hors-de-combât; the unsteady one I had to use lost me in one day a rhinosceros and two buffaloes.

On the 1st June I had a last try for rhinosceros, as the rains were evidently near, and it was time to be out of the jungle. The snows were melting in the hills, the rivers thereby becoming unfordable. I thought my last day would be a blank, but at last made out at some distance the end of a horn moving through the jungle grass; waited till it disappeared, and then followed, and found him and another lying in a water-hole; they both rose, and I dropped one with the first barrel, and hit the other as he rushed up the bank. I heard him whistling, so knew he was shot through the lungs, and found him dead about a couple of hundred yards off. This was the heaviest right and left shot I had ever made, peafowl being the heaviest game I had hitherto killed in this way. On the way to camp I had to cross the Toorsa, which was too high to be forded, and there was but one small canoe for the baggage. My shikari found another, belonging to some fishermen, and with these we made a raft, the elephants swimming. Fortunately there was a good moon and no rain, and I reached camp at Falakota at midnight, where I found my friend wondering what had become of me.

We made the best of our way to Caragola-Ghat, having left the natives with the largest stock of meat they had had for years—probably they never had so much before.

We found the country, in places, flooded, and the march in consequence difficult. At Caragola we embarked for Sahibgunge, and took the first P. and O. steamer for England.

I had a bad attack of jungle fever, which sadly interfered with the partridge shooting, and I was not able to join my regiment at Colchester till November. I cannot say that I found English hunting and shooting so much to my taste as the wild life in the jungles.

In conclusion, I would recommend anyone who may be desirous

to hunt rhinosceros in Assam not to select the season at which I went, as he would probably suffer, as I did, from fever and ague, which I did not shake off for nearly three years.

I may mention that the commonly conceived idea that the skin of the rhinosceros is impenetrable is a mistake; it is very hard when dry, and makes excellent shields and whips, but, when green, it is easily cut with a knife.

The Assam térai is alluvial, and, for the most part, level; but no extensive view can be obtained, except from the foot of the Himalayas on the north, on account of the dense grass jungle, which grows to the height of twenty feet or so. The soil is, probably, fertile; but, as water is so near the surface, I should consider that much draining would be required to make agriculture remunerative, except in certain spots: rice might be cultivated, though I saw none of really good quality.

I saw no sheep nor cattle, nor buffaloes, domesticated.

There were in 1865 a few scattered tea plantations, but the men in charge seemed all to have suffered from fever.

I am speaking only of Western Assam; in the country to the east—higher up the river—very superior tea is extensively cultivated.

There are some scrubby trees, principally bhâr and sâl, and the bamboo grows luxuriantly, and is used almost entirely for building purposes, even to the flooring.

Towards the foot of the Himalayas there is some dense forest, with open grassy glades, and in these there were some signs of cattle having been grazed; possibly the reason I saw none was that the Bhootias had, at the time I was there, made plundering excursions into our territories, and they would have carried off what cattle they could lay hands on.

In the forest are many tree orchids; if I had known that they would live after the boughs on which they grew were cut off, I should have tried to bring some home. We saw scarcely any animals in the forest, but I one day shot a beautiful jet black marten cat, the skin of which I was unable to preserve, as, on account of the great heat, decomposition set in before I could reach camp.

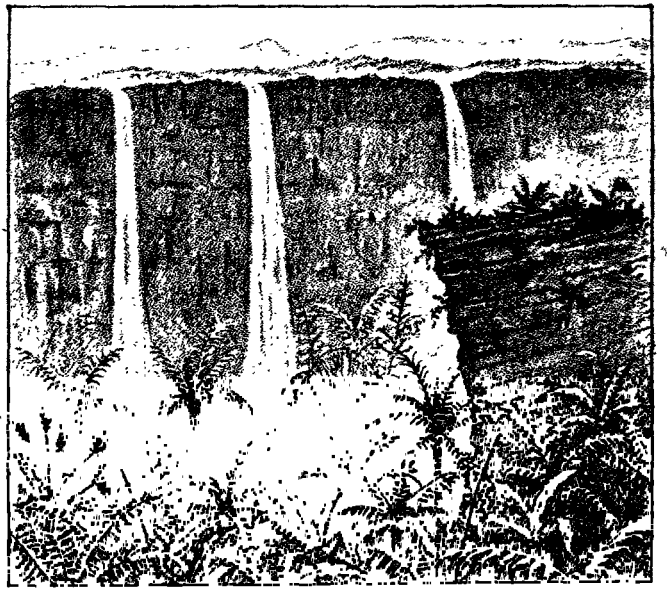
The soil of this part of the térai is formed from the decayed vegetation which has accumulated for ages. Water is generally procurable within three or four feet from the surface, but this

water is unfit for drinking purposes. In the streams running from the hills the water is clear, but is tainted by the decayed vegetation over which it flows. The sand, if rubbed in the hands feels greasy, and has not the cleansing properties of ordinary river sand.

The climate, except during the winter months, is unhealthy for Europeans, and our mahouts and Bengal servants suffered from attacks of fever. The malaria is considered by the natives not to rise more than fifteen feet, and the police stations of the native kings are built on bamboos at that height from the ground. When our troops were cantoned in this part of Assam in 1865 the barracks were not raised more than about three feet, and the troops suffered severely from fever.

The natives we found at first rather shy of Europeans, as they had an idea that we wanted to press them to work at the new cantonments, but as soon as they found that we wanted them only to beat the jungle, and that whenever an animal was killed they were at liberty to take what meat they could carry—besides being paid for their day's work—they came with us readily. The neighbourhood of our camp was made unpleasant by long strips of meat hung to dry in the sun, and when the drying was completed the men made the dried meat into bundles and took themselves off to their villages most independently, but as fresh relays were constantly arriving in the hope of a supply of meat, we were not inconvenienced; indeed, it was a satisfaction to find that the meat was not wasted. I have always thought that the chief drawback to one's pleasure in salmon fishing in an out of the way river is the difficulty in getting rid of one's fish.

I know nothing as to the tribal designation of these people, nor could I learn much about them, as only a few spoke Hindustani, and that indifferently. They are generally slightly built, but are wiry, and most excellent trackers. Like most natives who have seen but little of Europeans, they think every Englishman is a doctor, and were all eager for physic; a dose of quinine being by far the favourite remedy for all complaints, and it certainly seemed to have a highly beneficial effect.



XXVI.—*FALLS OF MOASMAI, KHASSIAS.*

SECTION IX.

THE KHASIA HILLS.

IN regard to this section I am able to add but little to the few words allotted to it in the corresponding section of Vol. I. The few illustrations there to be found are here reproduced, with a few descriptive words, chiefly borrowed from Hooker's journals on the district.

The access to the Khásia Hills is by water,—ordinarily by rail to Kooshtea, and so by Dacca—up the Brâhmâ-pootrâ, Megna, and Soormah rivers to Cherrapoonjee and Shillong. The Soormah drains the Cachár, Jyntia, Khásia, and Garrow Hills: in the rains it forms a vast jheel or shallow sea, having an area of not less than 10,000 square miles. It rises on the Munipoor frontier. Contrary to all expectation, this is a healthy district, and free from the malaria of higher and more wooded districts, such as the northern térai of the Khásias.

From Cuttack, on the Soormah, the Khásia Hills appear as a long flat-topped range, 4000 to 5000 feet high, running east and west, steep towards the jheels. About twelve miles distant the waterfalls of Möasmai are seen "falling over the cliffs into a bright green mass of foliage that seems to creep half-way up their flanks." The flora of the Khásia forests differs from that of the Himalayas, consisting of bright green evergreens and palms, whereas the latter are chiefly large forests of deciduous trees. The laurel and betel-nut are found; and oranges, bamboos, gamboge, plantains, and vines, with palms and cocoa-nuts, present a sub-tropical flora of a Malayan character: orchids, ferns, mosses, and grasses also abound.

To give some idea of the exuberance of the flora of the Khásia Hills, it may be stated that Hooker enumerates two thousand flowering plants within ten miles of Cherrapoonjee; fifteen bamboos, one hundred and fifty grasses, one hundred and fifty ferns, two hundred and fifty orchids, and many mosses, etc. This great variety is attributable to the varied nature of the soil and climate, which embraces the stony plateau and the steaming forest.

On the road to Cherrapoonjee one passes the valley of Möasmai, where "several beautiful cascades, rolling over "the table-top of the hills, broken into foam, throw a veil "of silvery gauze over the gulf of evergreen vegetation "2000 feet below."

Cherrapoonjee is on the high road from Silhet and Gowhatty, the capitol of Assam, on the Brâhmâpootrâ. The plateau attains 4,600 feet in elevation, but has an excessively rainy climate,—six hundred inches during the year being no unfrequent rainfall, and two and a half *feet* have been known to fall in twenty-four hours: the denuding force of such is of course remarkable, and is evident in many parts. The view from the plateau of Cherrapoonjee is magnificent; 4000 feet below are valleys carpeted as with green wheat, "from which rise tall palms, "tree ferns with spreading crowns, and rattans shooting "their pointed heads—surrounded with feathery foliage "as with ostrich plumes—far above the great trees. Be-"yond, are the jheels, looking like a broad shallow sea with "the tide half out, bounded in the blue distance by the low



No. 145—*Cherrapoonjee.*

"hills of Tippera. To the right and left are the scarped "red rocks, and roaring waterfalls shooting far across the "cliffs, and then arching their necks as they expand in "feathery foam, over which rainbows float, forming and "dissolving as the wind sways the curtain of spray from "side to side."*

Inland, at about 5000 feet, the country is open and bare, till the valleys of the Kálápáni and Bógúpáni† are crossed. Beyond this, the Bhootan Himalayas may be seen at the astonishing distance of one hundred and sixty or two hundred miles. Môflog, on the axis of this range, is 6,062 feet, with a splendid view of Bhootan, and from Shillong (6,600 feet)—the highest point of the Khásia range—a truly magnificent panoramic view is obtained of an area of three hundred and forty miles. The view embraces nearly an entire circle. To the north are the rolling Khásia Hills and the entire Assam valley, seventy miles wide—one hundred miles distant—with the great river Brâhmâpootrâ winding through it, fifty miles distant, reduced to a thread. The first ranges of the Himalayas are one to two hundred miles from Shillong. These snowy mountains are below the horizon of the observer, and occupy sixty degrees of the horizon = two hundred and fifty miles. To the west are the Garrow hills, forty miles distant; and eastwards the lofty Cachar hills (4000 feet), seventy miles off. To the south, the Tippera hills—one hundred miles distant—bound the horizon, whilst to the south-west lies the sea-like Gangetic delta. Fully 20,000 square miles are encircled in this area.

* Hooker's Journals.

† This river disembouches into the jheels at Chóla, west of Cheerra, forming rapids below this point.

A sketch of the "Kullong" Rock, a curious dome on the Môflog plateau—six hundred feet in elevation above the terre-plein—is given as a vignette in Section VIII. It is of crystalline granite; the plateau itself being metamorphic, but containing greenstones and nummalitic limestones; the presence of "faults," and the intrusion of granite is found; its elevation is about 4,500 to 5000 feet above sea level.

As regards the Historical aspect of these mountain regions, and the adjacent districts, I can only refer the reader to the historical sketches to be found in Vol. I., "Highlands of India," page 122 *et seq.* I may say, generally, that the regions under notice—Cachár, Munipoor, Jyntia, and Assam—were probably embraced in the antient kingdom of *Kamroop* or *Cathay*, and ruled over by scions of the original *Shân* or *Pong* dynasty until overturned by the Burmese towards the end of the eighteenth century, and finally absorbed in the British Indian Empire by the treaty of Yandaboo in February, 1826.



No. 146—*SUNSET IN CAMP.*



XXVII.—*AN INDIAN RIVER.*

SECTIONS X., XI., XII.

THE SOUTHERN HIGHLANDS.

The Nilgherry Plateau, with the Annamallays, Pulnays, and Travancore Mountains—The Shervaroy Hills and associated Spurs [mentioned at pages 143—45, Vol. I.]—The Mountains of Malabar and Coromandel—The Salt Lakes or "Backwaters" of Travancore.

CHAPTER 1.

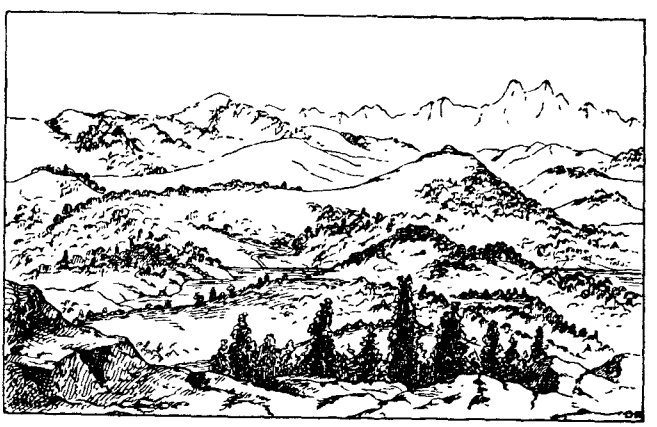
OF these mountains I can add but little to the short descriptions already given. Having only passed across them as a traveller, I had but few opportunities of following field sports, and could barely find occasion to view their natural features. I did, indeed, reside several months at Ootacamund, on the Nilgherries, from which, as a centre, I contrived to wander a little, and, in fact, visited some interesting points,—especially along the edge of the "koondahs," which bound the



No. 147—*THE "KOONDAHS," from the Lake of Ootacamund.*

Nilgherry plateau. One can view advantageously from thence the adjacent districts subtending these points of vantage. I must, however, fall back on my former words.

"The terre-plein of this elevated region—averaging over 7000 feet above the sea—is not level, but appears like a rolling park-like plain, intersected by wooded spurs and valleys, and, like most mountain plateaux, is surrounded by an elevated buttress ridge or edge, called locally the 'Koondahs.' Some of the peaks attain elevations exceeding 8000 feet above sea level, such as—Doda-betta (8,760), Koodiakad (8,502), Bevy-betta (8,330), Kimdal peak (8,353), the Ootacamund peak (7,360), Kótagherrie (6,571), and Koonoor (5,886). Such are a few of the principal altitudes of this fine plateau, from whose watershed streams originate and flow in every direction.



No. 148—*THE NILGHERRIES, FROM OOTACAMUND.*
The "Koondahs" in the distance.

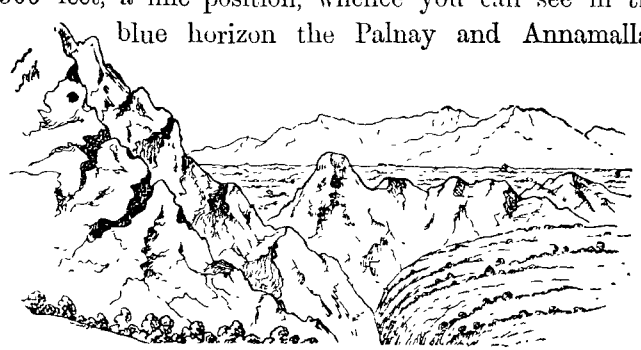
Instead of the cramped ridges and nicks in the hill-sides, such as the roads in most Himalayan stations may be termed, we have here miles of driving roads, many of them adjacent to the pretty semi-artificial lake, with its

willow-bunds and pleasant marginal sites: hence you see the distant blue peaks of the surrounding 'koondahs,' the bounding enceinte of this fine plateau. The eye ranges over waving 'shôlas' and exotic foliage—eucalyptus and flowering shrubs. The shôlas are small woods, or groves, occupying clefts or basins in the hills, a peculiar feature of Nilgherry scenery. They are often filled very densely with ancient knarled trees,

'Bearded with moss, and with garments green, indistinct in the twilight.'

They often hold game, sometimes even a stray tiger from the low country, and herds of buffaloes range over the terre-plein. An ensemble is thus presented of unusual character and combination at Indian hill-stations, which —coupled with their accessibility and central position— certainly confers an immense advantage in many respects, and must always render these hills a popular resort.

It would take long to do justice to this subject, or to fully dwell on the capabilities and resources of this grand mountain plateau. To take the reader with me to all the surrounding outposts and points of interest, would occupy too long a space. I may mention, however, (1) Kôtgurh, or Kótagherrie, a civil station to the south-east, elevated 6,500 feet, a fine position, whence you can see in the blue horizon the Palnay and Annamallay



No. 149—*South-east edge of the Nilgherry Plateau, from near Kotagherrie. Distant view of the Annamallay Mountains.*

mountains: it is on the south-east edge of the plateau furthest from the sea. (2) On the south-west Avalanche and Sispára—haunts of the sambur—with their green shôlas and interesting grassy downs, sloping from the koondahs, suggestive of sheep-walks and pasturage. (3) Neddiwuttun, whence you look down on the 'Wynaad' and its rolling forests, varied by the clearings of the coffee plantations, here greatly developed. (4) On the north Buckrâta and its cascade, whence you have an outlook over the rolling Mysore table-land, which here rises to 3,500 feet, narrowing to some fifteen miles in width at its blending in with the mass of the Nilgherries. (5) Lastly, one may climb Doda-betta (8,760)—that fine peak to the north-east of Ooty—which grandly towers over the lowlands of the Carnatic.

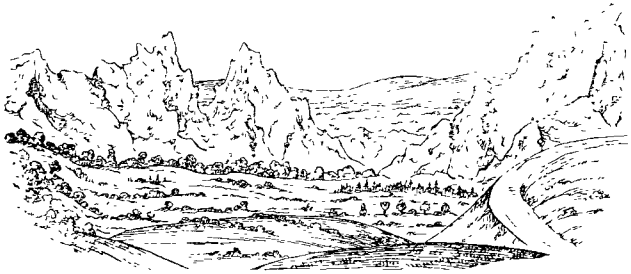


No. 150—*The Coffee Grounds at Neddiwuttun.*

As I write, these and many other charming 'outings' rise on my 'storied memory.' Starting after an early breakfast—sketch-book and 'tiffin' in wallet—one can easily ride from Ooty to any part of the buttress edge of the plateau, gaze on the country subtending it, and return by nightfall; but he must have a good horse under him to do this, as he will have to cover upwards of fifty miles during the day. The vision of a certain raw-boned old 'Dekkani' roan occurs to me, from whose back I certainly beheld some glorious scenery in this district—a dangerous runaway brute scarcely controllable—but I forgave him this in consideration of his unwearied services. He tried all he could to break his heart by violent going, and though, in his own interest, trying hard to

spare him, I fear that at length he accomplished it for himself.

Only occasional game is to be found on the plateau, but the forest-clothed sides of the great mountain block of the Nilgherries swarm with every description of large game known to the Indian sportsman; whilst the surrounding koondahs are the rocky haunt of the 'muntjak,' the smaller ibex, and the sambur. The presence of 'game' certainly does not lessen the attractive character of this region as a locality for a British settlement."



No. 151—*EAST EDGE OF THE NILGHERRY PLATEAU; Shervaroys in the distance*

I will here give, as supplementary to the above, an epitome of my trip down from Lahore to these interesting mountains in 1864.

A TRIP TO THE NILGHERRIES.

During the summer of 1864, after a rapid rush down from Lahore, I found myself about the 12th of August starting for Coimbatore and the Nilgherries from the platform of the Madras station of the G.I.P. railway, an "iceberg," provided by hospitable friends at Madras, stowed away somewhere under the seat, and tatties of kuskuss grass against the windward windows. Soon, however, I dispensed with these last as obstructive of the view of the country I wished to obtain en passant, and in whose interest I braved the excessive heat.

On the left Arcot, Vellore, Salem, etc., are passed, but too far from the line for observation at this time, though I visited them all on a subsequent occasion.

In the south of the Indian peninsula the native cities and military cantonments are all some miles off the line, a dominant idea of the original constructors having been the creation of an English town at each station. This idea has only been partially realized, and on the other hand the distance is a great nuisance to the traveller. On the right, the Southern Ghâts, at places impinging on to the terre-plein of the Carnatic, are visible.

I was able to make several fugitive panoramic sketches of this country as we passed along in the train.

Arrived at Coimbatore, the next step was on to Koonoor, on the top of the ghât, and only a few miles distant from "Ootacamund," the term of our journey. A native cart of the most humiliating character—on which was spread our bedding, and whose rate of progress was perhaps two and a half miles an hour—took us to the foot of the hill, thence, if I recollect rightly, we hired ponies. Advancing along slopes having a semi-tropical flora, we soon found ourselves arrived at the coffee plantations which clothe the sides of the steep gradients leading on to the Nilgherry plateau. The berries at this time of the year were in all stages of development, and varying in colour from a pleasing apple green to pink, deep red, and crimson, into the purples and warm browns of maturity; indeed, the coffee plant is a noticeable shrub, worthy of æsthetic cognizance. From Koonoor we rode onwards the same afternoon, reserving visits to Jákátála and Kótagherrie for a subsequent occasion.

Ootacamund—or "Ooty," as its familiar friends in the south term it—is situated in the midst of rolling prairie-like land on the inward spurs of the south-east koondahs,

amongst which the peaks of Doda-betta and "Ooty" itself —with Elk Hill, a subordinate wooded spur—appear as prominent acclivities, whilst the willow-fringed bunds of its pretty winding lake (a sluggish stream dammed up), the orchid-spangled turf of its margin, the groves (shôlas) of dense foliage which fill the occasional dells or hollows of the rolling plateau, are striking and picturesque. An Australasian flora has been established, and the gum-tree (eucalyptus) is represented by well grown forests and plantations surrounding the European settlements. The hedges, even, of this beautiful station are often of wild-rose, geranium, fuchsia, jasmine, goodsia (tree-lily), and other flowering scented shrubs, and one feels oneself in a cluster of sweets.

This country is well known, and has been pleasantly described by many, I know not by whom better than by the "Old Forest Ranger," whose enthusiasm for this country-side and its game is refreshing reading.

Here also I would fain introduce—as a sportsman worthy of more than passing notice—my good old friend and relative J. B., a well-known figure at "Ooty;" a weather-beaten old sportsman, whose sinewy form, followed by his dogs, now looms before my mental vision,—clad in an old brown shooting coat with tartan trews and gaiters, gun over shoulder, and a pair of lurcher-looking dogs following at his heels; the old fellow's face of a warm laterite—he fulfilled the beau-ideal of an "old forest ranger," or of the "*old poacher*," as society then dubbed him. But a rare old sportsman and companion was honest J. B., with the brave heart of a thorough Indian hunter, and possessed of a vast experience of Indian jungles and their game. The sort of old fellow who would share his last crust, and bestow his very last cigar on a friend! After retiring from the service, the old

"gunner" never left these hills, but lived on the very peak of old "Ooty," and there I believe, died. Many a trout have I seen captured by him in the waters of Dumfriesshire in my youthful days, when we used to drive about the country in a *boat on wheels*, he informed me he used the same expedient to fish the lakes of Goondwâna and Nagpôre in after years. He lived in a quaint bachelor's den on the very top of old "Ooty." Society laughed at the poor old boy, who was always as poor as a church-mouse; but many a worse fellow has walked this earth than honest old John B., retired, of the Madras Artillery! and I sincerely hope he long lived after our parting at "Ooty" in 1864 to shoot the "first woodcock" of many seasons!

I myself had no opportunity of following game in these mountains, but once riding with a sporting friend to Sispára or Avalanche we found ourselves surrounded by one of those herds of half-tame buffaloes which are sometimes so troublesome. The circle was closing in on us in a menacing way, for a reason which will presently appear. After a brief consultation with my friend, we simply set spurs to our horses, and flourishing our riding sticks, came down on the buffaloes at the charge, when they incontinently gave way, and opened out to let us pass. Presently our guns came up, and we then learnt that there was a tiger at that moment in an adjacent shôla, which the buffaloes had probably nosed, and mistaken us for it, thus—though these animals are at all times to be distrusted—the demonstration of alarm and menace we had experienced. My companion, a red-hot sportsman, who had been all over the Annamallays, etc., that season now proposed we should go after the tiger. Now I should have preferred *not*, but not wishing to appear backward in facing the enemy, I had not the courage to

refuse. We accordingly surrounded the shôla and began to endeavour to *pelt the tiger out!* He was evidently there, and probably sneaking from side to side in his endeavours to break unperceived. On one occasion I plainly *smelt* him. He was, doubtless, often within a very few feet of both of us, but we caught no view of him in the dense thicket, and after an hour's fruitless hunt—as we had a long ride before us—we desisted.

I have never killed a tiger, even from an elephant, and this endeavour to shoot one on foot, with a smooth-bore, has appeared to me a rather fool-hardy experiment, and it was, perhaps, as well for us he did not break cover; though, as far as my experience goes, I have always found close quarters favourable for the bag; but in the case of a tiger—one pat of whose paw is death—I am not sure that the experiment is justifiable. I had a brother, however—the late lamented Adam Gordon Newall, of the Bombay Artillery—who dropped his brace of tigers by a right and left shot on foot, and bagged them both!

I remember my travelling companion on this occasion, who had just returned from a shooting trip in the Annamallays, telling me of his first adventure with an elephant. It seems he and his companion chanced on one sleeping in a glade of the forest. They walked round and round the great beast, considering how best to tackle him, but being "griffs," could hit on no convenient method. Meantime the elephant slept on steadily, and they had almost to poke him up with their guns before he stirred. At length, rising, he quietly skedaddled, without their minds being made up, and disappeared in the forest.

What shall I say of the haunts of the "sambur" at Sispára and Avalanche, shôla-crested; of the rocky western "koondahs," on which the lesser ibex is occasionally found; of the waterfalls under Makoorty peak, on which

also, to the west, lie the auriferous gold reefs lately exploited; of Bakrâta with its cascade and outlook over the plains of Mysore; or the grand peak of Doda-betta towering above the ruined fortress of Gâzâlhâtti, and its chasm sheer 4000 feet below the buttress of the Nilgherries, which here culminate in the grand peak of Doda-betta, 8,700 feet above the lowlands of the Carnatic? Adown the steep forest slopes of the enceinte which engirdles this plateau are to be found tigers and other large game of an Indian forest, such as rhinoceros, buffalo, and, I believe, gauor—the *urus* or so called bison —frequent some localities in this district, but I have not seen them. I had but slight opportunities of pursuing such sport, though from the back of a certain old Dekhani roan I certainly managed to thoroughly view the scenery of this block of mountain, from the edge of which I gazed on many a wild panorama of forest and rolling wooded prairie and distant mountain. I have even hunted occasionally with the Commander-in-chief's hounds, a strong mountain pack. It was cheery to see high officials such as H.E. the Governor of Madras (Sir W. Denison) and the Commander-in-chief (Sir Hope Grant) turn out in pink and ride to their hounds like English country squires. I myself being a mere traveller and looker-on, generally rode "foxey" along the tops of the hills viewing the chase, but those who followed the hunt close occasionally got fearfully "bogged" in treacherous green mosses or peat haghs, such as are found in Devonshire and in the muirs of the Scottish borders.

When not engaged in such wanderings I often joined the parties of friends whose life whilst on leave in these mountains seemed an everlasting picnic. Staff-officers escaped from the drudgery of their offices at sweltering Madras for the month only, may be pardoned if they

looked upon the time of visit to their families in these charming summer hills as one long holiday to be thoroughly enjoyed whilst it lasted.

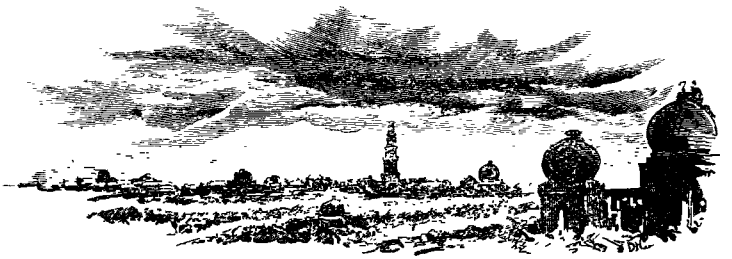
The climate is rather "dreeping," and heavy showers would sometimes overtake our festive outings, but nobody seemed to care a bit. Out with waterproofs! The ladies also affected long waterproofs, *hooded*, and absolutely ignored the weather. I think nowhere else have I seen so complete and happy a defiance of the weather, whose vagaries were even matter of pleasing excitement, as leading to "cloaking up" and general hilarity. How could one refuse invites to come "*under the plaidie*," cuddled up with pleasing companions! Sitting round under the trees, many a pleasant song and social chat can thus be enjoyed; and on the whole the social attractions of these beautiful hills are manifold.

I had no time to hunt, as I wished to explore as much of the country as possible, so in November, descending into the Mysore country, and passing by Mysore, Seringapatam, etc., to Bangalore, I took rail to Madras. Thence I again committed myself to the G.I.P. railway, and for the next three weeks or more literally lived on the railway: sleeping at the various stations, and proceeding inland right and left, I viewed as much of the country of Southern India as possible. After this, a passage in the French Messageric's steamer Erymanthe, and "so home" by rail to Delhi and Lahore,—ending a trip during which I certainly viewed many new and diversified scenes in the south of the Indian peninsula.

Madras has often been called the "benighted" presidency. All I can say is I found it about one generation ahead of the cracked-up "Punjaub," which in those days had been so "written up" by several brilliant pens. I suppose the truth to be that as Madras contributed less than

either of the other presidencies to the imperial exchequer, she was dubbed *benighted!* but it seemed to me, as a traveller, that she had expended her surplus revenue on her own public works and other representative purposes, as really the structures about the south of India far surpassed anything I had seen of the kind in north-west India. I guessed, therefore, that Madras had spent at home, in making herself comfortable, the funds that would have raised her name in the official world of finance as a better paymaster and producer. She had evidently assumed for her motto the world-wise maxim "*Natus consumere fruges!*"

On this rapid journey, on my return up country, to "save my time," I recollect I had to avail myself of a spare "distribution" train of rolling stock, on which, being the only passenger, I got a lift on the engine, and warmed myself at the furnace during the cold night journey; further, making friends with the driver—a most respectable young Scotchman, who told me his salary was £150 a year—I was allowed, under his instruction, to drive the engine into Delhi, where we arrived at twelve o'clock on a bitter cold December midnight. Thence a "ghari" journey through the cis-Sutlej states to Meean-Meer, Lahore, where I resumed command of my battery, thus bringing to a close a memorable trip to regions not often in those days visited by a soldier of the Punjaub.



No. 152—*DISTANT VIEW OF OLD DELHI.*

In Vol. I., page 135, some account of the inhabitants of the Nilgherries may be found, and in the Appendix I have given an illustration of a *Todah* hut, with its inhabitants, who are the indigenes of the plateau. It was during one of my rambles about Ooty that a pair of Todahs—a mother and son, apparently—came out of the forest in front of me and *hissed at me!* Not knowing one word of their language—which is, in fact, I suppose only understood by buffaloes, and, perhaps, Kurrumburs, their nearest forest neighbours—I was quite at a loss to guess what they wanted, so I merely waved my hand and wished them good morning. Still nothing but nods of the head, hisses, and clacks of the tongue! I began to laugh, but could extract nothing further than this very primitive mode of expression, which assumed a crescendo in proportion to my laughter. After a vain endeavour to arrive at some idea of what they wanted, I again waved my hand, took off my hat, and wished them good morning, upon which they vanished into the forest as silently as they had emerged, and to this day I have not the slightest idea of their views or wishes. A view of a Todah hut, and some specimens of its inhabitants—taken from a photo—is given as a typical illustration.

In the field sports of this district, the "Old Forest Ranger" is "facile princeps," and I am tempted to quote from him, referring, however, the reader interested in this particular district to the work itself. It is one of the earliest on the subject, and to my thinking has never been surpassed in its own line. I will extract his account of the Orange Valley, which moreover, I have myself visited.

The orange valley! There is perfume in the very name! Our old heart warms, and a delicious languor steals over our senses as we recall to mind the silent, balmy, incense-breathing morn when first we trod the flowery shades of that enchanting spot.

Armed as we were to the teeth, and bent on slaughter, we felt as if we profaned the scene by our unhallowed presence. It seemed to us the abode of peace and innocence; a place for young lovers to walk hand in hand, culling the golden fruit, and twining into bridal wreaths the snow-white blossoms, which made the very air love-sick with their fragrance. It was not for such as we—the blood-stained, weather-beaten hunter. Such were the thoughts which flitted through our brain as we wended our solitary way through this wilderness of sweets. And were it not that at the root of an orange tree we discovered the mangled carcase of a deer, with the fresh footprints of a tiger leading therefrom, there is a fearful probability that the Old Forest Ranger might, in the softness of his heart, have thrown aside his rifle, betaken himself to a straw hat and pastoral crook, fastened bunches of green ribbon to his knees, and devoted the remainder of his life to piping lovelorn ditties in praise of some cruel, stony-hearted shepherdess. But the well-known print of the tiger's royal paw recalled our manhood, and rescued us from the puling life of an Arcadian shepherd. We were once more in our element. We hugged our trusty rifle, thanking our good stars that it was no pastoral crook. And as we loosened our hunting knife in its sheath we felt that we loved the sweet spot all the better, now that we had a right to explore its beauties with the free step and roving eye of a hunter.

It was at the lower end of this beautiful valley, which derives its name from the dense jungle of wild orange and lime trees with which it is clothed, that the party from Ootacamund had pitched their tents.



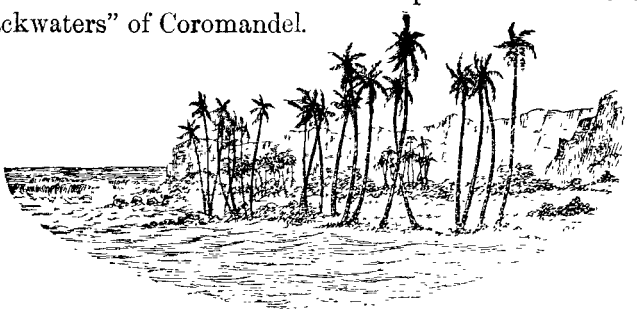
No. 153—*VIEW ON THE "BACKWATER," TRAVANCORE.*

As regards the Annamallays and associated ranges, I

have positively nothing to add to the few details given in the corresponding section of Vol. I., but a few words may be devoted to the mountains and salt lakes—or *Backwaters* as they are termed—of Travancore, which intervene between the base of these southern mountains and the sea, and form a most remarkable and picturesque feature. I reproduce one or two illustrations of them in concluding this chapter of the work.

I had a kinsman and namesake once—Colonel David Newall, of the Madras army—long "Resident of Travancore," whose name lives still in the memory of that state as an official of no mean talent; ships are still afloat on the Malabar seas which bear his name. A writer on this district (James) states that as early as 1825 he had visited a bungalow built by that gentleman on the Travancore mountains near Cape Comorin, and that it was the only point he had seen in the Indian peninsula, whence one "could behold the sun both rise and sink in the open blue ocean." Many houses of Europeans have, however, I believe, been since built on these fine mountains.

These lagoons contain fairy-like scenery, and as one glides in one's boat along their placid surface one can sometimes hear the thunder of the surf outside the thin barrier of drift sand or cocoa-nut trees within a few yards. I have witnessed and heard similar phenomena on the "backwaters" of Coromandel.

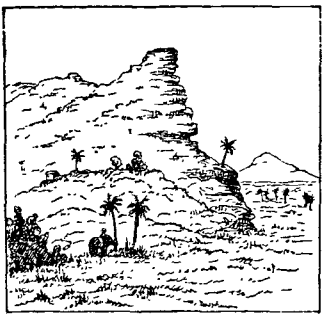


No. 154—*LATERITE CLIFFS NEAR WURKULLY, COROMANDEL COAST.*

CHAPTER 2.

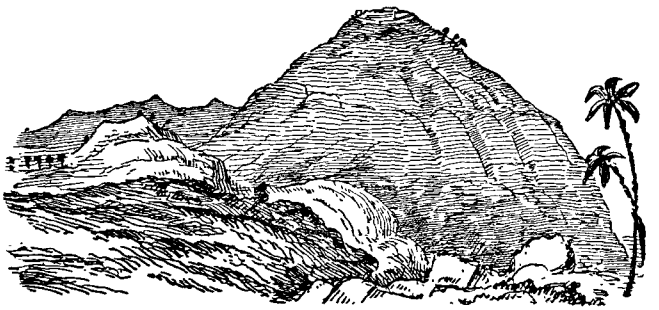
The Balaghaut, Mysore, Coorg, Canara, etc., with a notice of the "Droogs" of Mysore—The Falls of Gairsuppah and Cascades of the Balaghaut—Falls of the Cauvery.

THE author's actual experience of this province, and of the districts above mentioned, is confined to one or two peeps into the Wynaad from the edge of the koondahs or Nilgherry plateau, with a subsequent journey across Mysore as far as Bangalore. This route takes one across the plateau, by way of Mysore city and Seringapatam, near which is found *Chittel-droog*, almost the only "droog" actually ascended by myself, though I have viewed others in the distance.



No. 155—*Hyder's Drop, Mysore.*

A notice of these interesting "islands of the plain" has been given in the corresponding section of Vol. I., and a description given of this fortress, as also of Severndroog,



No. 156—*SAMPLE OF A SOUTHERN DROOG.*

Nandydroog, Kistnagherry, Rydroog, etc., so it scarcely seems expedient here to recapitulate, beyond reproducing, as typical illustrations, samples of a southern hill-fort, the more especially as I have no sort of adventure to give regarding any of them. I have said of them:



No. 157—*SUNKERY-DROOG; gneiss hill pierced by granite in foreground.*

"As one approaches the Western Ghauts, hill fortresses "abound, many of them of great natural strength, but a "description of one nearly applies to all. The character- "istic 'droog' (or dūrga), however—an insulated peak "rising abrupt from the terre-plein to the altitude of "1000, 1,200, or even 1,500 feet—is not found further "north than the Toomboodra; they then give place to the "flat-topped plateaux and buttressed rocks of the Dekhan "(to be described further on). Doubtless such points of "vantage early attracted the notice of the savage abori- "gines inhabiting these lands. The 'Vánapootras' (child- "ren of the forest), followed by the hordes of Aryans, Mah- "rattas, and Mahomedans—even Hánumân himself, the "demi-god monkey-king—may have scaled these precipi- "tous peaks, and there offered sacrifices to the earth-god- "dess (Dūrga). Originally points of veneration, they must "soon have offered the additional attraction of military "security to the inhabitants, and from time to time chiefs "seized upon them as the centre of their predatory war- "fare, each adding defensive works. Perhaps before the "dawn of the Christian era most of these points may have

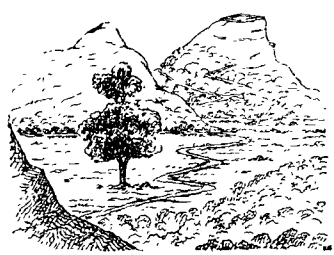
"been occupied by belligerent tribes. The Mahrattas "seized on many of them; added to and strengthened "their works; and were, in fact, dominant throughout "Mysore and the Balaghaut till the rise of Hyder Ali in "the eighteenth century. That leader doubtless expug- "nated them from many, and the British, coming after, "completely effected their subjugation. Most of them "are now deserted and in ruins, and exhibit a sample of "a state of things passed away for ever."

As a curious feature of Canara, the Falls of the Surnavâti, at "Gairsuppah," may be mentioned. These are amongst the most wonderful cascades in the world. The chief fall is 880 feet in perpendicular altitude. Another—"The Roarer"—plunges into a deep cavern behind the grand fall; and "The Rocket" and "Dame Blanche" are adjacent cascades; the whole forming an ensemble almost unique in waterfalls. The Falls of the "Tadree," from the same watershed in Canara, are also remarkable cascades. Whilst on the subject, the Cataract of the "Gâtpoorba," a tributary of the Toomboodra river near "Gokauk," may also here be mentioned as a wonderful sight of south-west India," but the Falls of the Cauvery are, of course, the best known of the cascades of Mysore. They are situated in an island above Seringapatam, near an ancient city called Gunga Raya, in the midst of a jungly rocky district in which much game is found. My old friend, J.B.,* alluded to as an old Indian shikari in the last chapter, had many anecdotes of the country above them, in which he had shot tiger, bison, and sambur, galore. I was, in fact, induced by his accounts to endeavour to visit them as I passed across the Mysore plateau. I turned off accordingly

* Colonel John Babington, Madras Artillery.

from a point near Seringapatam, but the road I followed degenerating into a mere sandy track, in which my gharry was threatened with utter dissolution, I lost the way, and —my time being short—I had to return *re-infecta* by another route, which brought me again at last into the main road beyond Chittel-droog. These falls have, however, been pleasantly described by others, and if I can, ere closing this section of my subject, find the passage I will give it in an appendix.

With these words I must conclude these few remarks on this interesting country, and pass across the river Toomboodra into Mâhârâshtrâ, where the "droogs" give place to the flat-topped plateaux and buttressed rocks of the Dekhan.



No. 158—*DISTANT VIEW OF NUNDY-DROOG, MYSORE.*

SECTIONS XIII. AND XIV.

MAHARASHTRA AND CENTRAL INDIA.

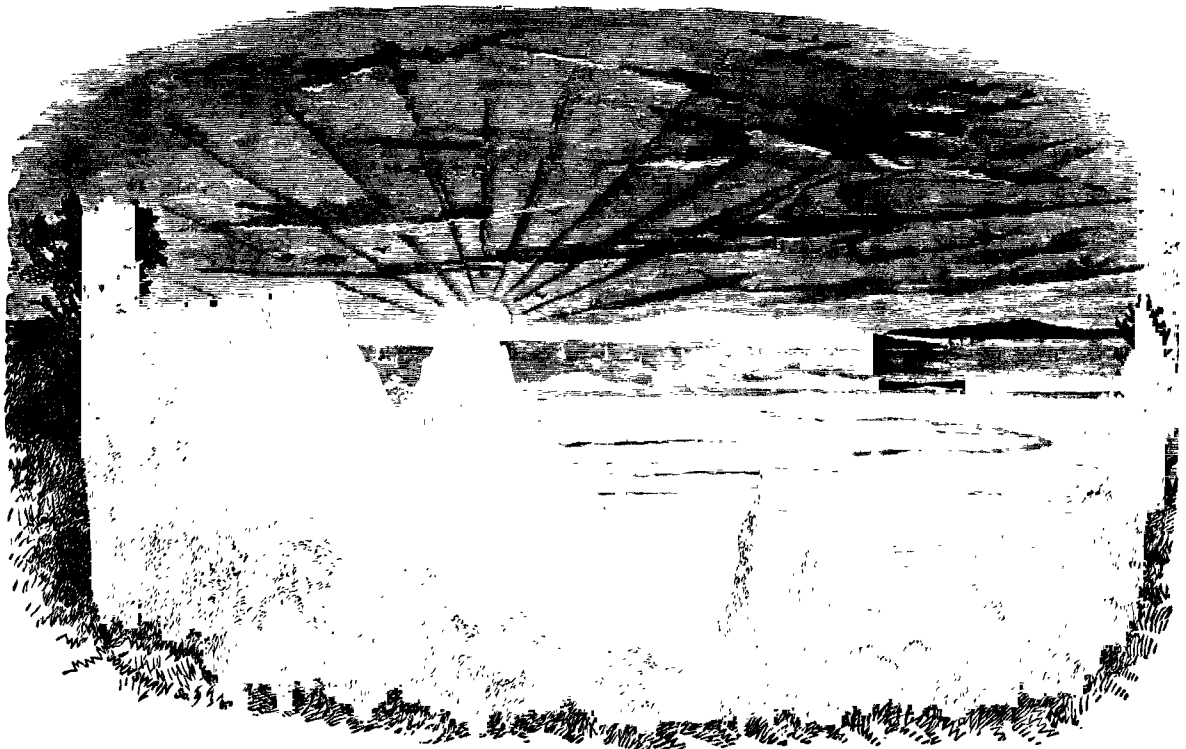
CHAPTER 1.

The Western Ghauts (Syhoodria or Sáhyâdri Mountains), Máhábuléshwár, Mahteran—Pertabghur—A Sporting Trip to the Dekhan by Raighur—A Day's Walk on the Western Ghauts—A notice of the Hill Forts of the Dekhan—The Watersheds of the Godavery, Krishna, and Nerbudda.

MAHARASHTRA, the land of Seevajee and the Mahrattas, conjures up vivid scenes of romantic history such as the writer of picturesque annals might well turn to account for an historical romance. The rise of "Seevajee"—the mountain rat—is in itself the history of the highland ridges and hill-forts of Mâhârâshtrâ—"the land of forts." It well merits the appellation, as it has been estimated to contain upwards of one thousand forts from the Tapti to the Toomboodra. On this subject enough has probably been said in Vol. I., and it is not proposed here to attempt more than the reproduction of a few views taken during my cursory visits to this country side.



No. 159—*PERTABGHUR, from Mahabuleshwar.*

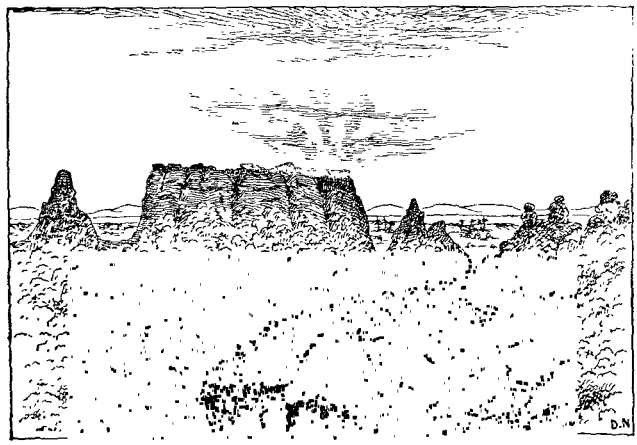


XXVIII.—*VIEW FROM THE WESTERN GHAUTS, MAHTERAN.*

On the Western Ghauts—the Syhoodria or Sáhyâdri Mountains as termed by the Hindoos—the stations of Máhábuléshwár and Mahteran have afforded me such views, each of which embraces a fortress characteristic of these marches—Pertabghur and Raighur. These forts each possess a history illustrative of old Mahratta life and times; abbreviated descriptions of which have been already given; in fact, an ample notice of the "Hill Forts of the Dekhan" may be found in Vol. I., "Highlands of India," pages 173—84.

Pertabghur was the scene of the "wâgnuk" murder by Seevajee of Afzul Khan in 1659, and so associated with his rise to power, whilst Raighur was his regal residence after attaining it.

These few words, together with the few other incidental notices of Dekhan forts interspersed in the text, may, perhaps, here be accepted by the reader as sufficient.



No. 160—*FORT OF RAIGHUR IN THE CONCAN, from the Western Ghauts.*

In regard to the game and sport to be found in this district, I will now supplement this very brief notice of an

interesting subject by the experiences of a brother—the author of the "Eastern Hunters"—who early in life explored and hunted these countries, especially the district of the Concan subtending Raighur, to which I have alluded. I am privileged to reproduce his sporting sketch, kindly written at my request, as follows,—

SKETCH OF A TRIP

FROM BOMBAY TO THE DEKHAN

by Rayghur (Raighur).

MANY years ago—so many, indeed, that the bloom, which gave brightness and glow to those happy expeditions of early manhood has faded, and left nought but the dry and withered facts—it was my fortune, or, as I then considered it my misfortune—for I was devoted to field sports—to be a unit of the Bombay garrison.

In the month of April I was joined by a younger brother arrived from England, appointed to the artillery, and we considered that his best route to join the head-quarters at Ahmednugger lay not by the usual road, but through the Concan and the Ghauts, where bears and other game were to be had. Accordingly I obtained leave for the month of May, and with him and an old school-friend—also belonging to the Bombay garrison, and since a distinguished leader in Jacob's Scinde Horse—chartered a bunder-boat of the period, and sailed out of harbour with the tide on the afternoon after muster. The land-wind sent us briskly along that night, and next morning we opened the small river called, I think, Savitri, distant from Bombay about seventy miles, and, crossing the bar and leaving a ruined Portuguese fort on our right, reached the town of Mhai that afternoon. Thence we marched to the village of Mungroom, situated a short distance from the base of that block of mountain on which is situated the celebrated hill fort of Rayghur (Raighur), so associated with the name of the great Mahratta chief Seevajee. Viewed from our little camp it presented the appearance of a huge isolated mountain mass rising abruptly from the Concan level; a line of wall, with what appeared to be bastions, crowned the

scarped rock to the left; the whole upper part of the mass being similarly scarped, but with an irregular outline broken by many clefts and fissures. This precipitous wall became merged, lower down, in rounded jungle-covered slopes, and ravines; and these again in the lower hills and undulations, which extended to the track of somewhat level and cultivated lands in the vicinity of the village, and which might be termed the plain of the Concan.

We beat amongst the lower hills for a panther, whose presence had been reported to us, but without success. Having no regular professional shikaries with us, and finding that either there was but little game about—or at any rate the villagers could not show it to us—we determined to ascend the ghauts, and make the best of our way to some country above, where, in the preceding year, a party of us from Poona had killed half-a-dozen bears and some sambur. One little incident occurs to me. My young brother brought down a kite on the wing with a ball. For so young and inexperienced a sportsman this we all thought gave great promise of one who, a few years afterwards, killed tigers right and left. In the river bed at this place were some fine deep pools, and we were amused at the natives' mode of diving feet foremost into one of them.

Leaving Rayghur (Raighur) on our left, we marched up a valley to the foot of the ghauts, passing in view of several strangely shaped isolated masses of mountain, and camping that night in the neighbourhood of a few native huts. The headman brought us a "nuzzur" or gift of four hen's eggs, a scarce article in that remote locality. We drew lots as to who should become the happy possessor of the fourth egg, and I was successful; but both my eggs were bad, and each of my companions' good.

The wild mountain path up the ghauts was long, and in some parts very difficult, but we reached the upper land without any special adventure, and revelled in the pleasant change of climate from the stifling heat below. It was very marked, and we especially noticed it in the coldness of the water which, by comparison, felt ice-like. Thence we marched to the village of Mungroom, and, in the neighbouring hills, killed three bears in the course of the following eight days. The death of two of these is perhaps worthy of being recorded. Two bears were marked down in a tract of thick jungle with some open patches on the slope of the

hill to one side. In positions covering these my brother and I were posted, while our friend commanded a ravine above. Soon after the beat commenced we saw the bears moving in the jungle, but refrained from firing, and were shortly rewarded for our self-restraint by seeing both of them charge out across one of these open patches in our direction. It was the day of muzzle-loaders, and we quickly put in our four barrels. The leading bear fell dead, the second, hard hit, rose on his hind legs and then fell on his prostrate companion, clawing at it and roaring vigorously. It then made off back to the jungle, and having reloaded, we followed, and soon came upon it lying dead.

We shortly after marched to Poona, en route passing near the fort of Singhur, another of those renowned hill-forts with which the name of Seevajee is so intimately associated.

The linguistic limits of Mâhârâshtrâ extend across the Nerbudda to Oojein on the north, and I have therefore associated the watersheds of the Nerbudda and Tapti as Chapter 2 of this section. On the south the linguistic line may be considered to extend as far, perhaps, as Bejapoor and the Toomboodra.

The Western Ghauts, or Syhoodria Mountains, extend *geologically* in fact as far as Cape Comorin from north of Bombay. The whole of the littoral of the Malabar coast is, with one great break—that of Ponanny, near the Nilgherry plateau—one continuous range. The two points selected—Máhábuléshwár and Mahteran—may be taken as examples of the sort of hill-stations these mountains contain, and the view from them of the lower hills subtending assuredly warrants their being considered "Highlands of India." I regret that my knowledge of them does not suffice to supply hunting experience beyond the occasional glimpse of a kakur deer or two, seen during my rides about, and the bag of a few jungle fowl shot during my morning walks on these mountains. I will here, however, give what I may term "A Day on the Western

Ghauts," as a fair exemplar of a day's work during the fortnight in which I resided upon them, viz., about a week at each.

A DAY'S WALK ON THE WESTERN GHAUTS.

AFTER an early breakfast let us suppose the author and a young companion—M. of the Bombay artillery—starting for a good day's walk on the ghauts, the edge of the Syhoodria mountains overlooking the Concan. Passing along the arches of the forest, under the knarled and twisted trees which guard the entrance to "Tiger Walk," we thread the "leafy shades" which intervene between the station of Máhábuléshwár and the edge of the plateau —some two miles, if my memory serves—by the circuitous jungle path we adopt. The track leads through dense undergrowth, on which the dews of morning still



No. 161—*TIGER WALK, MAHABULESHWAR.*

glisten in the early sunbeam, and amidst which the occasional rush or scurry of some sylvan creature evidences life in the otherwise silent jungle. We emerge on to some extensive clearings, on which a fine description of potato, quite celebrated in Western India, is grown. Soon, however, we turn north, where we strike the edge of the ghauts, whose basaltic cliffs tower over the lowlands of the Concan above which they rise 3000 feet or more. What a view! The rolling Concan with its varied features is spread at one's feet like a map projected on orthographic scale, lit by the glory of the morning sun just risen above the mountains of the north east. The long shadows are to the left. We pause and gaze on the magnificent panorama; soon, however, pursuing our path along the winding crest of the bluff, we turn the tortuous river, which, rising under the cliffs of the Syhoodrias, winds through the reaches of the Concan close under the flat plateau which holds the ruins of "Pertabghur," that historical fortress alluded to at page 392.

Near the bluff where we stand juts forth the spur on which is found that fatal point from which some fair girl —an English lady I believe—either dazed or rendered giddy by the fatal fascination of the abyss, precipitated herself. I do not rightly know the exact particulars, but of the general truth of the legend there seems no question, and no doubt the term "Louisa point" still preserves the name of the unfortunate heroine of this sad event.

We gaze long at the noble view, and take sketches both pictorial and mental of the surroundings. A few jungle fowl may have fluttered across our path as we emerged from the forest, or a mountain jackal slinking home from his prowl above the ghauts may perhaps be seen stealing down towards his lair under the basaltic cliff; or even a kakur (barking deer) be viewed as he dashes out of the

forest towards the grass-clothed broken "kudd." A few mountain birds—dwellers of the crevices or long grass and seul, which clothes the sides of the Syhoodria—may be noticed and heard down the slopes; and, level with us as we stand on the ridge 3000 feet above the low country subtending us, the eagle of the ghaut may be descried poised in mid air over the Concan, looking out for his morning's prey; or the osprey may be made out towards the sea, which glitters over the date-palm-tufted hills in the far horizon.

But the day grows hot apace! we must push on, having miles to cover yet ere we reach our contemplated midday halting place! We resume our walk along the crest of the ghauts, over whose inland plateaux, grassy roads—marked out by parallel stones at intervals by the early engineers of those hill-stations—lead us over miles of country of varied interest. My companion having engagements in the station returns to Máhábuléshwár, leaving me to pursue my solitary walk. Leisurely do I saunter along, resting at intervals to note the surroundings—a delightful experience this of new mountains and points of interest fresh to my knowledge! I need scarcely detail, or even endeavour to further describe the grand views opening out at every step from this magnificent speculum or standpoint. They will suggest themselves to the reader. It needs no word-painting to clothe such outlines in light and shade and colour! The words of Lucretius, that philosophic lover of the picturesque; or of old Longinus—he of the "sublime and beautiful"—could not but occur to one, and paraphrases of their words, mixed, however, with the thoughts of more modern poets, perhaps more true to nature than even those ancient worthies, for, indeed, the appreciation of nature, for its own sake, seems a modern development.

After a long—shall I say philosophic—walk, extended to the north of the plateau into the late afternoon, I had to return towards the station, and turning inland towards the little village of Máhábuléshwár, which is two or three miles to the north-west of it, find myself, as "evening shadows fall," within the precincts of the temple and tank which encloses the head spring of the great river Krishna (or Kistnah as the maps have it). Arrived here about sunset, I am fain to rest a wee, and consider the birthplace of the great river, which, issuing from this inland slope of the Syhoodrias, so near to the Western Ocean, traces its way through such varied scenes, till it finally falls into the Bay of Bengal, seven hundred miles or more from the little pool on the brink of which I stand.

Moralists have likened the course of a great river to that of a human life; and there are, no doubt, points of analogy apt to the hand of the poet in the idea: some such thoughts were evoked in the author on viewing the Jhelum in Cashmere, and may be found at page 38 of this volume, but he has stood on many river sources in his day! Much might be written on the career of the Krishna; from its cradle on the Syhoodria slopes the river winds down the beautiful wooded vale of Waee under the reverse bluff of Máhábuléshwár, laving with its waters Waee and its time-hallowed temples round the base of the Pussurni Ghaut—whence one ascends to Máhábuléshwár,—winds under "Pandoghur," alluded to in the last chapter as the abode of the errant Pandaus, thence "passes on south, to fulfil its destiny of watering a vast tract of country, to its debouchment into the Indian Ocean on the Coromandel coast," watering many a famous city and fertile field,—through many a dreary reach of arid scrub and deadly jungle, and stony chasm! Enough! It has escaped from our exact subject, "The Highlands," and from them it has rushed to the far south.

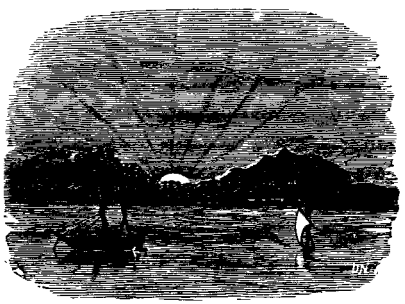
Leaving the "khoond" (spring-head), where a poorly kept shrine is served by a few aged Brahmins, I wait till the cool shades of evening have sobered the landscape, and then stroll back across the inward slopes of the mountain to a meditative pipe and "mine ease at mine inn," at the travellers' bungalow or rest-house in the station.

The above little sketch of a day's walk at Máhábuléshwár might be supplemented by a somewhat similar day's outing at Máhteran, which I visited still earlier in life—in the days when the forest about it was far more striking than at Máhábuléshwár, in addition to an equal or even more beautiful outlook over the Concan subtending it. Here, also, I enjoyed some glorious early morning strolls, gun in hand. A few kakur deer, jungle fowl, and spur fowl, of both the true and spangled variety, were at that time to be found on the plateau and amongst the surrounding woods, and I recollect many shots at them, with tolerable success. The *walk*, however, was the early sportsman's chief reward, and the views from the bluff of Máhteran are, to my thinking, even finer than those from lofty Máhábuléshwár. One finds the same rolling palm-dotted Concan, with its ruined forts; and here fantastic peaks of weather-worn disintegrated laterite alternate with the basaltic axis of the buttress cliff itself. The view of the western littoral comprises the Bassein roads, dotted with many a sail and native craft, and the distant glimpses of Bombay harbour with its tufted islands and palm-date studded coast. The coast line may hence be traced as far as the Balasore roads, a "lovely island-stud-"ded littoral of tufted bluffs, bays, islands, and palm-"covered promontories. Here detached laterite and other "rocks crop out like pyramids, and form fantastic gables

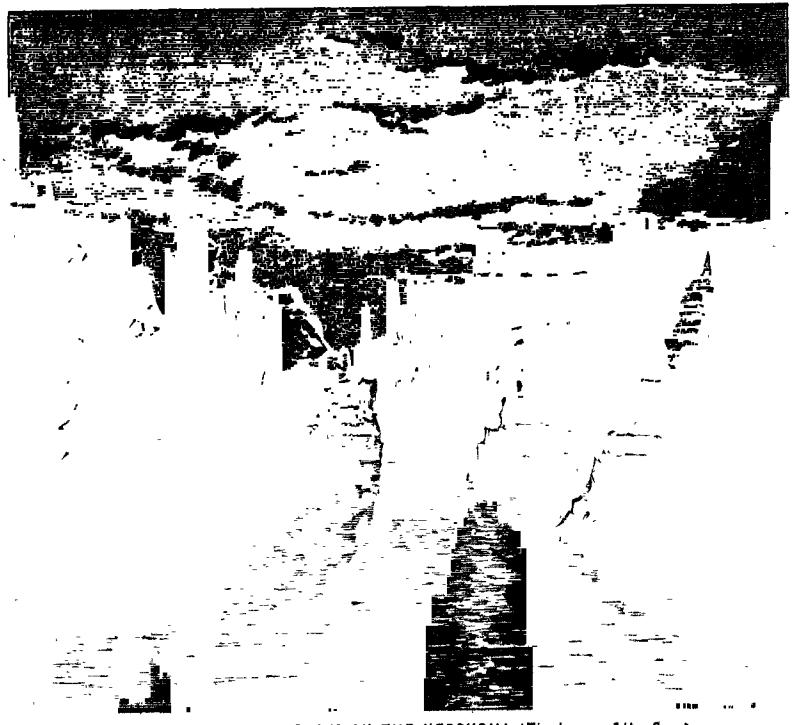
"towards the setting sun—a weird sight, when the grey "evening shadows are creeping over the landscape, and "the fiery disc of the sun is sinking behind the flat-topped "hills of the Concan into the Western Ocean!"

The sketches given will supplement the slender material I have been able to reproduce on this subject, and the reader must be referred to the corresponding section in Vol. I., where the "Hill-forts of the Dekhan" have been treated of at some length, and their military features dwelt on.* Mention may, perhaps, be made here of Singhur, Torna, Amberkhind, Mander Deo, and of the hill of Pandoghur, near Waee, celebrated as the place of residence of the erratic Pandaus, of whom we have so many traces throughout the "Highlands of India."

* Vol. I., page 113 *et seq.*



No. 102—*BOMBAY HARBOUR.*

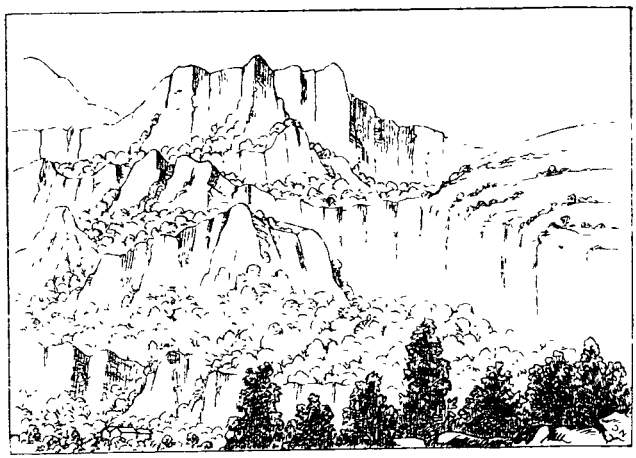


XXIX.—*THE MARBLE ROCKS ON THE NERBUDHA (The home of the Bees).*

CHAPTER 2.

The Vindhya, Sathpoora, and Kymore Hills—Pachmari and the basins of the Nerbudda, Tapti, and Godavery —The Plateaux of Omerkantuk and Seöni—The Watershed of Central India—Bhîma, the Pandau.

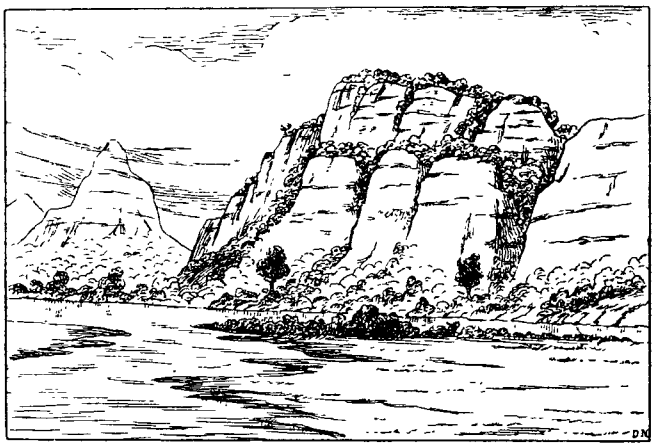
IN Chapter 2 of this section the reproduction of a few sketches must suffice, as the author—except as a traveller passing through the country—has no sufficient experience to warrant a detailed picturesque description. A glance at the Nerbudda and its "marble rocks," a fairy-like scene as viewed by us, both from land and boat, one



No. 163.—*THE PACHMARI ESCARPMENT.*

moonlit evening. Lower down, where the sacred river cuts the Mahadeo hills, is the great scarp of *Pachmari*. Still further west, towards the sea, the rugged Vindhyas, with their fantastic crests and pinnacles, and bastions, on which the remains of decayed fortresses attest the esti-

mation in which this line of wild acclivities was held by warring races of old. Sketches of such points will convey the only further impression I can give of this region beyond the curt notice to be found in Vol. I. of these and the associated mountains and rivers of Mâhârâshtrâ.



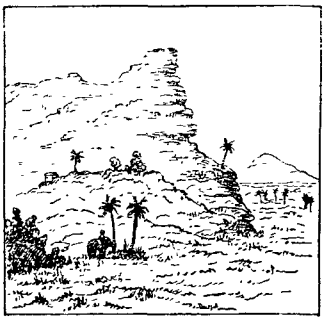
No. 164—*ON THE RIVER NERBUDDA,---VINDHYA MOUNTAINS.*

Once, however—in days before the completion of the Bombay and Agra line of rail rendered the two termini, Nâgpore and Jubbulpore, things of the past—did the author himself pass across the Seöni plateau which divides them. Leaving Nâgpore in the afternoon of Christmas eve, 1869—that year of famine—and accompanied by his wife, the author committed himself to the tender mercies of a dâk gharry, and set his face to the east. Passing the cavalry station of Kamptee in the late afternoon, we found ourselves in the wilds of Seöni in the pale moonlight of an Indian winter. A fortunate circumstance, perhaps, as tigers have been known to walk the roads hereabouts, and even attack travellers. No such apprehension, however, occupied our minds, though we a little felt the loneliness of a Christmas eve spent in such

inhospitable regions. However, we drew up our gharry at a romantic spot on the wild mountain road, and under the clear moon of India—having a few European luxuries with us—partook of an excellent make-shift repast; and I am not sure but what we enjoyed it all the more from its irregularity and abnormal surroundings. Arriving at Jubbulpore during the night, we next day visited the "marble rocks," enjoying a second vision of moonlit landscape at that picturesque reach of the Nerbudda, a sketch of part of which is presented at the head of this chapter of the section. Marble in its primitive state is here. A night later, the *Taj* at Agra—that "dream of marble," as it has been called—completed our enjoyment of the moon of December, 1869. There are points in life to which memory reverts with much satisfaction, and I am often led to recollections of this particular moonlit journey with softened interest.

Lower down the country, along the valley of the Sône, the *Kymore* Hills, a branch of the Vindhyas, extend nearly to the Ganges. Radiating from Omerkantuk and the watershed plateau of Central India, they are at first upwards of 2000 feet in altitude; rugged, forest-covered, here full of game. The great old ruin of Rhotásghur may be instanced as a wonderful enceinte of crenalated rampart, enclosing an area of not less than twenty-five miles, or more, in circumference, within which—as also in the circumjacent jungles—game of various kinds abound; spotted deer are especially numerous, and where they are, tigers are sure to follow en suite. The steep cliffs of the Kymore bound the river basin of the Sône, in whose waters *mahaseer* and *murrul* abound, and trout-like fish of the genus ciprinidæ.

As regards the Central Indian plateau quoted at the head of this chapter, the reader may be referred to



No. 165—*Powerghur Hill, Vindhyas, from the valley of Sooki.*

"The Highlands of *Central India*," by Temple, and "Seöni," by Sterndale, both pleasant writers on this particular district.

To conclude this section an extract from "Tales of the Pandaus" (by a "Wandering Cimmerian"), will be given, as — though quasi-fabulous—fairly descriptive of the natural features of the "Watershed of Central India."

* * * Bhîma dwelt in Mâhârâshtrâ, in the wild Sahyâdri Mountains which bound the vale of Waee, where the hill of Pandoghur still bears the name of the errant chiefs, and where the heroes are still worshipped as ancestors in its temples.

In the land where, ages after, great Seevajee, the "Mountain Rat," led his brave Mahrattas to regain their freedom, where black basalt and red laterite cliffs crop out amidst the forests of Sahyâdri and Mâhârâshtrâ like giant pyramids athwart the deep blue sky, the Pandau brethren dwelt, and brooded on the coming day which should restore their broken fortunes.

From Máhábuléshwár—great mountain of strength and power —Bhîma looked forth over the black waters of the western ocean, then just beginning to darken under the blast of the approaching monsoon, and pondered many things; and his soul kindled as he recalled to mind that the time neared in which it behoved the five Pandau brethren to return from exile and assert their rights in face of the usurping Koraus.

On his return to his castle-home one eve, the chief found awaiting him a messenger from the great Yûdishtir, his elder brother, exhorting him to repair to the hills of Kumäon, there to levy war to meet the foe after eighteen moons had sped. Whereupon he called his Pandau brethren, who dwelt with him, and consulted also the chiefs who had followed his fortunes in exile, and they had said—"First let us consult the champion Krishna, who

"haunts the banks of his loved Yamûna, but visits also the "valleys of the Godavery and Kishtna, which rush forth from "the western mountains of Inyâdri and Sahyâdri hereabouts."

At the Pussurni defile Krishna led the dance in the beautiful vale of Waee, his temporary abode, and soon the hero Bhîma found the merry champion. He spake—"I say not, brave Bhîma, "that I will assist Yûdishtír, thy melancholy brother, for Krishna "loves not sorrow and needless gloom. Seek thou first my friend "and pupil, thy brother, the valiant Arjûna, and Sediva his friend. "Who knows? he may persuade me to join thy host in arms. "But first go thou forth through the forests of Nerbudda and of "Omerkantuk. To the south thou wilt find great Hanumân and "the Vânapûtras—children of the forest. Seek thou the advice "and the alliance of great Hanumân, the friend of Râma!"

In the wild forests which clothe the banks of the sacred Godavery—holiest of rivers—southward of Goondwâna, in the densest shades, dwelt the Vânapûtras (children of the woods), Bheels, Goonds, or Sánthâls. Of these wild tribes great Hanumân was king. Whether *he*, the ally of Râma—since worshipped as the Monkey-Deity—or his descendant, the legend telleth not; though a demi-god may well be credited with longevity, and have lived the ten generations since great Râma lived on earth. Be it so: what then? An aged warrior chief, whose age exceeded that of man, and who had fought in the wars of Lankapoora and Singhâla, centuries before the epoch of Yûdishtír, still lived on earth. Therefore the war-chief Bhîma sought his aged kinsman in the deep forest solitudes, where he dwelt, to consult him as to the forthcoming war against the Koraus. The aged chieftain's country extended from the wild west mountains of Súgriva and Carnata, even to Omerkantuk and the eastern mountains of Vindhya, of Seöni and of Goomeh. Originally commander-in-chief of the armies of the Toombudra and of Carnata, since the war great Hanumân had seized the kingdom, and establishing a sylvan monarchy, now ruled the wild tribes of the south from sea to sea.

In a remote tangle of hills his stronghold reared its turrets above the forest; the approaches, unknown save to the sons of the wilderness who served the chief, were guarded by fierce Vânapûtras—called like their chief also Hanumâns—monkeys of the

wilderness; such as they doubtless seemed to their more civilized allies, the proud and high-born Rajpoots of the north, descended from the Sun and Moon: but ever unsubdued, these children of the forest, and a terror both to friend and foe!

Arrived at Omerkantuk, great Bhîma paused, set up his tent, and sought an oracle from the shrine of Dûrga on its summit. The goddess spake:—"O Pandau! advance on the meridian of "Oojein 45 koss s.w., till Canopus gleams at sunset over the "lofty sandal tree which impends over the sacred stream of Ma-"hanuddie; thence turn west, and take thy bow; discharge "three arrows successively over the lofty tree with thine utmost "strength, oh Vrikódâm,* and on the spot where the furthest "falls, seek further guidance to the presence of great Hanumân."

The chief advanced according to the oracle, and on the third day at even found the omens good. Arrived, he drew the bow, and the arrows whistled through the leaves of the sacred neem-tree. Lost to sight in air the arrows sped, and each fell ten furlongs beyond the last, two koss within the forest shades. To this day the Pandau's bow-shot is shewn to the sons of the stranger who visit those deep shades.

* A name of Bhima, signifying "great eater."



No. 166—*THE MAHADEO OR PACHMARI HILLS FROM THE SOUTH, showing the great escarpment.*



XXX.—*THE ROCK OF GWALIOR, FROM THE "BUND" AT MORAR.*

SECTION XV.

RAJASTHAN.

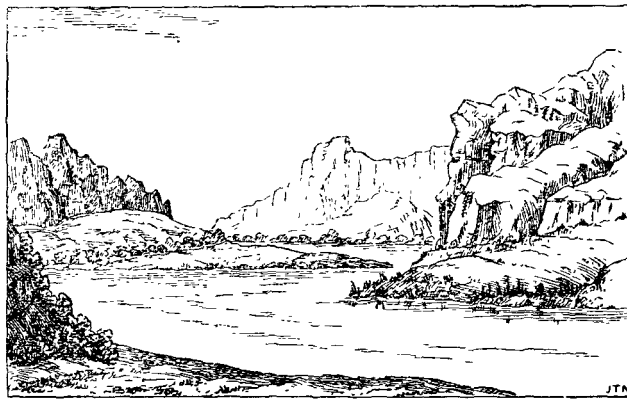
The Vindhyas to the Aravellis—The Uper-mâl and the Rocks of Rajpootana, etc.—Mount Aboo and the Aravellis—Gwâlior—A Ride along the Aravellis.



No. 167—*Temple at summit of Mount Aboo (Gooru-Sikur).*

A TRIANGLE, whose base rested on the Vindhya Mountains—properly so called, along the valley of the Nerbudda, and whose apex would be near Jaipore or Ajmere, would comprehend a tableland roughly embracing Malwa—enclosed by mountain ranges called the "Uper-mâl" (or "Highlands"), the northern point of which region is called "Kantel," and is inhabited by Bheels and Mhairs. The Harrowtie (or Mokundra) Hills, the Chitore Hills, and

others are subsidiary ranges interposed between the Vindhyas and the Aravellis, of one or either of which they may be considered offsets. Chitore, Kotah, Boondi, Jaipore, Oojein, Bonair, Ajmere, and other remarkable cities are included in this mountain track. The Chumbul and Bunáss rivers traverse it.



No. 168—*VIEW ON THE RIVER BUNASS, RAJPOOTANA.*

"Tod" is, of course, the great authority on Rajasthân, and the reader may be referred to his interesting and learned work.* The only part of the country on which the author is at all competent to write with personal knowledge is Aboo and the Aravellis as far as Ajmere, and, perhaps, Gwâlior on the east, to *Baroda* on the west at which latter place he once enjoyed an interesting day's *cheetah* hunt with the Guicowar, described at another place by a more competent companion.

As regards sport, although the author has passed through portions of this country along the marches both on its north and south, still his experience is so limited

* Tod's "Rajasthân," from which notices of a few points will be found in an Appendix to this section.

that he must trust to the pen of a talented brother*—formerly an active Assistant in the Rajpootana Political Agency—for a few notices on this district, whose salient features have been, however, succinctly described in the corresponding section of Vol. I., "Highlands of India."

A note on "Sport in Rajpootana" is accordingly given in an Appendix to this section.



No. 169—*LAKE AT MOUNT ABOO, ARAVELLIS*

Reverting to Mount Aboo, at page 205, Vol. I., are the following remarks: "In the adjacent forests—towards "Oodipore—are some very remarkable ancient cities and "temples, now for several centuries overwhelmed by "dense forest, especially 'Chandraolis' (or Chandravati†), "some twelve or twenty miles south-east of Aboo. In

* Author of the "Eastern Hunters," several scenes of which work are laid in Rajpootana.

† Chandravati was the chief city of the Pramaras,

Chitore	,,	,,	Gehlots or Seesoodias.
Anhalwára	,,	,,	Salauk (Balharas),
Kotah	,,	,,	Chohans,

Boondi (whose palace with its hanging gardens, like ancient Babylon, is still quite one of the sights of India) was the chief city of the Haras. Chitore, in its flourishing days, is stated to have comprised eighty-four castles, and the capitol of the Harihars twenty-four.

"1860 the writer of this paper hunted them up with a "line of thirty Bheels, and lived for three days in the "principal temple. It was apparently a Jain temple, and "surrounded by cloisters, in one of the cells of which we "found a half-eaten 'sambur' (deer) which had evidently "been dragged there by a tiger or leopard, whose lair it "constituted. I mention this to show the wildness of the "place, and to note the existence of large game in this "district; which, besides tigers, contains leopards, bears, "and the other usual denizens of an Indian forest."



No. 170—*DISTANT VIEW OF THE ARAVELLI RANGE.*

Well do I recollect the wild escort of Bheels, armed cap-a-pied, who accompanied me in this forest. Carrying my rifle myself as I advanced in front of the line, my only Hindoo servant having my spare gun close behind me, two henchmen (Bheels) advancing close on my right and left rear as supports, their bows strung, with arrows fitted on the string, at what may be called "full-cock." These are supposed to be devoted ones, ready to assail any impending foe, and I have no doubt would have vindicated their character as brave allies had the opportunity occurred, but during my short progress no wild beast or Bheel presented himself. "The Bheels, Vánápootras "('children of the forest' as they style themselves), are a "brave, dogmatic race of little men." The Rajpoot clans, with whom they are on jealous terms, affect to despise,

but in reality fear the little men, with whom the blow precedes the word—so unlike Indians in general—and who do not scruple to use their bow and arrows on the smallest provocation. Like many oppressed populations, they are shy and distrustful, but faithful when once their confidence is secured.

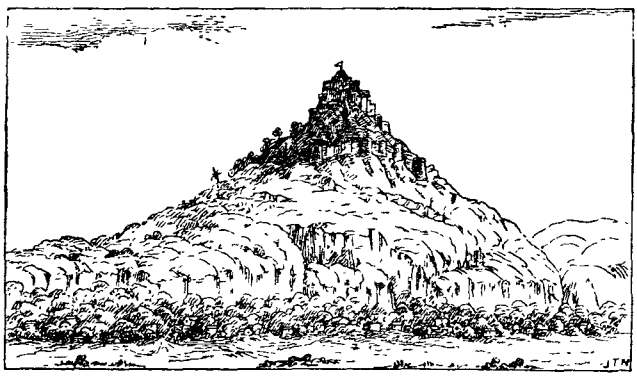
Several villages of *very wild* Bheels are found in these jungles, who will, unless the traveller be escorted by some such possé as I have introduced, let fly their arrows at strangers without any provocation whatever, in the spirit, I suppose, of the British navvie who "heaves 'arf a brick" at the stranger! On the Deesa and Aboo tracks I have heard of syces travelling along the forest road, with their masters' horses, being occasionally scared by an arrow flying across the path and quivering in a tree overhead, but it did not appear in such cases that the Bheel was actuated with a spirit of robbery or aggression, but would seem rather to be "taking a rise" out of the Hindoo syce "for a lark." So much for the Bheels of the Aravelli forests.

Taraghur, the fort which occupies the bluff of the Aravelli mountains dominating Ajmere, has been mentioned in Vol. I. Gwâlior is another vast island fortress to the south-east of this region. The rock on which it is built may, perhaps, be considered an offset of the Harrowtie or Kymore hills, both of which are, in fact, themselves offsets of the Vindhyas.

In foot note to Illustration LXIII., page 202 of Vol. I., I see the following note:—"It is essentially a feature of a "Rajpoot fort that the town or village is clustered round "the base of the rock on which it stands. In predatory "times the chief's followers would naturally seek pro- "tection under the ægis of his stronghold."

Further to the east, an example of this is presented in

the great rock fortress of Gwâlior, already mentioned, which is one and a quarter mile in length. Under each end a city has been built, that at the west end being the *luskhur* or camp of the Mahratta prince "Scindia," whose capitol it forms at the present day. These cities lie under the mercy of the guns of the fortress. It may be added that the author, whilst in command of this interesting fortress, commenced the early chapters of the present work.



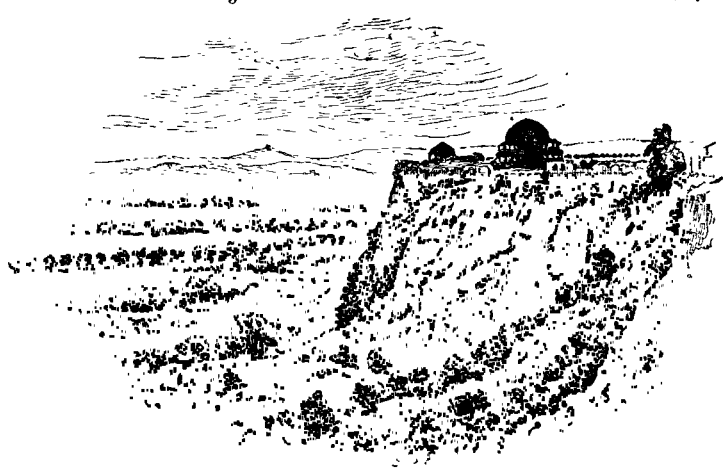
No. 171—*EXAMPLE OF A RAJPOOT FORT, BONAIR.*

A sketch of this grand isolated rock—taken from the adjacent military station of Morar—is given at the head of this chapter. It may be regarded as a part of the "Highlands of India," in that it is, as before stated, probably a geological offset of the Vindhyas. It was occupied by Rajpoots (followed by Mahomedans and Mahrattas) for nearly twenty centuries, originating in times before the Christian era.

The fire from this great fortress could sweep the whole country round for several miles, and—were its base only secured from sudden attack—is practically impregnable. The British brigade at Morar could also be protected by the fire from its ramparts, whose guns could throw shot

quite over the cantonment of Morar, and effectually dislodge any enemy occupying it, or cover the retreat of the British brigade seeking the security of its walls.

I have occasionally sat on the rampart of this fort and viewed the two brigades—that of *Morar* (commanded by my distinguished old friend, the gallant but fiery W.O.) and *Scindia's*—manœuvring within easy cannon shot of each other, and both occasionally skirmishing up to within the zone of the outworks of the fortress. I have pictured to myself what a strange "triangular duel" might result from the occurrence of combinations far from impossible, and how interesting a military position might be created by any abnormal action on the part of Scindia or his subjects under the circumstances set forth.



No. 173.—PROFILE OF THE GWALIOR ROCK ON THE SOUTH-EAST.

I have always regarded Gwâlior—with an hour's notice—as impregnable, and often thought that a few shells ranged along the crest of the parapet of my own quarters, which overlooked the main gateway, would be quite enough—aided with a slight rifle fire—to render the approach of an enemy impossible. Lighted by one's cigar,

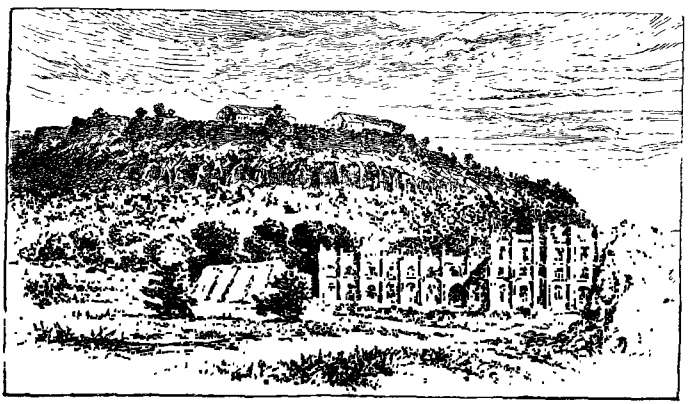
as one calmly paced the ramparts, these shells simply pushed over the rocks, would almost suffice to defend the vital point.

As regards game, the lion used to be found in this district. My old friend, Dan. R., of the engineers, being employed on survey duties about five miles from Gwâlior, about the year 1862, chanced upon a family of five lions, of which he actually bagged three or four, by the merest chance. I have not heard that the lion has been seen since in this district.

Whilst the author was commandant of the fort of Gwâlior, he made it his duty—accompanied by Lascars and a ladder—to circumambulate and examine the base of the rock, much of which lies hidden by scrub; the entire enceinte of this vast fortress externally extends to several miles, and we found in addition to strange spiral caves winding into the rock itself, and excavations containing idols—the caves of hyænas, jackals, and porcupines at places all round the base of this vast rock, whose base in many places was hidden in scrub and jungle.

This fortress possesses a history extending to a period before the dawn of the Christian era—an epitome of which is given in the index—and to the author's thinking, it is one of the most extraordinary points of archæological interest in India, containing, as it does, so many temples and structures of different epochs, illustrating the dynasties of Rajpoots, Jains, and Mahomedans, which successively reigned. Each Raja or Nâwâb seems to have added a temple, or a tank, or a bastion, an idol, or a palace to the great structure, which thus embraces an extraordinary agglomeration of architectural variety, amongst which the gigantic idols of the "happy valley," a portion of the fortress within the girdling outer walls, are not the least curious.

The author was the last European dweller amongst the decaying palaces of the north-east end of this Mahratta fortress, which, though still flying Scindia's flag, is at the present day occupied by British troops.* It commands the whole country round, and is capable of laying the Luskhur (Scindia's capitol) in ashes in a few hours if need should be, including the grand new palace lately built by Scindia, under its shadow, at the south-east angle of the fortress.



No. 173—*SCINDIA'S NEW PALACE, GWALIOR*

Some account of the Rajpoot tribes, who with Bheels, Mhairs, etc., constitute the bulk of the inhabitants, will be found in Vol. I., "Highlands of India," and I will supplement these brief and vagrant notes on Rajpootana by the following quotation from "Tod," who compares the superstitions of the Rajpoot with those of the Scythic Gote.—He says:—

Both are burned or buried in full armour, and his horse accom-

* Since the above was written the restoration of this fortress to Scindia has added still more interest to this position, and the remarks ventured on page 415 are rendered still more pertinent as bearing on its military aspect.

panied the dead warrior to his tomb. Amongst the altars on which burned the beauteous and the brave, the harpy (dhakun) or the vampire—the jigger-khore of India—stalks forth to devour the hearts of her victims. The Rajpoot never enters these places of silence but to perform stated rites, or to deposit offerings of flowers and water to the manes of his ancestors. Odin guarded his warriors' final abode from rapine by means of "wandering fires," which played around the tombs; and the Rajpoot "*shah-aba*," or wandering meteoric fires on the field of battle and in places of great sacrifice—produce a pleasing yet melancholy effect —and are the source of superstitious dread and reverence to the Hindoo, having their origin in the same natural cause as the "wandering fires of Odin," the phosphorescent salts produced from animal decomposition.

The Scandinavian rears the tumulus over the ashes of the dead; so did the Gote of the Jaxartes and the officiating priests of Hari, the Hindoo God of Battle. The tumulus is still raised in Rajpootana over the Rajpoot who falls in battle.

At Gwâlior—on the east side of that famed fortress, where myriads of warriors have fattened the soil—these phosphorescent lights often present a singular appearance. I have, with friends whose eyes this will meet, marked the procession of these lambent night fires, becoming extinguished at one place and rising at another, which, aided by the unequal locale, have been frequently mistaken for the Mahratta prince returning with his numerous torch-bearers from a distant day's sport. I have dared as bold a Rajpoot as ever lived to approach them, whose sense of the levity of my desire was strongly depicted both in speech and mien. "Men he would encounter, but not the spirits of those erst slain in battle." It was generally about the conclusion of the rains that these lights were observed, when evaporation took place from these marshy grounds impregnated with salts.

I will conclude this chapter with

"A RIDE ALONG THE ARAVELLIS."

IN April, 1861, being at Mount Aboo in Rajpootana, it became necessary for me, in order to *keep muster* of the

first of May, to return to Peshawur on the north-west frontier of the Punjaub, whence I had rushed down the preceding December, travelling day and night to attend at the sick bed of a valued brother, who had met with a terrible accident at Ajmere.

On entering Rajpootana I had travelled, by favour of the various Residents of the Rajpoot states by the *state carriages*, and had been coached in great style from Agra viâ Bhurtpore, Jaipore, and onwards. On the frontiers of the last named state I found as many as one hundred and fifty horses ready for me to "lay out" towards the capitol (Jaipore), towards which I accordingly next day continued my journey, surging through the sand, and jolting over the rugged sandy track in a *coach and six* of most primitive character. Arrived at Jaipore I found an Arab horse and an elephant placed at my disposal by the Maharajah or Resident, and by the combined action of these two animals I *did* Jaipore, visiting Amber, the ancient fortress, and the whole vicinity in great comfort. Jaipore is, I think, the best kept and handsomest town I have seen in India. However, time was valuable, and next day I pushed on in a buggy and pair to within twenty miles of Nusseerabad, where my poor brother was lying ill. At this point I found his horse ready for me to ride in on, so mounting "Lottery," off I gallopped across country. On the road I passed an immense herd of antelopes, certainly not less than two hundred in number. The herd dashed across the road a hundred yards or so in front of me, and so excited "Lottery" that he got the pull of me, and for the first (and last) time ran away with me across country in pursuit. Away we went at racing pace, and never did I have such an opportunity of observing these beautiful creatures at speed. In former days I had certainly hunted small herds, rifle in

hand, and had even cut off young fawns from the herd, but "never aught like this." After a run of two or three miles I succeeded in pulling up, and with difficulty refound the track.

"Lottery" and I had many a subsequent gallop together, but the little Arab, having been so long in lavender during my poor brother's illness, was mad for a gallop, and certainly showed me on that occasion what a plucky high-caste Arab could do in that way. He is the principal equine figure in the subsequent acts of this little sketch of "A Ride Along the Aravellis."

Having escorted my invalid brother—after a long, trying, critical illness, safe to Mount Aboo—I had to think of my return north, and accordingly decided to ride up to Nusseerabad on my brother's two horses, now, alas, useless to him—supplemented by two sowari camels for my servants and light baggage. Carrying out this project, I did the two hundred and fifty miles in five days, and never travelled more comfortably in my life. After passing Sirohi, at Pálee I found Sir George and Lady Lawrence, at whose hands I experienced much kindness, and was provisioned only two well for my subsequent voyage of four days. Sir George even pressed me to return with them to Mount Aboo, and take up my brother's appointment, which he, poor fellow, could not hope to retain under the circumstances, though actually sitting up in bed to perform the epistolary portions of his duties. I had to decline this most kind overture, and proceeded onwards.

Riding off daily before sunrise on "Lottery," I would generally cover thirty miles before the sun got very hot, always finding either a travellers' bungalow or some isolated big tree under which to breakfast. Oh! those breakfasts! how they recur again and again, and point

the Eastern traveller's itinerary. I generally rested till about three o'clock, when the remainder of the day's march—say twenty miles—could be accomplished before nightfall.

On the right the Aravellis looming close at hand all the way along the route, with many a stony spur and rugged glen impinging on the track, invited exploration had time allowed. Occasionally I did ride off the road a few miles. On the left the bare sandy marches of Jodhpoor and the desert of "Marost-háli" (the plains of death), varied, however, by an occasional village, with its tank and temple—an oasis of surrounding fertility in which peacocks roam; but occasionally such scenes were attributable to "mirage," which in these regions at times misleads the traveller.

In this way I found I could easily cover my fifty miles a day, even riding off the road as any object of interest attracted notice, my servants on the sowari camels coming along close behind at a good round swinging trot of nearly seven miles an hour, so that the baggage was always well up, and, in fact, generally arrived at our ground as soon as I did myself.

I mention all this in detail because this journey then (and since) appeared to me the "*eureka*" method of travelling in India; and I must say I never travelled so comfortably in any other way. I was enabled thus to view the northern face of the Aravellis, as my route lay all along their base, and on several occasions—both going and coming—I diverged from the track to view points of interest on the march. I will recount one such deviation.

As I approached the pass of Barr, near Beaur, I lost the road. I had remarked a fort or stronghold nestled under the hills to my right, and as it was not too far from the track I rode off towards it. The closer I approached

it the stranger did I find the surroundings, which consisted of a lonely castle enclosed by high trees and khets (fields); in fact, a considerable clearing in this arid waste, but not a soul to be seen! I rode up to the gate; still not a soul! I found my horse—the country-bred—somewhat distressed, and determined to see if I could not obtain water and fodder for him and an hour's rest. After the lapse of some time, and repeated knockings at the gate, it was at length opened by a gigantic Rajpoot, who—with a second to match—confronted me. I tried to explain who I was, why at his gate, and what I required, whereupon, locking the gate, he retreated, apparently on his reserve, within the fort, as I could both see and hear about ten other warlike Rajpoots of similar pattern inside, where a consultation was taking place. A sort of jemadar at last came forward, and after a short parley, I was admitted within the fort, and the gates closed behind me! I thought this strange. I found myself in a courtyard surrounded by buildings and lofty walls; on one side the raja's palace, subtended on the other sides by smaller buildings containing his followers, with sutler's shops and husbandman's sheds, all within the enceinte. The whole community seemed, as it were, under one roof, isolated in an extraordinary degree, and, as it were, "on guard."

At first I did not at all like the look of things; these fellows seemed to be giving themselves airs, and half inclined I thought to be rude and inhospitable, but I put a bold face on it, and demanded to see the raja. After some delay, sure enough, a very sallow, seedy-looking individual came forward, who announced himself as the "Thakoor," or his brother, I forget which. He ultimately became civil enough, furnishing my horse with a ration, and offering me fruit and a guide. So I sat about an hour, on a terrace overlooking the country, and conversed

with him, during which period I became aware of certain female twitterings from the palace behind us. I found he was a Jaipore Thakoor (noble) who had very recently been "yági" (in rebellion) to his chief, hence my strange reception. At last he became quite friendly, and offered to take me hunting and hawking with him if I would halt the next day at Barr, but as I found this impossible I bade him farewell, and rode off with a guide till the poor country nag came actually to a standstill, and it was late at night before I found my camp at Barr.

These thakoors (nobles) are often very fine fellows, and quite unspoilt by courts and toadyism to magnates; free and open in their bearing; without the slightest approach to subservience or cringing such as the town-bred native of rank, by contact with Europeans, often acquires. Jolly fellows these, who will meet you frankly and on an equality, and ride and hunt with you like an English comrade! The only complete drawback to social "rapprochement" being that they won't eat with one! although I have seen even this overcome in the case of Mahrattas, and have sat at the same table as the Guicowar and his family (sons and daughter), on which occasion fruit was served, and we all partook of it. These thakoors are generally ruined financially, and in the hands of the usurers—more's the pity—who keep them just going for credit's sake.

Near Nusseerabad I met some excellent horse-artillery friends, and we had a little antelope hunting together before I was reluctantly compelled, by time, to leave their hospitable mess, and push on my return journey, which, again, was by the raj carriages viâ Bhurtpore to Futtehpore-Sikri, Agra, and so on to Delhi, Lahore, and the Punjaub.

I made several sketches during this ride—from *horse-*

back if I am not mistaken—as explanatory of the sort of country traversed; also of Taraghur, the fort overlooking Ajmere, which crowns the bluff of the north-east axis of the Aravellis, before it breaks into several offsets.*

One other incident of this journey may be introduced. On our staging into Bhurtpore, the raja's horses being all engaged elsewhere, my carriage was *horsed*-in by camels. Two were harnessed in, each being ridden by a sowar (trooper) in boots and regimentals. These camels turned out to be only half broken, and on the road ran away with the carriage into the scrub, across which we bounded; we jolted over mounds and bushes, and I expected an upset every moment. The camels actually broke into a plunging gallop, when an exhibition of riding occurred by these sowars by far the most remarkable I ever beheld. They stuck to their camels—who were bounding along at a gallop like ships in distress—most wonderfully. I was so pleased with their pluck and riding on this occasion, which, in fact, saved us all from coming to any amount of grief, that I made them handsome presents on arriving safe at Bhurtpore, where I rested in a small corner room of the vast empty palace within the walls of that grand historical native fortress. This has, however, led us beyond the limits of the highlands of Rajpootana into the land of the Jâts, and closely approaching the land of "Krishna," and his friends the "Pandaus," touched on in other sections of this little work.

* See page 206, Vol. I.

APPENDIX 1.

NOTE ON SPORT IN RAJPOOTANA.

THAT aggregation of Native States in the north-west of India which passes under the general name of Rajpootana, comprises within its area a topographical surface as varied as its soil, and hence affords scenery and sport of an equally varied character. From the desert wastes and howling wildernesses of Jeysulmeer and Bikaneer to the rich opium and corn growing lands in the neighbourhood of Neemuch; from the heights of the Aravelly range of hills to the low-lying marshy lands of Bhurtpore, much variety of landscape and most kinds of game are to be found in one part or another.

It is many years since duty rather than pleasure led to wanderings on my part, extending to some thousands of miles, obliging me to traverse the country in various directions, and reach some parts rarely visited.

Railways and roads now enable tourists and travellers to visit the principal points of attraction; but now, as formerly, there exist numerous out of the way nooks and corners to which only the wandering official or sportsman penetrates: indeed wild and desolate tracts of country and extensive wastes of jungle exist unnoticed by anyone.

My little camp reached Singrowlie one morning in the month of April, when I was marching from Neemuch to Kotah by the jungle route, and I at once instituted enquiries, and collected some men to beat the most promising bits of jungle on spec; that is, without having any game marked down or a previous *bundobust* (arrangement) made. The points selected to be beaten were some deep bays or rocky glens which indented the front of a low range of hills which rose somewhat abruptly from the lower ground, and formed a table-land above covered with grass and jungle. Fallen rocks and jungle within these bays afforded excellent retreats for wild beasts. We actually turned out two tigers and two bears. One of the former was shot dead by a matchlock-man whom I had posted in a tree in a pass, with orders to fire powder only and turn towards me any beast break-

ing that way. The other tiger, beaten out of another bay, went away in the distance without being shot at. Of the bears, one got away on the opposite side of the bay after he had, with his companion, chased a party of the men, and smashed a tom-tom thrown away in their flight. The other eventually came to my side and I severely wounded him, but he escaped, as night was drawing on and we could not follow him. This was a pretty good show of game for a beat on spec, and illustrates its abundance in some of the remotest parts of the country.

Mount Aboo, which, in its highest point—the peak of Gooroo-Sikur—rising to above 5000 feet, is a sanitarium and pleasant summer residence, and amidst its rocks, and on its jungle-covered sides, game of various descriptions is to be found. Bears are there, but seldom seen. Sambur are frequently shot. Tigers roam about, but having no fixed residences, are very difficult to mark down on those wild and wide hillsides. But the hill dominates a rugged and broken country below, where the sportsman has a better chance of being brought face to face with his game, especially at a few miles distance to the southward.

My shikari had brought me word one day of a family of tigers which made some caves in a rugged hill their abiding place during the day, so I sent on a tent and rode down the hill to a village in the vicinity of their whereabouts. I had been lucky enough to get hold of an elephant for the occasion, which was the only one on which I have ever had the opportunity of shooting tigers from, my other experiences being on foot, trees, rocks, etc. It belonged to the Guicowar of Baroda, and was a fine shikar tusker. I took measures by sending bodies of men out very early, and tying strips of cloth in the frequented paths of the tigers, to keep them from their fastness in the hill after their nightly prowlings, and out in the open jungle. These measures were successful, and I had the satisfaction of learning one morning that at least three tigers were lying in the jow (bastard cyprus) jungle in the dried-up bed of a river near their haunt. The elephant was rather insubordinate, approaching, indeed, that state called *must*, which a day or two afterwards necessitated his being chained on the spot. He condescended, however, to let me mount, and I was soon on the spot where a number of men were assembled on a high bank, keeping watch and ward between the caves and the river bed,

having harboured the tigers in a large patch of jow. I was descending the bank into this when I detected a tiger apparently lying down, with its head raised looking straight at me, within twenty yards. I called to the mahout to stop, and aimed straight at the head, which, indeed, was the only portion of the animal I saw. Not a sound or a movement responded to my shot: the head disappeared, that was all. We circled round, a little cautiously, and found the tiger quite dead, shot through the brain. It was a young and lanky animal, but full grown in height.

I continued on, and within a few minutes another and smaller tiger broke from the patch and gave me a smart shot as it crossed a bit of open. Some said it was hit, but whether that was so or not, I never saw it again. We still advanced, and shortly came upon the third and largest tiger, who was on the move. I saw him sitting on his haunches, listening in the jungle with his back towards us. I think the beasts were "gobra"—puzzled and bewildered at the row, and by being kept from their usual resting-place. At any rate, before he seemed to realise his position or our vicinity, I put in a sharp right and left ere he bolted. We knew he was badly wounded and lame: indeed I sighted him several times without being able to get a shot, but he led us a pretty dance for hours, in and about the river and on its jungle-covered banks. At last, towards evening, he was seen by some lookouts to steal into a wide patch of jow, into which I followed him. We must have passed close to him without seeing him, for he broke from behind us after we had passed, and dashed away to our rear. I was soon round on his tracks, and again he went off, this time across my front, at full roar and gallop, and I rolled him over like a hare. Up again in a moment; he at last summoned courage to charge. This he now did with dash and vigour, and I doubled him up at the foot of the elephant as the latter screamed and swerved. The game was now pretty well over, but it took another shot to put the finishing stroke, and admit of our handling a large and very heavy male tiger. My first shot had gone through the loins, and, penetrating the body, was lying in the loose skin in the centre of the belly. It was wonderful how much he had done after such a wound. My second shot had gone through one of the hind feet, which accounted for his lameness.

I had several other little affairs with tigers and bears during my residence in Rajpootana, but I never had time to form or join any actual hunting expedition for a lengthened period. Mine were mere casual encounters, when marching on expeditions of a few days only in that country.

But not alone for *big game* is Rajpootana a happy hunting ground. Sambur and cheetul are numerous in some parts, and pigs abound, and in some places—where there is fair riding ground—afford fine sport to the pig-sticker. The neighbourhood of Oodipore, Jodhpore, Jeypore, Kotah, Nusseerabad, and Neemuch present such, and I have taken, and seen taken by others, several "first-spears" in some of those districts. The last boar whose trophies I ever gained was hunted in the scrubby jungle and among the high prickly pear hedges, a few miles from Oodipore, and a fine pair of tusks he had.

Antelope in great numbers are to be found in the plains, and most descriptions of small game, in their season, in the cultivated country. In these plains a great feature—and a striking and picturesque object—is often afforded by the stronghold of some petty chief perched on a mass of rock or rugged hill rising from the plains. The large forts of the more important chieftains are also of interest, and these are numerous, both in the hills and plains.

Another remarkable feature of the country—especially in Meywar or Oodipore—is the size and beauty of the tanks, or more properly speaking lakes, for though for the most part the result of artificial draining, many of them are large sheets of water several miles round. When travelling with the camp of the Governor-General's agent for Rajpootana after the great Agra Durbar held by Lord Canning after the mutiny, we camped for some time on the bend of one of these rivers at Kunkrowlie, and enjoyed excellent sport there. Wild geese, ducks, and waterfowl of many kinds, and snipe were abundant.

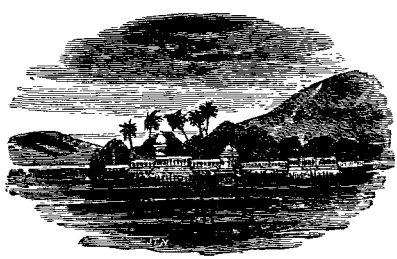
The country is varied and pretty where the hills impinge on the plain, and the bund on which we were camped was a structure which might be considered a work of art as well as a massive specimen of utility. It is built, or rather faced, with white marble. Noble flights of steps lead from the water to the raised terrace which forms the bund. This stretches from hill to hill, a distance

of some hundreds of yards, and intercepts the flow of the water. Between these flights of steps are abutments, each surmounted by a little marble pleasure or summer house. Temples, too, and priestly edifices, extend along the shore a little further on.

Sport was our relaxation, and generally obtained only after office work was over, or on the morning march; but I see from my notes that in the course of forty-seven days—on which one or more of our party, up to eight, shot—we killed seventeen brace of wild geese, two hundred and seventy-eight brace of ducks of various kinds, three hundred and forty-four couple of snipe, and a number of quail, partridge, and hares, together with a few extras such as the large sand grouse, bitterns, curlews, a few jungle and water fowl, one bustard, eleven antelopes, and two chikore.

Mahaseer abounded in this lake, but were tabooed to the English sportsman in the neighbourhood of the temples, being protected and fed by the Brahmins there. Great fat fellows up to thirty and forty pounds weight were to be seen crowding and hustling one another as they came to be fed. It was only in the remotest parts that our rods could be used, and then we killed many mahaseer of smaller size, and murrel, both excellent eating.

Rajpootana, in fine—though in so many parts desolate and sparsely inhabited—is a country which, to the lover of sport and scenery, is replete with interest. I speak not here of our relation to it historically, politically, or socially.



No. 174—*LAKE OF OODIPORE.*

APPENDIX 2.

NOTES ON RAJPOOTANA.

A FEW points of interest chiefly noted by "Tod" in his "Rajasthân," are here introduced as follows:—

Kangra is equivalent to "battlements," and is a generic word for any stronghold.

Thul=arid or sterile land.

Viraj-'hamp, or the "Warrior's Leap," is on the pass to the Uper-mâl, near Chitore.

Bhîma's temple in the Mokundra pass.

The *Oodisagur*, or lake at the head of the river Bunáss; *Perhola* being the parent lake. Tod notes measurement of a *trout* caught in the river Bunáss—weight seventy-three rupees (about two pounds), seventeen inches long, nine inches in girth. This may interest piscatorial readers. I myself have caught mahaseer and *dace* near Gwâlior in Rajpootana.

The *Pathar*=the tableland of the Uper-mâl. The Nasairah pass leads on to it.

The Palace and hanging gardens of Boondi have been mentioned in a foot note (page 411).

Falls of the *Chumbul* in the forest of Puchail.

Mokundra (Krishna) an equivalent of Dwar-ka-nauth=the pass or portal of Deity.

The temple of *Barolli*, near Mokundra, and of *Mymâl*.

The above amongst other points of interest are noted by Tod. The temples on Aboo have been alluded to in the text, and an illustration of a fragment of one given (No. 167). The original work must, however, be consulted for anything like an account of the numerous objects of interest to be viewed throughout Rajpootana, the very nidus of the ancient Takshak or Ophite race, which preceded Rajpoots as dominant.

"Tod" notes the practice of the *Scapegoat* (black oxen) as the Raj remedy for cholera.

The Raja of the Hoons (Huns) is fabled as the builder of the Kumalmair temple. His servant Augûsti (Ungutsi) was a Tatar.

APPENDIX 3.

AN epitome of the History of Gwâlior, compiled by the author, is given below. It has appeared in the proceedings of the Archæological Society of Agra, and is here given in a very abbreviated form.

The author got quite fascinated with the old place, and used to climb—often with a ladder—into every nook and corner, both inside and outside the walls. A wonderful agglomeration of the work of successive centuries is here presented. Not to mention the grand old crenalated enceinte with its machiacouli towers and "points of vantage," whilst the many palaces, temples, caverns —some spiral and winding into the rock, often containing idols or sculptures—rock images, tanks, etc., are astonishing.

Extending the circle of research by riding out into the country to the circumjacent hills, highly interesting views are to be obtained. The old rock bathed in the golden haze of mid-day, or in the crimson glare of sunset; or, maybe, in the "pale moonlight," is indeed a "thing of beauty," and worthy the admiration of the artistic mind or of the study of the poet or historian.

I now address myself to the actual annals of the fortress, as derived from the Gwâlior-Nameh."—

NOTE ON ANCIENT GWALIOR.

THE rock or mountain on which the fortress is built was originally called "Koomunt," and is stated in the Gwâlior-nameh to have been the abode of "lions, tigers, and serpents."

About three hundred and thirty-two years after Bikramajeet (Samvat), or three hundred and fifteen years before Hijra (A.D. 307), a hermit named *Gwâlior* — or Seddi Jôgi—had thither retired, and lived secluded from mankind for purposes of meditation and prayer.

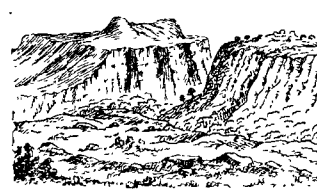
A Rajpoot named Sooruj Sen Kuchwâsa, whose home was at Loosinan, in the province of Chenarie, being on a hunting excursion, accidentally strayed across the rock or mountain of Koomunt, and there encountered the recluse Gwâlior; some

offices of hospitality having passed between them, the hermit appears to have "taken a fancy" to the Rajpoot chief, on whom he bestowed a sort of Fortunatus purse, and whom he encouraged to build a castle on the spot, and blessed him in the name of "Sooruj *Pal*," prophesying that so long as his posterity should retain the name of *Pal* so long would the country and kingdom remain to them.

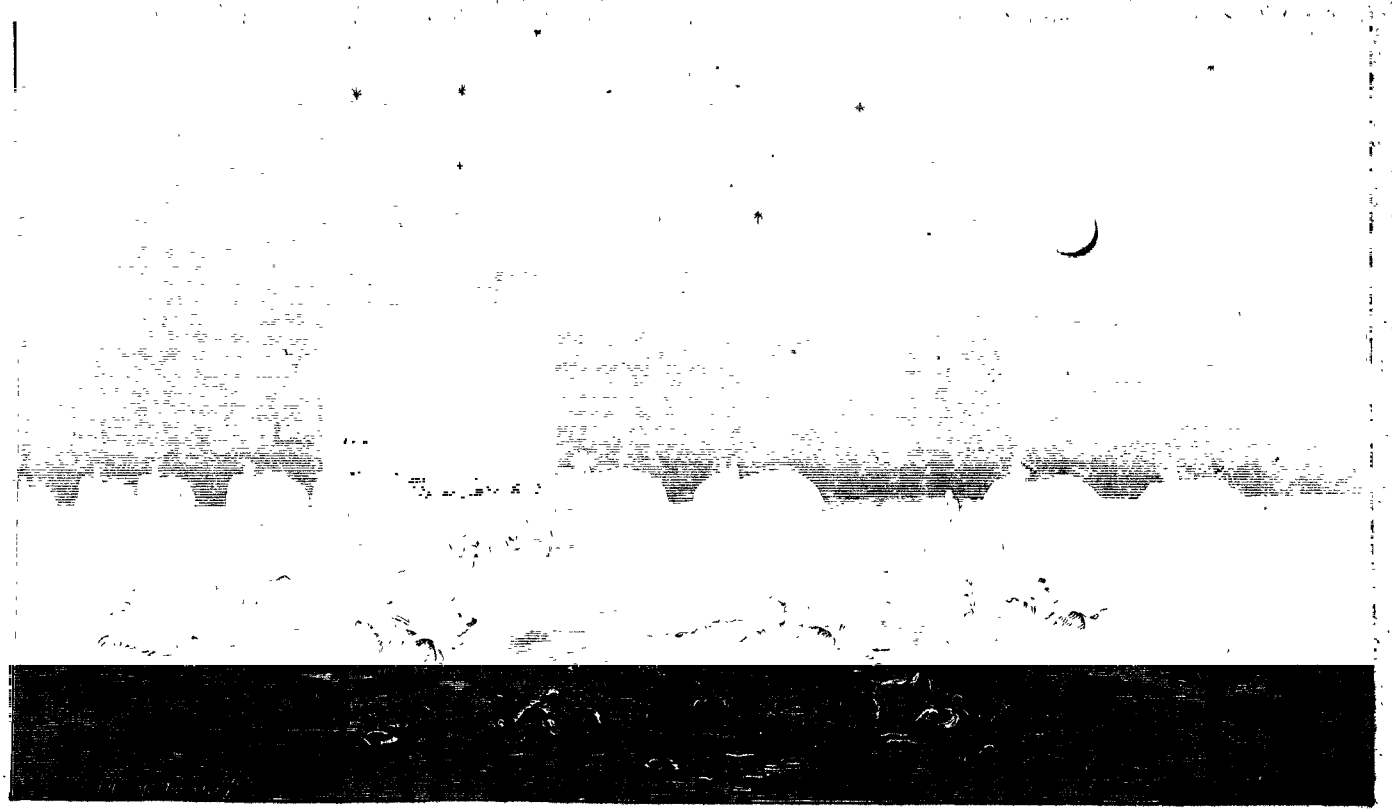
Such is the legend of the original settlement of *Koomunt*, and the origin of the *Pal* dynasty, which actually reigned eighty generations, till about the year A.D. 1150, when the reigning "Pal" chief of Gwâlior—*Punjkeren Pal*, the eightieth or eighty-first representative—married a princess of Amber (Jaipore), daughter of Rajah Runmal (of Johdpore) *and changed his name*, adopting instead his father-in-law's name and clan, and ultimately succeeding to his kingdom, having previously made over his ancestral Gwâlior to his minister "Ramdeen," of the Purhôr tribe of Rajpoots.

The list of Rajahs of Gwâlior given in the Gwâlior-nameh is very meagre as to their history, though exact as to their names and length of reign; though, as derived through a Mahomedan source, the Hindoo names are somewhat disfigured by transliteration.

After the above events, the fortress was conquered by Shums-ud-din Altumsh, A.D. 1222, and so passed under Mahomedan rule. It became a sort of *state prison* and a sanitarium for the Mogul court, till the rise of the Mahrattas in the eighteenth century, who possessed themselves of this ancient stronghold till its conquest by the British.



No. 175—*THE THAL PASS.*



XXXI.—*A SIEGE TRAIN ON THE MARCH, NORTH-WEST INDIA.*

ANNEXE TO SECTION XV.

THE MAROST-HALI,
OR
GREAT NORTHERN DESERT OF INDIA.

Anecdotes of Warfare and Sport—Down the Sutlej to the Siege of Mooltan—Hog Hunting along the rivers of the Southern Punjaub—Antelope Hunting—Wild Asses—Dhera-Ghazi-Khan in the Dérajhat (Trans-Indus)—Note on the Indian Lion and Cheetah (hunting-leopard), etc.


No. 176—*Highland Temples.*

OMITTING all reference to the highland temples of Kâthiawár—for a description of which see Vol. I., page 208—and, before passing on to Section XVI.—India-Alba—we must assume the wings of an eagle, and make a flight across the great Indian desert called *Marôst-Háli* (the plains of death), which intervenes between the northern frontiers of Rajpootana, and the river Indus, extending from the states of Jeysulmeer and Bikaneer to the Mahomedan principality of Bahâwulpore on the south, and on the north from Ajmere to Khytal and Ferozepore on the Sutlej, a channel of which river—now lost—formerly intersected this desert region, and lost itself in the Runn of Katch.*

It has been the author's lot to pass along the edges of this desert on three sides, whilst the fourth side—the Runn of Katch—forms the chief arena of "Hog Hunting in the East," the work of a brother, who has favoured me also with several contributions to the present volume. The author has, however, himself hunted hog, antelope, wolves, hyænas, and other game on its

* See foot note, page 57, Vol. I., "Highlands of India."

borders, and has shot sand-grouse, hare, quail, floriken, and grey and *black* (francolin) partridge along its edges!

I would add *lynx* to the catalogue of game hunted in this district; but only once did I chance on one in India, and that was in the vicinity of Mundote near Ferozepore. I had fired at a supposed hare and missed, but something in the attitude of the quarry as he jumped off led me to follow him into the bush; I there again put up what I distinctly saw was a *lynx*, about half as big again as a hare. I mounted, and pursued him into a ravine filled with long grass in which I lost him, but immediately came instead upon a huge wolf, whom I pursued for several miles, often seeming as though I should close on him. The gaunt beast, however, was loping away at a long amble, evidently keeping me at the same safe distance at his ease, long after my own Arab was nearly done, and I had to give him up. I forget whether it was on this occasion—one Christmas eve—that my horse, falling into one of those pits dug by the natives for the purpose of extracting the roots of the *peeloo* for firewood, threw me and escaped into the jungle, in which he wandered ten days—namely, till new year's day. He was then brought back from Furreedkote—distant thirty-five miles—by some followers of the rajah. He had apparently been in the jungle in the vicinity of the desert all the time, with his saddle on, which was badly torn. I was glad to recover the little horse, which I had given up for lost.



No. 177—*SHORKOTE.*
Siege train on the march.

Often has the author, riding out for the day or longer, from the Ferozepore of old times—both before and after the Punjaub War of 1848-9—hunted that wild scrub round Mundote and Furreedkote to near the edge of the desert, meeting specimens of the above game amidst the patches of jow and mimosæ which alternate with the "bheer" or reaches of grass towards the river.

Along the northern reaches of this wild tract the great siege train of the Army of the Sutlej rumbled through that wild jungle of mimosæ, salsiferous shrubs, and acacia, interposed between

Kurnaul and Wudnee, leading to Moodkhee and Ferozeshahur, over which stricken fields we passed to Sobräon, the site of the great battle of the tenth of February, 1846, on the Sutlej, all in the close vicinity of Ferozepore. On this route the skeletons of slain Sikhs—our gallant foes—glistened in the pale light of morning as we passed over the field. From Ferozepore, also, the siege train proceeded down the Sutlej to the siege of Mooltan in 1848.

As illustrative of sport I may mention that at Sobräon—during the battle—a tiger was seen to steal away in the long grass before the hostile armies engaged in fight; and the author has often seen and hunted many hogs amongst the long grass which there clothes the reaches of the Sutlej, and shot many a hare and partridge, not to mention wild fowl, along its banks.

Strictly speaking, these regions can scarcely be termed "Highlands;" nevertheless, as they lead up to the tracts called *India Alba*, briefly to be alluded to in the next section, and, in the south, are within sight of the great Suliemân range across the Indus, and as they form an arena in which the author had opportunities of viewing much sport in early manhood, some account may not be uninteresting to the reader who has followed this little chronicle of field sports in India; I am therefore here tempted to give an abreviated extract from my journal of the First Siege of Mooltan, a period which comprised some interesting adventures of war and field sport.

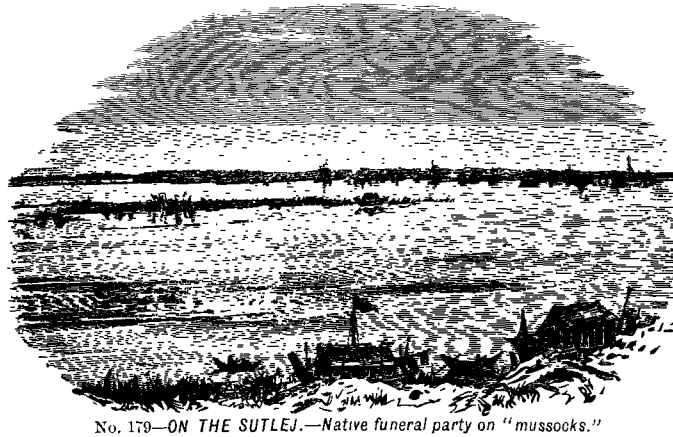
I pass on to the summer of 1848, when the rebellion of Moolraj, at Mooltan broke out. It was determined, after much hesitation, to despatch a force to co-operate with that of the gallant Edwardes. I will not trouble the reader with the political aspect of this case, which, however, will be incidentally mentioned further on; suffice to say that Edwardes had defeated Moolraj in the field, and even driven him within the walls of Mooltan, but had not the means to reduce him with his extemporised army consisting chiefly of rough frontier levies, and the troops of our ally, the Khan of Bahâwulpore, He had asked for "Napier and a few heavy guns." Accordingly early in July, 1848, a British force of 4000 or 5000 men, with a siege train, commenced its march towards the scene of war, in two columns. It was to be reinforced en route by about 12,000 Sikh troops, whilst the siege train of thirty-two pieces was to be conveyed from Ferozepore, down the Sutlej, to Bahâwulpore, there to disembark and march across to Mooltan.

"We experienced a terrible march from Lahore, during which we lost several men from sunstroke, but on the second of



No. 178—*RUINS NEAR LAHORE.*

"August, having packed the train in the boats on the Sutlej, we weighed anchor, and commenced our river journey of nineteen days, to Buddrie-Ghât, opposite Bahâwulpore. I kept a journal (now before me) of this expedition, from which I may, perhaps, borrow.* It is illustrated by sketches, which I found time to make occasionally during this expedition, in which I was *field adjutant* of the artillery of the siege train. An engineer park, under Major Robert Napier, accompanied the battering train. From the day we embarked on the river all sickness vanished;

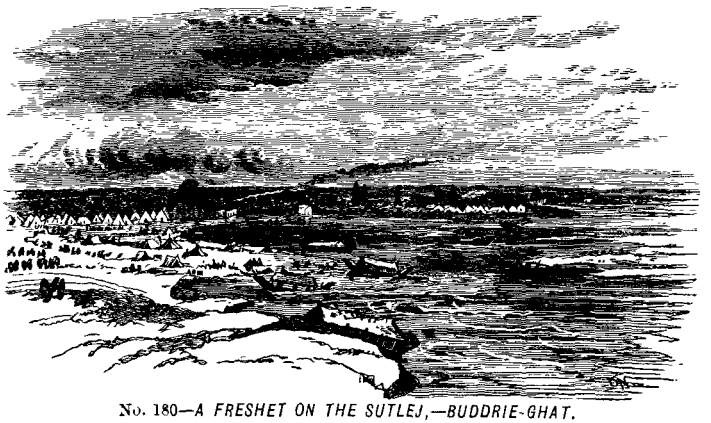


No. 179—*ON THE SUTLEJ.—Native funeral party on "mussocks."*

* The fleet consisted of fifty-seven Bombay harbour boats and thirty native boats for the *train*, with nearly one hundred thatched boats for the artillery detachment, The transport train cattle proceeding by land, consisted of four thousand camels for shot and shell, five hundred and fifty hackeries (carts) for powder and train stores, eight hundred and fifty T.T. bullocks, and thirty-eight elephants.

"every one was revived by the cool river air, and good health prevailed to the end of the campaign, nine months after. The Sutlej was then in full flood—like a sea in some places—and you could scarcely see across it. We had two steamers to help us along, but they were not made fully available to assist us. Many incidents of that river journey occur to me, but I find it difficult to fix on any single one that would interest without extracting from the pages of my journal. The wild, dreary flats of mud bank, over which the tawny flood of the river was lapping its turbulent waves; jagged alligators lying on the sand beneath the bluffs of the banks impending on the channel; the dense grassy reaches down which a wandering tiger often strolls; the occasional grounding of a train boat, the excitement of coming to anchor for the night; all these things pass through my memory like the pageant of a diorama, but to detail them would perhaps weary the reader. All were now in high spirits and eager for the fray. Many of the men had hoisted flags over their boats, such as the "Red Rover," "Waterwitch," etc., and we all began to believe that there was really something before us, as occasional despatches reached us, exhibiting Moolraj as showing no signs of yielding, which we had feared his doing.

"At length—on the nineteenth of August—we arrived at Buddrie-Ghât, and commenced landing the guns and stores of the train; and here a curious incident occurred, and one that might have led to serious results. All the guns, and half the



No. 180—*A FRESHET ON THE SUTLEJ,—BUDDRIE-GHAT.*

"train stores, had been landed, and the former had most fortunately been parked well *inland*, when a sudden shifting of the current of the river set in towards the bank on which was pitched our camp and park: within the space of half-an-hour an area of several acres of ground was swept away, the undermining current washing away the loose soil by *roods* at a time. The "alarm" was sounded, and the men turned out just in time to save the stores. Shot, shell, and miscellaneous park stores were seized on and carried inland, where they were promiscuously thrown down without any regard to plan, so that, perhaps, an acre thickly strewn with shot and shell—like the valley of the shadow of death in more recent times in the Crimea—was thickly sown with the iron harvest. However, by these means the train was saved.

"On the twenty-ninth of August we commenced our march across to Mooltan, and a somewhat severe thing this was. The heat was fearful, the thermometer rising sometimes to as much as one hundred and ten or even one hundred and fifteen degrees in tents. The only remedy was to march at nights; which, however, were pitch dark, this being the dark quarter of the moon. Serious danger was incurred in crossing some of the steep and abrupt irrigation canals, which had been only imperfectly bridged



No. 181—*CROSSING THE RAVI RAJGHAUT.*

"for the occasion by an officer in the service of our ally, the Khan of Bahâwulpore; in fact, one twenty-four-pounder gun did actually fall over the edge of one bridge, and the driver of the leading pair of bullocks was swept away by the swift current under the bridge, where, however, I remember he was caught by the piles; he remained in the water suspended by his long hair all night, and, being found in the morning, was taken out alive. At length, after a somewhat trying march of a week, we joined in with the rest of the force in camp at *Seetul-ke-máree* before Mooltan. Next day the general in command fired a royal salute, and summoned the fortress to surrender. A shotted gun, fired from the great cavalier of Mooltan in derision, was Moolraj's answer, and next day began the *first Siege of Mooltan*.

"Mooltan, the ancient city of the "Malli"—where the great Macedonian leading the assault in person so nearly came to grief—lay before us amidst dense foliage and gardens—"plaisaunces" of successive Mahomedan governors. These enclosures, with mosques and their precincts, together with other strong ground outside the walls—such as natural mounds and canal banks—presented a formidable defensive position if, as turned out, ably defended. At the time I write of, Mooltan was almost unknown to Europeans; scarcely any Englishman had ever visited it; but enough of its precincts had been reconnoitred to enable us to commence operations by an attempt to drive the enemy within his walls, preparatory to "breaking ground;" an attempt only however, partly successful." * * * The siege went on, till raised by the defection of our Sikh allies:—in this place the subject need not be further pursued.



No. 182.—*SHEIKH EMAM-OO-DEEN'S CAMP, CHUNIOTE.*

My experience of hog hunting has not been great, but several years after the period embraced in the above, I was again quartered at Mooltan, and recall several glorious outings after pig, both at Dhera-Ghazi-Khan and on the islands of the Râvi above Mooltan. We did not kill many hogs, but a choice party —the members of the *Mooltan Tent Club*—with an occasional visitor, often met and enjoyed pleasant rides after them in those districts. I recall one day's meet:—In the early morning of a hot April day, behold our party of eight, all good men and true, mounted, in progress to beat the low *jow* and *khéts* (fields) along the reaches of the Râvi above Mooltan, under guidance of our Deputy-Commissioner, a sporting man in authority, who had means to procure for us a line of elephants to beat the high grass and sugar cane which at intervals occur along the river reaches; but few hogs, however, had offered runs, until—as the sun got high—the whole party had forded a branch of the river on to an island of the Râvi, but, except two, found themselves on the wrong bank, as it proved, for the chance of a run. They endeavoured to swim their horses across a deep creek or channel; then occurred the fiasco alluded to at page 5 of these reminiscences! All were good, several of the party famous, riders; but I am under the truthful necessity of recording that scarcely one of the party could fairly swim his horse across, and several got tremendous duckings! The sun was, however, so hot that a bath in the cool stream was quite a luxury. It so happened that C. and I alone of the party were on the right bank, and as we had both made a point of teaching our men—he his irregulars and I my native horse artillerymen—to swim our horses across canals, etc., we had some thoughts, as the weather was so hot, of plunging in and trying our luck with the rest. The prospect of a bath was tempting, but on the whole the idea seemed a shade too melodramatic, so as we were warned that pigs were afoot, we resisted the impulse, and looked on only, and, whilst the rest were floundering in the creek—as it turned out—were the only two of the party who got a run on that occasion after the hog; but I do not recollect that we killed. I may as well here confess that *I* never had the least eye for the use of the spear, and would far rather tackle a boar with a sword any day! I have ridden past and even *over* hogs in my horse's

stride in the long grass more than once, and missed my thrust with the long Bombay spear I generally used, though slightly more successful with the short Bengal spear; but on the other hand, with my trusty (Paget) blade—manufactured for the direct blow as well as the *drawing* cut—would have engaged almost to decapitate a hog if once fairly alongside.



No. 183—*AN AFFAIR AT THE OUTPOSTS.*

I am here reminded that on one occasion I was out hog hunting in the *bheer* or stretch of long grass which clothes the banks of the Sutlej, when five of us were galloping at top speed through the long sirkhee grass that bent before our horses like silken waves; I had actually ridden over a hog in the dense grass, when—being third of the party—I saw the two men ahead of me, who were mounted on strong English horses, suddenly disappear. I surmised that something must be wrong. Luckily my horse was well in hand, and, like myself, just fresh trained, from the cavalry riding school. I shouted "Halt!" throwing myself well back in the saddle. The well-trained little Arab responded, and, with a jump or two, halted dead on his haunches, at the very brink of a blind nullah, ten or twelve feet deep, down which the two leading horsemen had been precipitated. Happily the bottom was of loose drop sand, and they picked themselves up from their tremendous cropper without broken bones, but one of the horses had to be destroyed on the spot, if I mistake not.

I must not, however, claim great experience in hog hunting, not having been at the death of, I suppose, more than half-a-dozen boars; nor—though I have ridden past and even *over* more than one in my horse's stride—have I killed boars to my own spear, which I could never use with effect, though at times rather expert with the sword; whereas my brother—alluded

to as the author of "Hog Hunting in the East," must have speared hundreds and killed sixty or more to his own spear, and may be regarded as an *authority* in the noble sport of hog hunting.*

Whilst quartered at Mooltan, I have on several occasions, hunted antelope at various points along the old Lahore road such as Tolumba and Harruppa. Having sent my horses ahead some twenty or thirty miles along the road, I have at the dawn of day taken my seat on an express mail-cart, arriving at my hunting ground by seven or eight o'clock. After a hasty breakfast, mounting one of my horses, I would ride into the tharr or desert ridge of the Bâri Döab, always finding antelope to run. Clothed in drab (khakee), and mounted on my little bay Arab, "Zenophon," and keeping my rifle out of sight—leaning well over to the off side—I would approach them diagonally. The antelope, though restless, would often allow me to get within a hundred yards or so; gently following as they moved off, I would manage to get some of the clumps of dense bush between us, then putting my horse to speed would often come out at full gallop within fifty or sixty yards of the herd. Then, if "Zenophon"—who would halt dead, as trained—would only have kept quite quiet, I could frequently have shot a deer, but I do not recall obtaining more than one or two by these tactics, though I have cut off fawns from the herd frequently.

Camels are bred in that jungle, which, though a wild reach of barren scrub, contains camel-thorn, and young camels could frequently be seen all about the plain.

After a frugal tiffin, eaten under some shady bush, and with another horse to ride back to the road, I have often shot a brace or two of partridges before mounting the mail-cart in the late afternoon, and have reached Mooltan in time for mess-dinner,

* Captain J. T. Newall, late Asst. G.G.'s Agent, Rajpootana States. This gallant soldier and sportsman of the truest type, met with a dreadful accident, which compelled him, in the flower of life and manhood to leave the active duties of his profession; but who, nevertheless, I rejoice to say still follows sport and kills grouse and salmon—nay, even the lordly stag—in the highlands of Scotland to the present day; and is the chiefest living example I know of the triumph of mind and pluck over an adverse fortune. His work, "Hog Hunting in the East" (Tinsley Brothers, 1867), is quite a text book on the subject.

after a very pleasant cold weather day's outing. As I write, I can hardly believe that the time was when such an outing was a mere bagatelle; but we were young and wild riders in those days! and thought nothing of fifty, eighty, or even a hundred miles in a day!

I once went down the Indus in boat as far as Mithunkôte; near "Asnee" certain small specks in the desert were pointed out to me as a herd of *dzaggatai*—onagers or wild asses! It was, however, a hopeless idea to ride *them!* I believe every other description of game or wild animal has at times been ridden down by man, but the onager *never!** He laughs Haw! haw! and has the pace even over the fastest Arab; he is, in fact, the swiftest beast that runs. These animals haunt the long valleys which run up into the *sham*, the great plateau valley of the south-east Suliemáns towards the country of the Murrees, and which is probably identical with the *Phylaunsham* plain alluded to in page 223 of Vol. I. of the "Highlands of India." The young are sometimes caught, and I have seen several brought up as pets in the frontier regiments and batteries, but they are generally vicious and often treacherous in temper.

In this district of Mooltan *koolen* (the edible crane) abound, in the cold season the fields are sometimes white with them and wild geese, and I have been out with a party which got as many as six or eight in a morning. In the dry season alligators may be viewed lying on every sandbank along these rivers, which join the Indus below Mooltan in the lower reaches of the Punjaub.

The picturesque is represented by walled gardens of mango and other trees, with large groves of date palm,† whilst the range of the hazy Suliemán mountains bounds the horizon all along the western bank of the Indus, rising like a wall above the lower spurs. It contains ibex, ooryal, and markhore, with mahaseer in the hill streams. I may here, perhaps, just quote one paragraph from Vol. I., "Highlands of India," descriptive of the aspect

* Since writing the above, however, I have been informed that under exceptional circumstances this has occasionally been done in Katch, where a few are found in the skirts of the Runn.

† It is a curious fact that Punjaub tradition narrates that these groves owe their origin to the stones of the dates which formed the ration of Alexander's army as it marched down the Indus in 325 B.C.

of the country as one approaches Dhera-Ghazi-Khan and the marches of India Alba, the district treated of in the next section: speaking of the *Passes*—

"Viewed from the Indus—which the author once descended as far as Asnee from Dhera-Ghazi-Khan—they appear like nicks in the wall of the Suliemáns, which are visible from the plains as far as Mooltan. Well does the author remember his first view of them afforded by the setting in of the cold season, which dispelled the lurid veil of dust and heat which enshrouded our camp before Mooltan at the close of the year 1848, after an unsuccessful siege, and whilst wearily waiting for reinforcements from Bombay to recommence the attack of that fortress, which, in fact, surrendered to our arms on the twenty-first January, 1849.

"All the minor passes need not be even named; the Cachâr, however, is of slightly more importance in the southern Dérajhât. Till rendered dangerous by the depredations of the lawless Beloochis, it was a frequent thoroughfare for caravans coming from the Zhôb (Zawa) and Sanghar routes. To the south of this, however, we come to a remarkable plateau, called the "Phylaunsham Plain," 1,500 feet above the sea, amidst the *sham* or watershed of the Cachâr and Kaha rivers. Several passes—such as the Baghari, Jahagzi, Thok, Chuk, Muyhal, and Taháni lead on to it. It is about thirty by twenty-five miles, with area basin of nine hundred square miles. Could a colonizing native population maintain themselves against the lawless Mâri and Bûghti tribes adjacent, this plain might form a favourable site for settlement; it is well watered, and has good soil. At present wild asses, hog, deer, and horses roam it in freedom."

Mooltan is celebrated for flies, *beggars*, and dust, and is credited with so close a proximity to Hadés—the infernal regions—that only a sheet of paper is said to intervene between them.



No. 184—*MAHOMEDAN BEGGARS.*

NOTE ON THE INDIAN LION AND CHEETAH.

IN the preceding section the *Lion* has been mentioned as occasionally seen in parts of Rajpootana and Guzerat—along the edges of the Marôst-Háli—but his only real remaining habitat in India is *Kathiawár*, chiefly in the *Gir* forest; and even there his number has been greatly reduced in recent days. I have before me as I write, several letters from old sportsmen who have hunted in the districts named, whose notes may be given in extenso should space permit. The Indian lion is of the (so-called) *Babylonian* or *maneless* species, and has by some been called a *Puma;* nevertheless, one of my correspondents—a great authority*—states that he once shot a lion near Rajkote in Kathiawár which "had an eighteen-inch mane, and was ten feet six inches long unskinned." The same sportsman adds that "with another gun he once got fourteen full grown lions in ten days in the *gheer* forest." They are occasionally heard of in Katch, where they are called the *Oontia bhâg*—camel-coloured tiger—and they have been known to kill wild asses, which are also occasionally seen there. I have heard of an officer of the Bombay cavalry (Colonel D.) who whilst stationed in Kathiawár is said to have killed *eighty* lions.

I am privileged to reproduce an extract from a little work by an old friend and Rugby schoolfellow—Colonel Edmund A. Hardy, late 21st Hussars, formerly 1st Bombay Lancers—on the subject of lions and cheetahs in Kathiawár, where he has himself shot both and *speared* the latter. He states that "William "Loch, formerly of the 1st Bombay Lancers—who commanded "the Guicowar's contingent at Manikwara, about sixty miles from "Rajkote—once speared *six* cheetahs off one horse;" and my informant and friend, above named, further tells me he himself once chanced on six cheetahs asleep under a large tree in the same district, of which pack he killed four, three by *spearing* them. I mention this because the fact of the *félidæ* having been *speared* from horseback has been disputed. The cheetah or

* M.-General W. Rice, author of "Indian Game, from Quail to Tiger," Allen and Co.

hunting-leopard *(felis jubata)* is, however, not properly one of the *felidæ*, its claws not being retractile. Still, an angry *cheetah*, as I have had occasion to observe whilst out hunting with them, is a dangerous looking brute. My friend modestly writes, "Spear-"ing the real leopard is a *feat;* I do not think spearing the "*cheetah* or hunting-leopard, as Loch and I did, is anything of a "feat at all, except as creditable to the pluck and endurance of "our respective nags."

"I only actually killed one lion myself during the time my old "regiment, 1st Bombay Lancers, was quartered at Rajkote in "Kathiawár, and except that it was a very large lioness, that she "charged, and mauled a poor beater—not fatally, I am thankful "to say—before I finished her off, there was nothing to note for "others, though it was, of course, a very noteworthy event for "myself. I forget the name of the village where I was pitched "when I had my adventure with the six cheetahs, but it was "somewhere between Rajkote and Porebunder. Lions are, I be-"lieve, occasionally found in Katch, on the borders of, and in the "island oases of the Runn of Katch, and I have heard of their "killing a wild ass, whose habitat is that region; but Kathiawár, "is, I believe, about the only province in India where the lion is, "an indigenous inhabitant."

I will now reproduce the anecdote alluded to above from my friend's little work, "Our Horses,"* which bears on the subject:

"I once speared three cheetahs (the hunting leopard) off his "['Rugby's'] back, one after another. I was out on leave by "myself, chiefly after lions. My native shikari (game tracker) "came into my tent with an auspicious grin, just as I was finish-"ing my breakfast, and said,—'Sahib, I think I have got the big "'lion for you at last to-day; I have marked a big beast under "'a tree about four miles off; what it is I do not know, as I "'could not find his tracks on the rocky ground, and would not "'go near for fear of disturbing him; but I have put men in "'trees round to watch, and now the sun is hot he is not likely "'to move.' Of course we were soon on our way. I rode an old "shooting pony, but 'Rugby,' with a hog-spear, was led in close "attendance following. The country was for the most part hilly,

* "Our Horses," by Colonel E. A. Hardy, retired list, 21st Hussars. (W. Ridgway, 169 Piccadilly, W., 1878),

"with deep ravines, and between the little rocky hills or knolls
"were small patches of cultivation, with every here and there
"very fine trees. From one of these trees a white rag was waved
"as we came on, telling us all was right so far. The tree under
"which the lion was supposed to be lying was soon pointed out
"to me; it was the largest one near, and stood handsomely in
"the centre of the little plateau by itself, throwing a shade nearly
"all over the bit of land round it. Leaving the old shikari on
"the high ground with my spare guns, spear, and 'Rugby,' with
"my rifle cocked, I rode my pony quietly circling round the tree.
"I made all the use I could of my eyes, but could only make out
"that there was something very large of reddish-yellow colour
"under the tree, probably a lion, but I could make out nothing
"clear enough to justify my firing. At last I got within about
"thirty yards' distance, and looking intently, saw, as I thought,
"a large beast lying at full length fast asleep, offering apparently
"a most lucky shot, and taking deliberate aim at what I took to
"be behind his shoulder, I fired. To the shot up sprang *six*
"cheetahs, beautiful brutes, growling and rushing over each
"other, one evidently severely wounded. I was really so taken
"aback myself, I was stupid for a moment; but before I could
"determine whether to fire my second barrel or to bolt, the old
"shikari yelled out, 'Come quickly for your horse, they are
"cheetahs, you can spear them; we'll kill them all!' In an-
"other minute I was mounted on 'Rugby,' spear in hand,
"charging after the biggest of the cheetahs, which were now
"bolting in different directions. I caught up the one I was after
"hand over hand, but suddenly the brute crouched, and faced me
"fiercely, exactly like a tiger waiting for his spring. I did not
"half like the look of him; I thought the little horse would not
"either, and but for the old shikari's confident speech to me at
"starting, I think I should have sheered off and back for my rifle
"again. 'Rugby,' however, had no hesitation whatever: he car-
"ried me fast and fair straight at the dangerous looking brute,
"just as he would have done up to a hog, and I luckily sent my
"spear straight through behind his shoulder, turning him right
"over. 'Never mind him, leave him to me; there's another to
"'the right,' again shouted the old shikari, who was scuttling
"after me as fast as he could on his pony; and almost without

"stopping I at once turned off 'Rugby' after another, which I "also speared after a short run; and then in like manner a third. "The one I had wounded in the first instance by my shot under "the tree had been finished off by the old shikari with my second "gun, so four of the six were brought to bag. It was a capital "morning's sport, but a very severe run for dear little 'Rugby,' "who, however, was none the worse for it."

I have before me other anecdotes connected with this sport which I may, perhaps, venture to reproduce, as I find them in letters placed at the disposal of the friend to whom I am indebted for the above extracts:

"Teeja, a fine-looking 'Seedee,' was waiting up a tree for deer "when a pair of lions came by, evidently courting. Teeja shot "the lioness, seemingly dead, just under the tree, when the lion, "by awful roars and wild charges at nothing in all directions, "nearly frightened him out of the tree. Each time the lion came "back he fondled the lioness, and tried to lift her up again. At "last he took her by the back of the neck and walked off with "her flung over his back and shoulders. Teeja's friends, hearing "the shot, and hoping a deer was killed, came up, and they all "followed the lion's prints for a very long way, but saw neither "again. A small matchlock ball and bad powder, perhaps, only "stunned the lioness."

The writer adds—"Lord M., to whom I related the story, "hit upon the only probable conclusion, viz., that the lioness was "merely stunned for a time, and recovered after being carried out "of danger by her lover."

Yet another anecdote about lions, in which extract I quote the *ipsissima verba* of a distinguished hunter of big game* (which he always shoots on foot) who kindly placed it at my friend's disposal: he says (apropos of the above anecdote)—"I have heard "that story. The story was told by Jamál Khan, who was a great "sportsman and a *most truthful* man, and certainly may be depend-"ed on if it had not been subsequently embroidered. Poor Jamál "is, alas! dead. But I can tell you nearly as good a story about "the lioness whose skin I sent down to Arthur the other day. "It was my last day but one in the Gir about three years ago. I

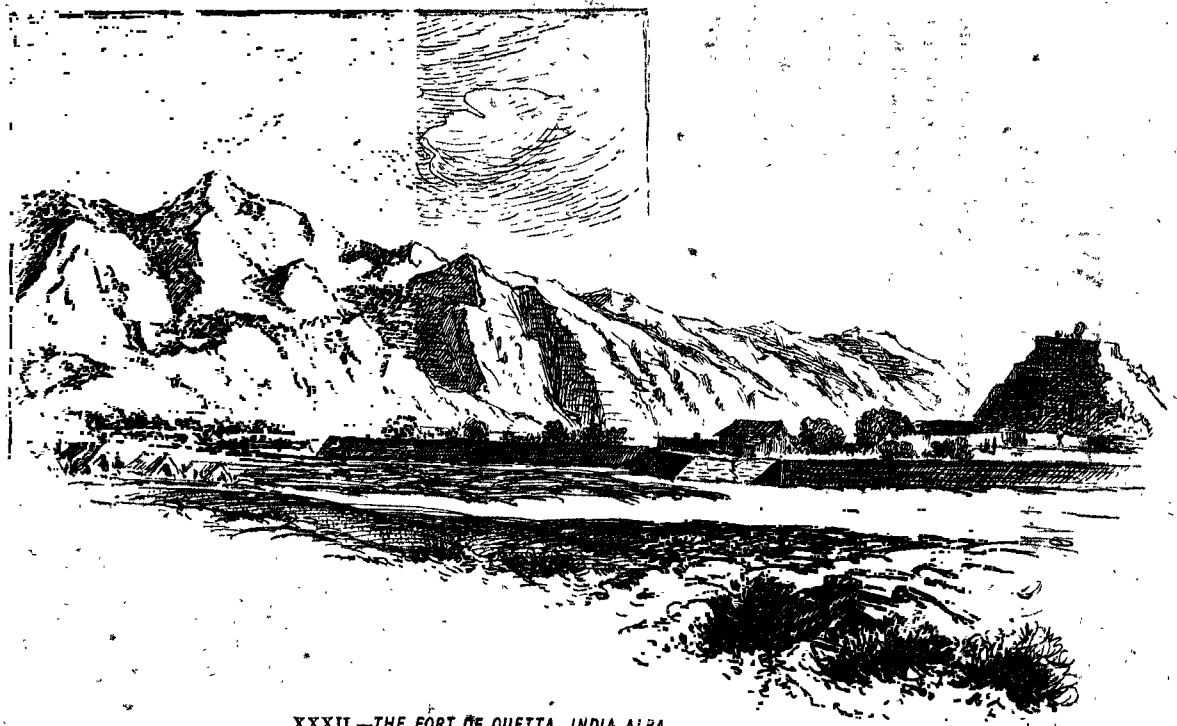
* Colonel J. W. Watson, Chief Political Agent in Kathiawár.

"had been very unfortunate, and had not been able to get a shot "during a stay of nearly a month. My camp was at Gidhria on "the Hiran river. I had given up all hope, and had ordered my "carts, when a puggy came in to say that a lion and lioness had "been marked down under a tree about a mile and a half east "from Sásan, about eight miles off plus the one and a half miles, "so about nine and a half in all. It was, however, about twenty "minutes to five p.m., but I thought it as well to try for them, "though, no doubt, too late. So I mounted, and giving my "gun and rifle to a couple of sowars, we galloped as hard as we "could to Sásan, and then went through the forest for about half "a mile, and then dismounted and walked to the place. Just as "we reached the spot, to my intense disappointment, we met the "puggies returning. They said we were just ten minutes too late; "that a sámbur had passed by, and that the lion had woke up "the lioness, who was unwilling to move, and that both had gone "after the sámbur. It was very vexing, but I had never expected "to get anything so late; so took my gun and strolled back to- "wards where we had left the horses, talking to Khûda Baksh, "one of the puggies, who was telling me all that had happened. "The other men loitered on the road and were about half a mile "behind, as they were collecting their kit, talking, smoking, etc., "and amongst them was the man who carried my rifle. When "we were a few hundred yards from the horses we were met by a "lad who said, 'Please come on, Sahib, there is a lion stalking "'the horses.' As there was no time to wait for the rifle as it was "getting dusk, I pushed on with Khûda Baksh, and about a "hundred yards further on he pulled my sleeve and pointed in "the jungle up a gentle slope to the left, and said, 'There, Sahib, "'is the lion.' On looking in the dusky light I could just dis- "tinguish a large tawny animal seated on its rump like a dog, "facing me about eighty yards off. I at once stopped and aimed "as well as I could in the uncertain light, and fired. No sound "followed and no charge, so we both thought that I must have "missed, as all big felines usually roar when hit, even though "they may not always charge. But this lioness never uttered a "sound, but turned tail and cantered off. When the rest of the "men came up they lamented my bad luck, and we just examined "the spot where the animal had been sitting when I fired, but it

"was now much darker, and we were all so certain that it had "been a miss that we made a very perfunctory examination. Ac- "cordingly I rode back to camp, leaving the puggies to try and "track the lions. In the morning they examined the river bank, "and found that neither lion nor lioness had been down to drink. "Surprised at this, they took a circuit of the place, and only "found a very fresh (early morning) pug of the lion going right "away in the forest. Then they went round to the spot whence "I had fired, so on to where she had been sitting. About two "hundred yards further on they came on her lying dead. She "had been shot right through the lungs or heart. But the curi- "ous thing was that they found the tracks of the lion close to "where she was lying dead, and could see where he had been "lying beside her, evidently trying to wake her and coax her to "come down to the water. They said he must have lain by her "all night, and only left her at morning, and hence never went "down himself to the river to drink. The skin, owing to having "been on a dead animal for nearly twenty-four hours after it was "shot, became very brittle, and was much spoiled in the tanning, "but I patched it up for A. as well as I could. There is no "doubt about the great affection which the lion bears to the "lioness, and if two be together and the lioness be wounded, the "lion will almost invariably charge. I quite well remember "Jamál's story, and I think, but am not sure, that Rice made a "sketch of the scene from his account. But it is many years "ago, and I think Rice would probably remember it more accu- "rately than I do."

To the above interesting anecdotes of Lion Shooting in Kathiawár, it may be added that these animals are still occasionally seen in Bundelkund, and in the country around *Jhansi* and Gwâlior; and I believe isolated specimens have been met about the upper waters of the Sône towards the Omerkantuk plateau. I am not sure, but I myself once saw an animal very like a lion in the *Chibhál*, where, however, I have never met with any other record of their being seen.



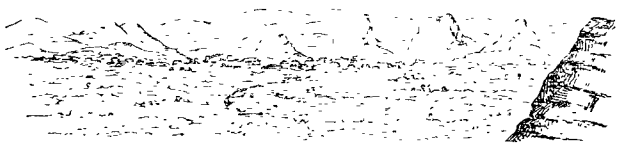


XXXII.—*THE FORT OF QUETTA, INDIA ALBA*

SECTION XVI.

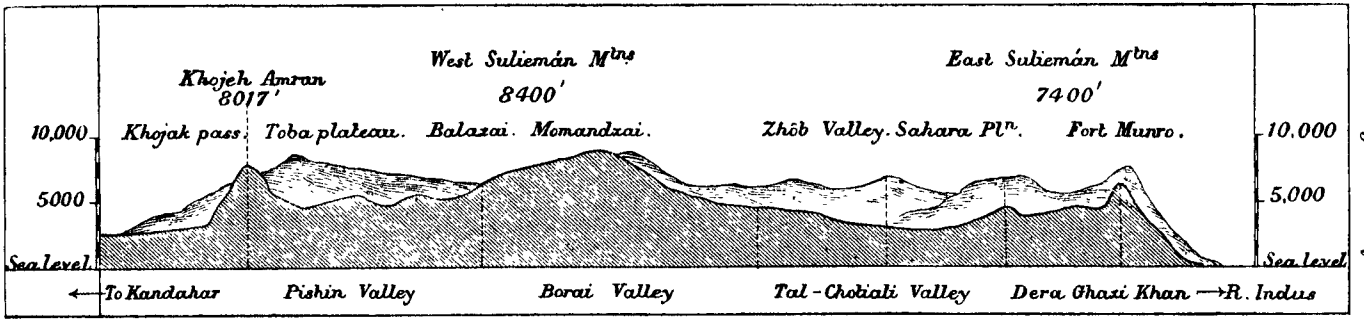
NOTE ON INDIA ALBA.

MUCH of the matter treated of in the corresponding section of Vol. I. has already been presented in Section II. of this volume; and it is not proposed here to recapitulate those brief remarks. Nothing more will here be attempted, beyond reproducing a section of the country from the Indus to Candahar—together with a few sketches illustrative of the line of country traversed —it leads us, viâ Quetta and the Pishín valley head, across the Khojak to Candahar.



No. 185—*DISTANT VIEW OF CANDAHAR.*

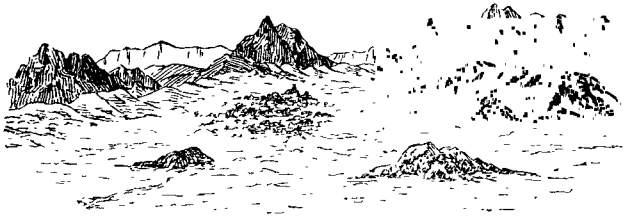
The Section of the Highlands of India Alba given, and the slight outlines reproduced from Vol. I., will explain themselves, and must suffice for this section of the subject, in which, moreover, I have no personal experience to offer to the reader further trans Indus than Dhera-Ghazi-Khan, where, however, I have enjoyed a few runs after pig in former days, under the auspices of the gallant S.B., the commander of the regiment of Punjaub cavalry there quartered in 1854. With a squadron of the regiment, under the wurdee-major, or native adjutant, to beat the jungle, the native officers riding in line with us in front, it was by such means that the regiment was taught those useful lessons which they turned to such good account when they afterwards came to beat up the enemy



No. 186.—*SECTION OF THE SULIEMAN MOUNTAINS FROM THE INDUS TO CANDAHAR.*

[NOTE—The above section of country is correct only as to the *vertical*, and does not attempt to give the *lateral*, measurements.]

at the Siege of Delhi and elsewhere; well did they then vindicate their training, and, with gallant leaders for their officers, earned several V.C.'s, and for themselves high reputation as dashing cavalry.



No. 187—*QUETTA AND THE SURROUNDING MOUNTAINS.*

As this section of my subject—at all times interesting—might at any moment rise to extreme political interest, I would refer the reader to the corresponding section in Vol. I., where the subject is rather fully treated of—though not in a *sporting* point of view: it is further



No. 188—*THE RUINED MOGHUL FORTRESS OF SIAZGAI.*

illustrated by sketches from blocks kindly placed at my disposal by Sir M. Biddulph, K.C.B. (who traversed those regions in command), lent by permission of the Council of the Royal Geographical Society, for the purpose.



No. 189—*Spurs of the Kirtar Range impinging on the Indus.*

SECTION XVII.

NOTE ON CEYLON.

I HAD hoped to have presented the reader of this section with some account of elephant and elk shooting, from the pen of my friend the late Lieut.-General H. A. Sarel, C.B., whose lamented death is announced as these sheets are passing through the press. I can now only refer the reader interested in such sports to that pleasant work by Sir S. W. Baker, "Eight Years in Ceylon," and to several chapters on the subject in a work, "Travels in Ceylon and Continental India," by Dr. W. Hoffmeister, travelling Physician to H.R.H. Prince Waldemar of Prussia (1847), to which work I have already alluded in Section VII., "Nepâl."

As regards a general description of this fair Eastern Isle, I would refer the reader to the corresponding section in Vol. I. of this work,* where the subject is rather fully

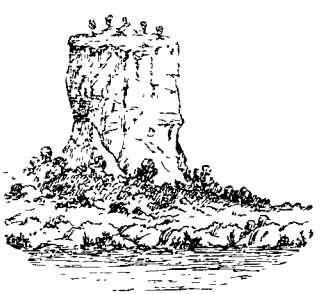
* "Highlands of India," 1882, Harrison and Sons, 59 Pall Mall.



No. 190—*THE UPPER LAKE OF CANDY, CEYLON.*

treated. I had noted a few further points for picturesque description, but probably the references I have given to the two able and interesting writers on the subject may suffice.

I now take leave of my pleasant subject—"The Highlands of India"—which has for several years past been to me a labour of love, and if of no other value has, at any rate, served to recall to mind many a fair scene of the "sublime and beautiful," experienced during an active life of more than thirty years in the East, in which I devoted most of my *leave* to "field sports and travel" throughout the Indian peninsula; and when I recall the experiences of warfare, climate, encounters with wild beasts, and tropical heat through which it has been my lot to pass unscathed, where so many stronger men have fallen by my side, I feel I should be ungrateful not to acknowledge the hand of a merciful Providence, who has brought me in safety to my native country after long wanderings, and to my haven of rest on the shores of the Solent Sea.



No. 191—*RUINED FORTRESS OF SI(N)GIRI, CEYLON.*

NOTE.

I am indebted to Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, of Calcutta and Simla, and to Messrs. Phillips, of Darjeeling, for permission to reproduce the following typical Ethnological Illustrations, as well as those at end of Section VIII.

APPENDIX.

ETHNOLOGICAL.



No. 192—*Mahomedan Women (Cashmere)*



No. 193—*Cashmere Peasants, Boatmen, etc.*



No. 194—*Sikh and Dogra Soldiers (Cashmere)*



No. 195—*Guddies (Barmawar and Kangra Valleys).*



No. 190—*Gurhwallies*



No 197.—*A Bhootia (Darjeeling)*



No. 198—*A Bhootia Woman.*



No. 199—*A Darjeeling Milkman*
(Lepcha)



No. 200—*A Sikhim Llama Bhootia.*



No. 201—*Todars (or Tonwars) Nilgherries*


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